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WEEK ENDING AUG. 14, 1926

–SEE INSIDE

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*A Weekly for the Whole Family*

*In this Issue*

**WAR BIRDS**–The Intimate Diary of an Air Fighter (Uncensored)

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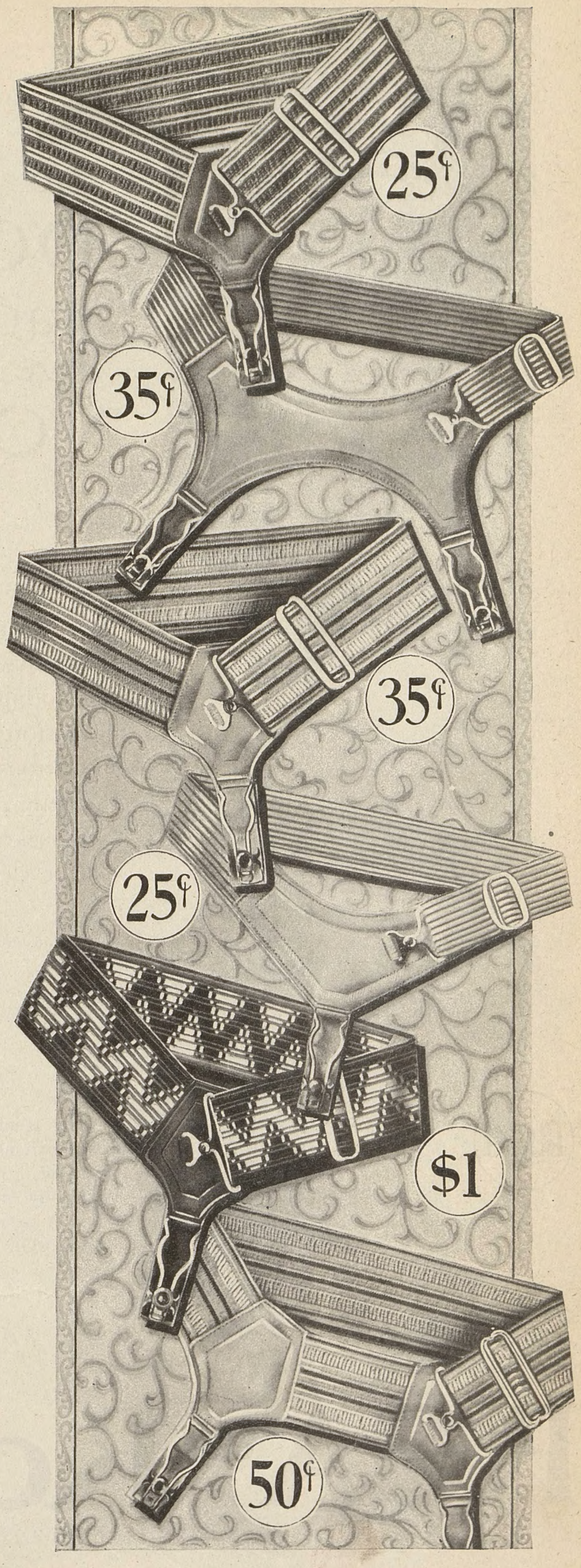


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AUG. 14, 1926

# Liberty

*A Weekly for the Whole Family*

VOL. 3
No. 15

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*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."*
*—Stephen Decatur.*

## TO FRANCE—A FRIENDLY HINT—*An Editorial*

Twenty thousand disabled French veterans paraded in Paris on July 11. Legless ex-soldiers in wheel chairs formed the parade's front ranks. Up the Champs Elysees the silent squadrons rode and hobbled, past the grave of France's Unknown Soldier, under the Arc de Triomphe, on to the statue of George Washington.

There were no speeches, no music. A million people, it was estimated, watched the grim parade.

Protest against the terms of the American debt settlement was the motive behind the demonstration. Those French ex-soldiers think we are a grasping nation. They believe we intend to bleed their country of the last penny of principal and interest on the money France borrowed to fight Germany.

We can be sure that the 1,000,000 or more Frenchmen watching the maimed veterans' parade sympathized with the embittered views it expressed. We should be foolish to suppose the French people like us as well nowadays as they liked us when we fought side by side with Jacques the poilu. They don't.

This is disheartening, when you think it over. It is especially disheartening when we ourselves are perfectly certain that we are *not* grasping; that we are *not* nickel-pinchers; that we are *not* bent on sweating the last penny of war debt out of our late allies.

It is only our late allies who believe that about the United States. We know we shall never see more than a good-sized fraction, at most, of the billions we loaned them. We don't grieve much for the balance. There's a lot more where those billions came from. We have the richest country on earth, and, while we aren't fools with our cash, we aren't misers either.

France owes England a goodly sum on account of the war, too. England has freely passed the unpleasant part of the collection job on to us, though she is just as anxious to collect from France as we are, and needs the money a great deal worse than we do. This is, of course, England's privilege, if she has the diplomats to do the buck-passing—and she has! Somebody had to be the international mean man for the other nations to throw cabbages at.

Since the World War ended, France has fought, or is fighting, two more wars. Both were undertaken with the aim of adding territory to France's colonial holdings. Both cost a great deal of money.

One of these wars went on for at least two years, and seems to be going on now. Word came recently from the Riff, in northern Africa, that Abd-el-Krim had surrendered to the French. But Krim's tribesmen are still at it. The other war is being fought now, in Asia Minor. France is spending money by the cartload.

These wars are admittedly no business of ours. France has explanations for them which would satisfy most of us, if it weren't for the little matter of that bill we hold against her.

We have a suggestion for France. We offer it in the very friendliest spirit possible. We don't mean to give offense, and we think the suggestion is a good one:

France owns several islands in the West Indies. Martinique and Guadeloupe, lying southeast of Porto Rico, are two that we think of at the moment.

These islands produce some sugar, some rum, a little coffee. So far as we know, they do France no good whatever.

American business could probably do something worth while in those islands. At least, they would round out our sphere of influence to the southeast of us, if we owned them.

Why not give the French West Indian islands to us, in exchange for a reasonable reduction in the war debt?

## IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

War Birds ..... 7
*Starting the amazing diary of a flyer killed in action*

The Whirlwind ..... By PHYLLIS DUGANNE 12
*Beginning a serial of jazz-mad love and marriage*

Gilda Makes the Grade ..... By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 23
*The chronicle of America's wriggly dance queen*

His Code of Honor ..... By ONEY FRED SWEET 28
*A tale of a killer who turned rescuer*

The Big Fellow ..... By ROBERT EDGREN 35
*Continuing the story of Jim Jeffries, giant champion*

The Curse of Adam and the Curse of Eve ..... By HARPER LEECH 49
*How electricity is ending household drudgery*

Own Your Home ..... By JAMES JACKSON and GEORGE B. LONGAN 55
*Part Ten—Problems of Plastering and Wiring*

How Johnny Gets His Gun ..... By SAMUEL SPEWACK 58
*Startling facts about our murder industry*

Do You Encourage or Stifle Initiative? ..... 64

Changing Fashions Among Beauty Seekers ..... By EILEEN BOURNE 67

The Corbin Necklace ..... By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER 69

A Royal Rampage ..... By PAXTON HIBBEN 79

Over the Bounding Waves ..... By ALINE KILMER 85

LIBERTY'S Great Cover Contest No. 9 (p. 42); Movie Review (47); Bright Sayings of Children (53); LIBERTY'S Cross-Word Puzzle No. 80 (54); Fashions (65); Eileen Bourne's Question-Box (68); News of the World (77); Food (78); Vox Pop (86).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

## IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

### *Thrilling Romance from Stephen Benet*

MAYBE you never eat bacon for breakfast. But you can understand how Belinda, a little gay girl of twenty-two, felt when she said to the mirror one morning in spring: "I'm tired of bacon for breakfast." She wanted something *desperate* to happen. You'll find her in STEPHEN VINCENT BENET'S great story, BLACKBEARD & CO.—PIRATES. It begins in the drone of a business office, then carries you into a fantastic region ruled by buccaneers.

Are the victories of American golfers in England making ill feeling between the two nations, or drawing them together? O. B. KEELER answers this question in GOLF'S THRICE-CROWNED MONARCH. It's full of inside stuff about our amazing Bobby Jones.

THE AVENGING GHOST, by CHARLES COLLINS, will give you some delightful shivers. It's the story of a murderer and the startling method employed to bring him to justice.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS hands us an article crackling with its own electricity. In it he advises us to be silly once in a while, and stay healthy and young. He's called it DROP YOUR DIGNITY.

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# Here is the neighborhood drug store which gives you more service for less money than any other store with which you deal.

# Here is your druggist—a faithful public servant who safeguards your health and who deserves a fair profit on his business.

# Here is TAROLEUM—a WILDROOT product which gives the druggist a fair profit at the reasonable price of 50c . . . . . In all fairness, don't expect him to cut his price! . . . . . .

## *This SHAMPOO contains CRUDE-OIL to keep your hair beautiful*

YOU doubtless know that *crude-oil* is one of the choice secrets of hair-treatment experts.

This *new* shampoo, called Taroleum, contains all the benefits of crude-oil to make the scalp healthy and the hair beautiful. Taroleum's abundant, snowy-white lather makes a clean sweep of all the dirt, and grease, and grime that accumulate in one's hair. And Taroleum's crude-oil gives new life to the hair roots.

After a Taroleum shampoo, your hair is *easy to dress*. Taroleum never leaves the hair dry and brittle.

Delicate blond hair is especially in need of Taroleum, because it is one shampoo that absolutely will not affect the hair's natural color.

Ask your druggist for this crude-oil shampoo. It is another fine Wildroot product.

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# TAROLEUM

WILDROOT'S *new* crude-oil shampoo

# war Birds

*Picture by* FRANK B. HOFFMAN

## *The Uncensored Diary of an American Aviator in France —His Loves and Hates—Gay Parties and Air Fights*

### (He was killed before he could revise it)

*Editor's Note.* Death snatched the pen from the writer of this diary and left in its original form a record of the intimate thoughts of a man at war. It is, in our opinion, a unique document. The author was an American aviator, who sailed abroad with 150 other eager young soldiers, most of them just out of American colleges, on the Carmania early in September, 1917. They were headed for Italy, but plans were changed, their officers detached, and they became in England a sort of lost battalion. They were trained by the Royal Flying Corps and when the Germans rolled back the lines in March, 1918, they went out to the front as members of the British Royal Flying Corps and played a heroic part in the decisive conflicts of that year.

Through the pages of this diary pass many famous people, each leaving his imprint on the writer's mind and manuscript. Among them Major Mannock of the Royal Flying Corps, who brought down seventy-three Germans; Colonel Bishop, who brought down seventy-two; and Major McCudden, who brought down fifty-four. All were awarded the Victoria

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WAR BIRDS
Continued from Page Seven]

Cross, and the story of the deaths of Major Mannock and Major McCudden is told in detail.

Comrades in arms were Major George Vaughn, D. F. C., D. S. C., now Commander of the New York State Aerial Militia; Captain Elliott W. Springs, D. F. C., D. S. C., of whom Colonel W. A. Mitchell said: "He was one of the most distinguished flying officers during the war"; Major Leslie MacDill, now Chief Engineer of the U. S. Air Service; Captain Fiorello La Guardia, now Congressman from the Fourteenth New York District; Major Harold Fowler, M. C., and Albert Spalding, the famous violinist and composer.

The detachment became a veritable battalion of death. Of the 150, forty-one were killed, fifteen wounded in action, and five were crippled in training, eleven taken prisoner. Seventeen lost their nerve and quit flying.

The galaxy of celebrated artists who will give War Birds a profusion of illustrations includes Will Foster, Frank B. Hoffman, C. H. Taffs, Clayton Knight, Gerald Leake, and several others.

Mr. Knight, who will contribute intimate sketches of the lives of the American airmen, was a friend and comrade in arms of the Diary's author. Like him, Mr. Knight was shot down behind the German lines, but survived, though wounded, and was taken prisoner.

*Picture by*
WILL FOSTER

*"THERE are twenty nurses on board, but they are all dated up for the rest of the voyage. They ought to get all the attention they need."*

PART ONE

SEPTEMBER 20, 1917.

Aboard R. M. S. Carmania in the harbor of Halifax.

Well, here I am aboard ship and three days out of New York, waiting for a convoy at Halifax. This seems to be a fitting place to start a diary. I am leaving my continent as well as my country and going out in search of adventure, which I hope to find in Italy, for that is where we are headed. We are 150 in embryo, commanded by Major MacDill, who is an officer and a gentleman in fact as well as by act of Congress. We are traveling first class, thanks to him, though we are really only privates, and every reserve officer aboard hates our guts because we have the same privileges they do.

This morning when we steamed into harbor, which is a perfectly wonderful place, we found five or six transports already here. The soldiers on them, all that could, got into boats and came over to see us. They rowed around and around our boat and cheered and sang. They were from New Zealand, and a fine, husky bunch they were. One song went:

Onward, conscript soldiers, marching as to war—
You would not be conscripts had you gone before!

Lord! how it thrills me to be here in this company of men going out to war, greeted by cheers and whistles and the waving of flags from every ship as we steamed up the river to this inner basin. If this is the kind of life you lead in the army, me for the army!

This is a beautiful place. Low, jagged hills form the horizon, and on the south side of the river, as we came up, is solid rock with a little dirt over it in spots; but the rock was sticking through everywhere, like bones through a poor horse. And we went through submarine nets stretched across the harbor.

One New Zealander—I think he was a noncom—stood up in the back of the boat and said, "You fellows don't look very happy."

And I don't guess our boys do, at that—the doughboys, I mean. We've got over 2,000 of them on board, of the 9th Infantry Regiment of the regular army.

Anyway, New Zealand beat us cheering with their full-throated, "Hip hurrah! Hip hurrah! Hip hurrah!"

I have a stateroom with Lawrence Callahan from Chicago, who roomed with me at Ground School. We suffered together under Major Kraft, and have had a lot of fun together.

I got Springs, the top sergeant, to get the major to have him transferred to us. We had a good crowd at Mineola and he was in a rotten bunch over there. I was a sergeant, as Springs promoted me because I took a squad out and unloaded a carload of canned tomatoes after others had fallen down.

I got him transferred all right, and then he got mad as fury because Springs made him peel potatoes for four days for chewing gum in ranks. On the fourth day Cal told Springs how much trouble he had taken to join his outfit, and that he hadn't come prepared to be a perpetual kitchen police. Springs said he was very glad to have him, but if he wanted to chew gum in ranks he'd have to peel potatoes the rest of the day every time he did it. Cal said he'd already been assigned to the job for four days. Springs said he knew it, but that so far he hadn't peeled a single potato, and he was going to get one day's work out of him if he had to chain him to the stove.

Cal won, though, because he never did finish one pan of spuds.

I've got to go to boat drill now.

THAT'S over. My platoon is assigned to the top deck and Captain La Guardia is in charge of our boat. He is a Congressman from New York City and learned to fly last year. He is an Italian, so was sent over with

us. He managed to bring along two of his ward bosses as cooks.

I probably won't write much in this thing—I never have done anything constantly, except the wrong thing—but I want a few recollections jotted down in case I don't get killed.

I am going to make two resolutions and stick to them: I am not going to lose my temper any more—I fight too much. I am going to take no unnecessary chances. I want to die well, and not be killed in some accident or die from sickness—that would be terrible, a tragic anticlimax. I haven't lived very well, but I am determined to die well. I don't want to be a hero—too often they are all clay from the feet up; but I want to die as a man should, a man of courage and spirit. And, thank God, I am going to have the opportunity to die as every brave man should wish to die—fighting—and fighting for my country as well.

But, if I don't get killed, I want to be able to jog my memory in my declining years, so I can say, "Back in 1917, when I was an aviator, I used to—!" I'll probably not write any more for a week, or perhaps no more at all.

September 21.

WE left Halifax in a haze, just as the sun, blood red, broke through the clouds for an instant before it set behind those rock-ribbed hills. It was a wonderful sight seen from our ship, one of a convoy of fourteen strung out, as we left the harbor in a stately, majestic procession. All hail to Mars, the Kaiser's godfather!

As we came through from the inner basin down the river south to the sea, we passed the British battle cruisers, their bands all playing the Star-Spangled Banner and their crews cheering with their well organized "Hip hurrah!" the "Hip" being given by an officer through a megaphone.

As we were coming out of the inner basin, one of our convoy steamed past us with one lone bugler playing our national anthem and everyone on board standing rigidly at attention. I never had quite such a thrill from the old tune before and I am really beginning to love it. The bugler played God Save the King, too, and not a sound was made on either ship as the clear, sweet, almost plaintive notes stole out over the water.

There is a cottage to the right of the river going up, where only three women live. I am sure no men are there and they are Americans. When we passed they dipped their flags on the house and one of them wigwagged, "Good-by, good luck, God bless you!"

I tell you, there is some pleasure in losing one's life as I am going to. I wouldn't give it for a thousand years of peace and plenty at home.

September 22.

WE haven't done much today except watch the other ships. They changed their formation every little while during the morning, and finally settled down in three lines of four ships each with one ship leading and the Carmania bringing up the rear.

It rained all morning, but held up this evening. Everyone thought we were going to have some rough weather tonight. I was just on deck, and the stars were peeking through the clouds and they were as bright as diamonds. I never saw a sky more beautiful. I tried to count the other thirteen ships, but could not.

I was arrested by the guard for smoking on deck. He saw my wrist watch. No lights, no matter how faint, can be shown except the red and green navigating lights on the masts. A British commander told us that one ship was torpedoed because someone carelessly struck a match on the deck.

There is never an intermission of cards in the smoker. We shoot crap in our staterooms, and I am gradually collecting all kinds of money—Italian, French, English, and, best of all, a little American. We don't know what all this foreign money is worth, so we have to shoot it by the color—green against green, and yellow against yellow. The coins rank by size. I guess it's all even in the end.

September 24.

I WROTE nothing yesterday. Nothing happened except I saw a fight on the lower deck from above and heard a quartet and a speech down below.

We spend two hours a day studying Italian. La Guardia and the two cooks and Gaipa are the instructors. I am 'way behind and will never catch up. I am discouraged about it.

There's a full moon tonight and the sea is beautiful. Oh, for words to describe it! It makes me sad and makes me ache inside for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ WAR BIRDS
Continued from Page Nine ]

something, I don't know what. I guess it's a little loving I need.

There are twenty nurses on board, but they are all dated up for the rest of the voyage. They certainly ought to get all the attention they need.

The wind is rising and whining through the rigging of the ship. We can hear it crying down here in our staterooms. I am going on deck to see what goes on. It's a wonderful night, as clear as a bell, and this big old ship rising and falling, sloughing its way through the sea. This must be a wonderful life at sea. I wish I could soak it all up and keep it.

God! I am young, life is before me, and if I have wonderful memories when I get old I will be happy. I have spent all my life, so far, in harsh surroundings and had so much hard work that I think some good time is coming to me. And I have always longed for better things, but didn't know how to go about getting them.

But now Fate has tossed me this glorious opportunity. I must make the best of it! All I have to pay for it is my life! I must make it worth the bargain! I am always feeling sorry for myself—a poor habit and one I am going to cut out. Well, I'll try this thrice-accursed Italian for a few minutes now.

*Pictures by*
CLAYTON KNIGHT

*"As we came through from the inner basin we passed the British battle cruisers."*

September 25.

SOMETHING queer went on this evening. The Painted Lady, as we call the camouflaged cruiser that is escorting us, turned around and circled behind us and fired a few shots. We don't know what she was firing at. She sure is a queer looking boat. She's painted all different colors in lines and squares, and you can't tell which way she is going or what she is until you get close to her.

Another boat in our convoy is painted the color of the ocean and then has a smaller ship painted over it going the other way.

We went below, Cal and I, to hear the Steerage Quartet, as they call themselves. Enlisted men, they are, and natural born entertainers. One boy sang I Ain't Got Nobody wonderfully well. Spalding played one of his own compositions for us.

One day, at Mineola, Springs was looking about, as usual, for some kitchen police. He put the first six men to work peeling potatoes. While they were manicuring the spuds he checked up their service records.

One record caught his eye. The name on it was Albert Spalding and he gave his profession as musician. He was sent to our detachment as an Italian interpreter. Springs went out to the kitchen and asked him if he was the guy that played the fiddle. Spalding allowed as how he was. Springs asked him where his pet instrument was. He said he'd left it in town. So Springs pardoned him from the peeling and sent him back to town after it.

He isn't a cadet but an enlisted man, and isn't eligible for a commission, as we are. I hear that he canceled a $35,000-a-year contract to enlist. I guess he will be figured into a commission somehow, though. He should be. They put him down in the steerage and won't allow him up in the first class with us.

Springs and MacDill are trying to get him up, but the regular army colonel of this regiment won't hear of it. But Spalding got back at him. They wanted him to play for the officers, and he refused. But he plays for the enlisted men every night down below.

September 26.

NOTHING much doing. We have to do submarine watch after tomorrow, and I am sergeant of the second relief. At last I will get a chance to go up on that little trick platform on the front of the ship, and also on the bridge.

September 29.

I haven't written anything for the past two days. Nothing really of noteworthy importance has happened until this evening. I was sergeant of the guard yesterday, or rather of the submarine watch. We had a watch posted at five points on the ship. Each man had a certain arc that he was to keep his eye on. No man was to take anything to drink for twelve hours before he was to go on watch. We were supposed to look out for gulls, which they say usually follow in the wake of a sub.

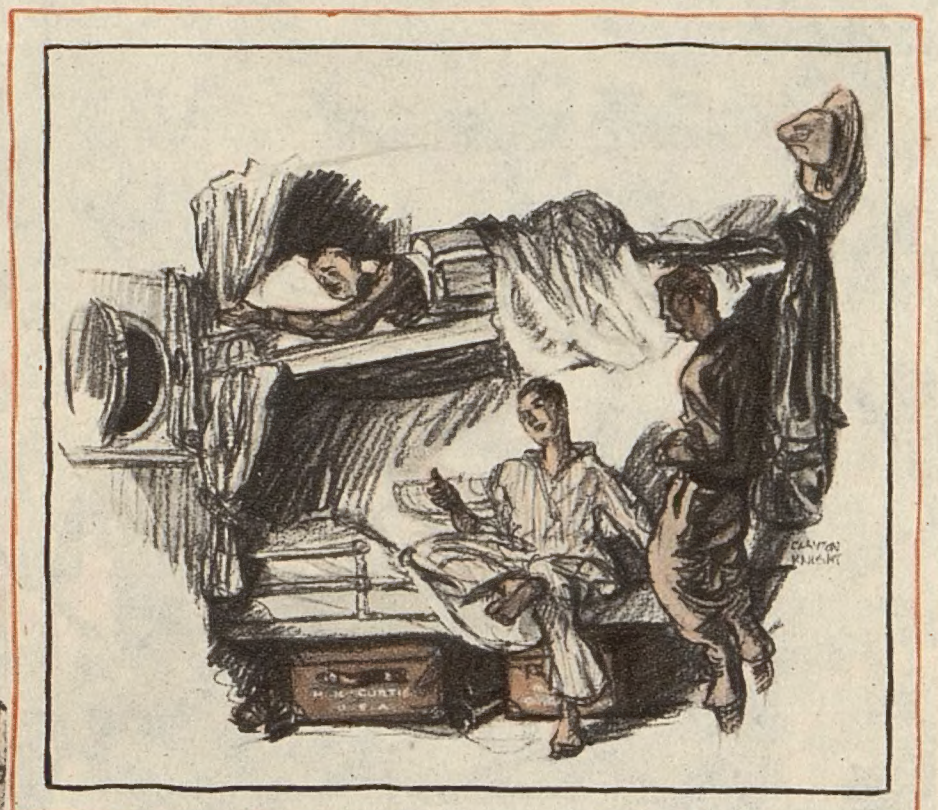
Everybody has to take his turn at it except Springs, who is sort of perpetual officer of the day and runs the show. We did have a guard mount at five in the afternoon, but MacDill and Springs and Deetjen are the only ones that know how to do it, so we had to abandon that after the first day.

No periscopes have been sighted yet, though one boy got all excited over a big piece of timber that was sticking up. The signal for "take to the boats" is five whistles; and yesterday, while our company barber was shaving one of the boys, it blew three times. It scared the barber so bad that he couldn't finish the shave.

Nervousness has been growing for the last few days about subs. No one is actually scared, but we all feel a little nervous about it. We have had to wear our life preservers all the time since yesterday morning. They are very uncomfortable and are a great nuisance, but the order is strictly enforced. We wear them to meals and put them beside our chairs while we eat. No refuse of any kind is thrown overboard except at night, when it is all thrown over at one time. That's to prevent leaving any trace.

Everybody felt funny about the thing until four this afternoon, right after Italian. I went up on deck, and the sea was swarming with submarine-chasers. Lord, how happy everyone was at the sight of them! They are the prettiest little ships I ever saw—about 120 feet over all, I would say. They cut through the water instead of riding the waves, but there were no waves today.

You can't feel the motion of the ship at all, and they say we have three American chasers with us, but we couldn't tell which



*"Poor McCook is worried to death about subs."*

they were. Lord! those little boats are fast. They fairly fly through the water and cleave it so clear and clean. I would give a leg to own one. They are all run by steam. I thought there would be gas boats, but I guess we are too far out for them.

I never slept so much in my life as I have on this ship. Must be the salt air.

I hear we will sight the coast of Ireland tomorrow about 12 o'clock and be in Liverpool Monday. It can't be too soon for me.

Poor McCook, the ugliest man alive, is worried to death about subs. The boys, Curtiss and McCurry, have kidded him until he sleeps in his clothes, including his puttees and shoes. Curtiss says he'll be mad as hell if the ship isn't sunk.

WE have an ex-cowboy with us, named Bird, who has been having a terrible time behaving himself. Bob Kelly was a cowboy out in Arizona for a while when he was trying to shake off the con, and every time they get together the storm clouds gather. They are good friends of Springs', and whenever they get started he joins them and tries to quiet things down.

One night last week Bird got tired of this paternal supervision in the bar and went down below. Then he started giving his cowboy yell, and the matter was reported to the major. The major said he didn't want to be hard on anybody, but he couldn't overlook it, so he left the punishment to Springs. Springs put him on the wagon for a week.

Since then he has been sitting around the table in the bar, drinking ginger ale and looking at Springs in a pleading tone of voice; so he let him off tonight in honor of the prospects of seeing land tomorrow.

We had a big crap game later in our stateroom. First Jake Stanley took all the money, and then Springs took it all from him, and finally Stokes ended up with it all. I don't know how much it was, but there were a couple of handfuls of assorted paper.

*"We met a private in the Carlton bar who seemed to resent the presence of American troops in Oxford."*

How I hate these Italian lessons! They finally got Spalding up in the first class on the excuse that he has to be there for private instructions. All he does is play bridge with Springs, Cal, and the major. They say that he is the fastest bridge player in the world, whatever that means. Crap is my game, but the major outlawed that. We can gamble at bridge and drink all we want as long as we don't get drunk. Now isn't that a fine distinction! I don't know how to play bridge and I like to get drunk!

October 1.

TOMORROW we will wake in Merrie England. Oh, boy! This voyage is nearly over. I am sorry in one way and glad in another. I am growing restless and want a change. This ship is too monotonous.

We left the other ships about nine-thirty last night and steamed off at full speed. We are making nineteen knots now, and it seems high speed after the snail's pace we have had. We picked up a lighthouse shortly after leaving the convoy, and Cal and I fancied we saw land by the light of the moon away off on the starboard beam.

The sea is as green as grass, and has been all day. It's beautiful, and the foam from our wake is as white as snow. We have only one chaser with us, and it is streaking along in front. I found out that they are not so small as they look. They are nearly 300 feet long. I am rather excited about arriving in Liverpool tomorrow and going across England by train to London. I know it will be a peach of a trip.

October 3.

SO this is England! We landed yesterday morning and took a train right at the dock for Oxford. We aren't going to Italy, after all! We've got to go to Ground School all over again. Our orders got all bawled up in Paris, and MacDill, La Guardia, the doctors, the enlisted men, and Spalding have gone on to France.

MacDill said he would go on to Paris and get the orders straightened out and come back for us.

Somebody has made a mistake. All our mail is in Italy, all our money is in lire, and our letters of credit are drawn on banks in Rome. And we've wasted two weeks studying Italian and two months going to Ground School learning nonsense, for now we've got to go through this British Ground School here.

And we hear that everything we were taught at home is all wrong. Gosh! I hope some day I get a chance to tell Major Kraft that.

We left all our baggage and equipment at Liverpool because we couldn't wait until it was unloaded. Springs left Kelly in charge of it, and he picked Bird and Adams and Kirk to stay with him to help.

We came through the most beautiful country I ever saw. It made me think of Grimm's Fairy Tales. The greenest fields imaginable, and no fences, just hedges and occasionally a stone wall.

There was never a frame house. All the houses were the softest red brick, I mean the color, and all pretty too, or I should say picturesque; and never an inch of ground wasted even on the railroad right-of-way, which was all in grass except where it was planted in vegetables.

I am living at Christ Church College, in a room with Callahan, Stokes, and Springs. Our barracks is a million years old, I know, because it took it that long to cool off to this temperature.

Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII built it or had something to do with it. I haven't found out whether they got fired from it or gave money to it. Either one makes a man famous. Our mess hall is like a chapel, with stained-glass windows and the most wonderful paintings all around the walls. The ceiling is very high and is beamed. It's an inverted V and has the old black wood inside, with the cross fancy work showing on it.

We have champagne with our meals at $2.10 a bottle! We get the vintage of 1904. This is indeed the life! Everyone over here is so damn polite. I know now why they always think of us as savages.

This is the most charming country I ever dreamed of. Cal and I went canoeing on the Thames this evening and saw some sights. I tell you, this is the home of the brave and the land of free love.

This is Sunday. I don't know the date, but it must be Sunday. The description of this country is so far beyond me that I will have to leave it to a better pen than I wield. It suits me!

YESTERDAY the old fellow, the Dean of Christ Church College, took us all through the church and showed us the interesting things there. The newest part of the church is only about 400 years old, but it is built on the ruins of an old Norman church and one of its present walls was built in 700 A. D., being then a part of the priory of St. Frideswide.

This quadrangle where we live is called Peckwater Quad, and, where the mess hall is, Tom Quad. I would love to know all the old English gentlemen who spent or misspent their youth here at Oxford and slept in this very room. I'll bet they love the wasted part of their youth the best.

I hear today that we will only be here five weeks. I think that will be long enough and I won't mind as long as the champagne holds out. Fry, Curtiss, Cal, Brown, and I took a bicycle ride over the Duke of Marlborough's place at Woodstock.

There is a statue of Victory or some such idea on the far side of the bridge to commemorate his victory. The present duchess is an American girl.

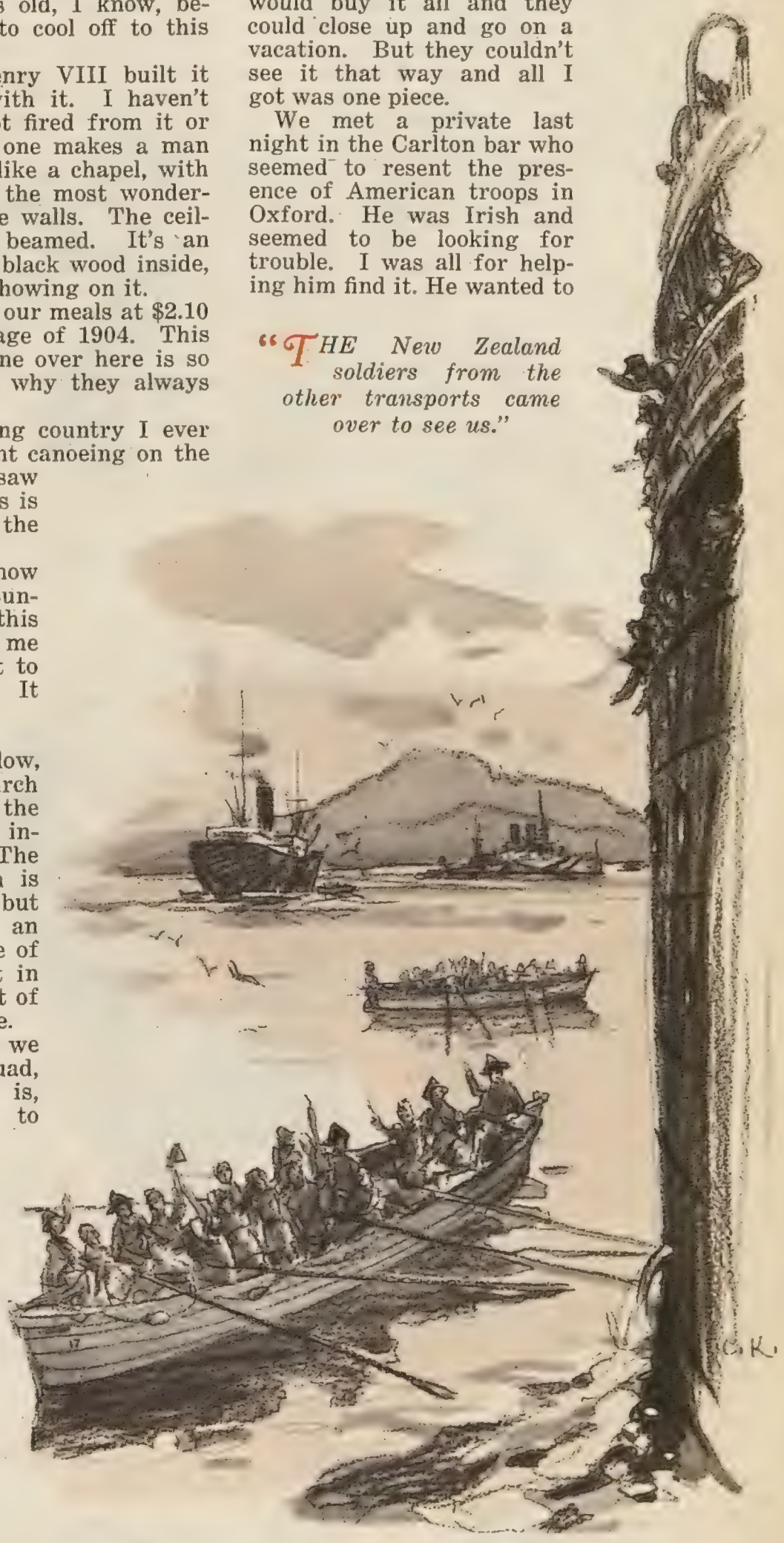
It's a ten-mile ride from Oxford, and about every two miles there is the most delightful wayside inn where you get this English ale and Scotch whisky and cheese and bread. We made all the stops going and coming and I never saw such quaint places or quaint people.

I went to a barber shop yesterday and asked for a haircut. I got a haircut, shampoo, singe, and a big revolving brush run over my head for the equivalent of fifty cents.

EVERYTHING over here is dirt cheap. The English don't run up the price on anything just because it's scarce. I think there're some laws on the subject. There's no candy for sale except in small lots at a few places, yet the price is the same as if it were plentiful. I tried to buy all the chocolate they had at one little shop. They told me they could sell but one piece to a customer and when that was gone they would have to close up, as they couldn't get any more. I told them I would buy it all and they could close up and go on a vacation. But they couldn't see it that way and all I got was one piece.

We met a private last night in the Carlton bar who seemed to resent the presence of American troops in Oxford. He was Irish and seemed to be looking for trouble. I was all for helping him find it. He wanted to

*"THE New Zealand soldiers from the other transports came over to see us."*



know where we had been for the last three years. I wonder how much of that feeling there is.

---

*Gay parties in London, theaters, girls, took all the time the American flyers could spare from the rigors of training. Life seemed short and for many of them it was. Follow this amazing diary in next week's LIBERTY.*

# The WHIRLWIND

*"MR. HOYT, I knew something was going to happen! First time in my life I ever saw anyone refuse a drink."*

CLAY FORRESTER leaned her elbow on the table, and pounded absently with one of the small wooden mallets provided for the purpose. Her brown eyes, looking steadily past the two performers who were doing a Charleston in the center of the waxed floor, were troubled. Betsy had been gone a frightfully long time.

"Where, in heaven's name, *is* Betsy?" demanded Charley Van Dyke.

"Prob'ly passed out," Hilda Owen suggested cheerfully, turning upon him one of those radiant, disturbingly intimate smiles which they had been exchanging all evening. "I know *I* shall, if I don't get something to eat soon! Haven't had anything to eat in *weeks!* Every time I start to get food, someone comes along an' gives me another drink. I'm so hungry, that——"

"My dear Hilda," interrupted Stan Lorrillard, with that beautiful gravity which always descended, like a mantle, about him in the early hours of the morning, "you are merely one sufferer in a million. The graveyards of the world are crowded with the corpses of those who died of starvation because their thirst was so great that they could never find time to eat! Why——"

"Oh, shut up, Stan!" Clay said dispas-

# A Girl Flings the Challenge of the Modern Age in the Face of Marriage

Beginning a Serial

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

*Pictures by*
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

("Now, *this* little girl—" the jeweled hostess of the night club was saying . . .)

Theo Kilgrew's face was white and his eyes darkly rimmed and scared. He had swayed slightly, a few minutes before, when he left them in search of his sister; but now he was walking quite steadily. Cold sionately. She ceased her drumming on the white cloth and continued to look through the glare of light toward the door. "There's Theo, now—alone."

sober, thought Clay—and cold frightened, too.

"Clay!"

(*"Give this little girl a nice big hand!"* . . . The clatter of mallets pounding upon tables . . . *"Hey! Hey! . . . 'at's my baby!"*)

"What, Theo?" She rose and put her hand on his arm.

"C'm'on." He guided her across the floor, through the little clearing where blue-white light centered harshly upon the girl whose gymnastic dancing was turning her almost nude body pink with exertion. "Betsy's taken poison."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE WHIRLWIND Continued from Page Thirteen]

His lips formed the words with difficulty, and his arm, beneath Clay's reassuring hand, trembled violently.

Clay shivered, too. But as she passed the last table, she flashed a cool smile of recognition at its occupants; called, "Hello, there!" in a normal voice.

"What did she take, Theo?"

"Veronal. Had a bottle in her bag. Took the whole dam' thing. Oh, Clay, when the family find out——"

"Buck up!" said Clay fiercely. "There are more people in Our Set"—she pronounced the words contemptuously—"who swallow poison than die, you know!"

BETSY KILGREW was sitting limply upon a couch in the dressing-room, her blue eyes round and staring in her small face, her hair a disarranged mass of blonde waves. From her chair in a corner, a middle-aged woman attendant regarded her suspiciously.

"Little idiot!" said Clay, in a harsh undertone. "Is Theo right? Did you——"

Betsy smiled defiantly and opened a clenched fist. An uncorked, empty bottle lay in the palm of her hand. "Exit Betsy, laughing!" she said. "Don't be silly, Clay—d'you think I want to live forever?"

"And veronal goes so well with gin!" Clay said scathingly. "The debutante's cocktail!" She turned her back on Betsy and held out her hand to Theo. "Give me some money." Her brown eyes turned and met the eyes of the matron; held them. "My friend is ill," she said. "Will you go out, very quietly, and get me some mustard and warm water—and be careful not to say anything to anyone?" It was a command, rather than a question.

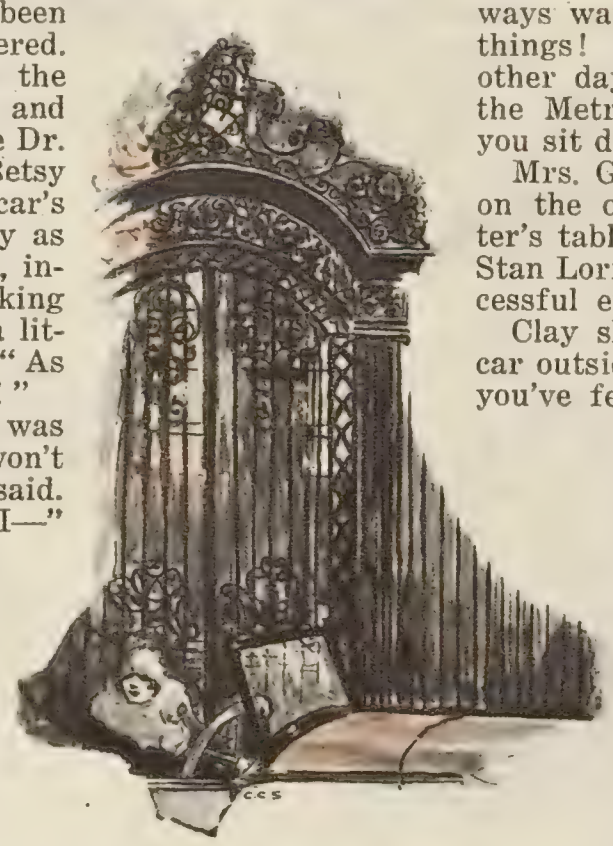
The woman looked suspiciously from Clay to Betsy. "You say she's sick?"

"I took poison," contradicted Betsy Kilgrew.

Clay ignored her. "She's been drinking too much," she answered. "Hurry, now." She pressed the bill into the woman's hand and turned to Theo. "Go telephone Dr. MacPherson that we'll bring Betsy right up to his house. My car's outside." She stood, outwardly as calm as though she were sixty, instead of a third that age, looking down at the girl. "You *are* a little fool!" she told her. "As though any man was worth it!"

Betsy's lips quivered; she was only eighteen after all. "I won't drink your old mustard!" she said. "I tell you I'm tired of living! I—"

"Thank you," said Clay, to the attendant, and another bill passed from her hand. "Come here, Betsy—and if you don't behave yourself now, you'll be just twice as uncomfortable before you're better. You're not going to die. Remember you had a permanent wave yesterday, and be reasonable!"



There was no stir of interest, no comment, when they went out, Theo and Clay supporting a pallid youngster in a jade green evening coat, between them. An ordinary enough occurrence. In the car, Betsy's head dropped to her brother's shoulder, and Clay jerked off the brake and turned the wheel with a sweeping, easy movement, accurately avoiding the rear mudguard of the machine parked just ahead.

"It's none of my business," she said, later, to Theo, when the doctor had ordered his own machine to take Betsy to her home, "but if you don't sock that cad of a Charley Van Dyke in the eye some time, I think I will! I'm going back to the party—I'm hungry."

"Gee, Clay——"

She grasped the boy's hand and her lower lip trembled suddenly.

"Betsy's all right," she said brusquely. "Good boy, Theo!"

At the night club, Hilda was still wailing for food. Clay sauntered to the table and stood, a slim figure in a shimmering silver dress, beside her.

"You talk about food!" she said lightly. "There's a thing I've read about in books called sleep that I'd like to investigate some time. I'm hungry, too—let's go to Child's. I took Betsy and Theo home."

The round clock on the white wall above the cashier's desk seemed rather flat and bald in its assertion that the hour was five-thirty. Clay looked at it and shrugged.

"I tell you, I want wheat cakes and bacon and oyster stew, too!" Hilda was persisting, shrilly.

The waiter came silently across the tiled floor on his rubber soles, with thick cups of steaming coffee, thick plates piled high with brown pancakes, oval platters of bacon.

Stan Lorrillard, roused from a brief slumber by the smell of food, burst into song.

Someone pushed a plate of wheat cakes beneath his nose, and he fell upon them with, noted Clay, a trifle more enthusiasm than accuracy of aim.

Clay sighed, and sipped her coffee reflectively. The coffee was hot, but for some reason she was shivering. A gust of cold air sent gooseflesh quivering over her bare neck and arms as the swinging doors opened to let in more people.

Another group of weary ones in evening dress and furs. She laughed aloud as she recognized the rather exquisite figure of her mother, muffled in chinchillas.

"Well, well, Lucille! Fancy seeing you here!" she called.

Her mother paused beside the table, smiling. "Heavens, Clay, I thought you were at the Van Dykes' or home in bed by this hour!"

"Bed?" Clay repeated the word, opening her tired brown eyes very wide. "I've always wanted to see one of those things! Somebody told me the other day that there was one in the Metropolitan Museum. Will you sit down with us?"

Mrs. Gordon cast a critical eye on the occupants of her daughter's table and shook her head as Stan Lorrillard gave up the unsuccessful effort to rise to his feet.

Clay shrugged. "I've got the car outside—take you home, after you've fed. Or are you staying on?"

The dawn had broken over Central Park when they emerged upon the sidewalk at Columbus Circle. Clay slumped behind the wheel of her car and sat, with her eyes closed, and her young face devoid of any expression, while her mother said good night.

"You're a vivacious little party, Lucille," she murmured, as she shot the car forward into the Park, past the statue of no less a one than the discoverer of that country of which they were both so much a part.

"You look tired," her mother answered.

"Just bored."

She drew the car neatly to the curb outside the apartment house, leaned forward to snap off the ignition, smiled vaguely at Lucille, and crumpled back against the leather upholstery in a deep faint.

THE sunlight was pouring into her bedroom when she first became conscious of Dr. MacPherson, sitting beside her bed.

"What a lot we're seeing of each other!" she whispered, trying to smile.

"Be quiet!" he ordered. His face was stern, but his hand, on her forehead, was coolly soothing. "Clay, we'll leave the human soul and mind out of this, but did it ever occur to you that the human body can stand just so much?"

She achieved the smile now. "Haven't found the limitations yet," she replied.

"Don't try to be smart with me! Do you know how long you've been unconscious?"

She shook her head.

"Exactly an hour and a half! It won't do, Clay!"

"I think it's swell!" she murmured. "If only I could do it oftener and longer!" She lay back, luxuriating in the peace and tranquillity of her bed beneath her, listening idly to his voice, which wove in and out of her consciousness like fitful sunshine on a cloudy day.

"You've got to stop it, I tell you!" he repeated.

"Might get married."

"Married! What an idea! Why?"

"I'm so tired," she answered simply; "tired and bored. Been bored all my life."

HE smiled pityingly. "Marriage," he repeated, looking at her. "Anyone in mind?"

"No, but I don't see that it makes much difference. Never did know why men get married anyway. Couldn't possibly have any respect for a man who'd be dumb enough to marry me!"

He patted her cheek. "Go to sleep, now, Clay. And try to remember what I've told you: You've got to cut this out—you won't be able to stand it!"

At her chuckle, he paused and took her hands in his. "What have you on your calendar for today?"

She closed her eyes, trying to remember. "Nothing much—lunch at Pierre's for Hilda—she's sailing for France tomorrow. And bridge at Mimi Chandler's."

"Both of which you'll cut out! Tonight?"

"Nothing."

"You'll go to bed early? Promise me?"

"Promise," she answered. "Cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die! May I keep on forever as I've been going for the last four years, if I break my oath! And there's no worse fate I can think of—look at mother!"

She lay, half awake, after he left her alone, pondering. Funny little Betsy, to think that she could get away from life! . . . What a cad Charley Van Dyke was . . . he'd probably never divorce Mona! Marriage made one so safe . . . marriage . . . As Clay dropped into sleep, the cynical twist of her mouth faded away and left her looking like a tired child.

She was still sleeping at 7 o'clock that evening, when her mother came into the room and stood at the foot of the bed.

"You'd better get up, Clay, or else you'll be wide awake by midnight!"

Clay shook her drowsy head. "Not this little girl! I'll get up for dinner and favor you with my company for about an hour. Long enough for Martha to get my bed ready for me again."

Her mother laughed. "When the devil is sick——"

"I'm resigning! New York's night life will just have to manage without me for a few days!"

"Wait until the telephone starts ringing!"

But when it did ring, Clay was adamant. "Not a chance, Hilda. I wouldn't go out tonight with the Prince of Wales!" She hung up the receiver and grinned at her mother and stepfather, who were looking at each other in burlesque astonishment.

"I didn't know you could be so resolute," Lucille said.

"Lots of things you don't know about me!" Clay glanced at Syd Gordon, yawning over his solitaire. "Play you a spirited game of slapjack, Syd! No? Oh, well——"

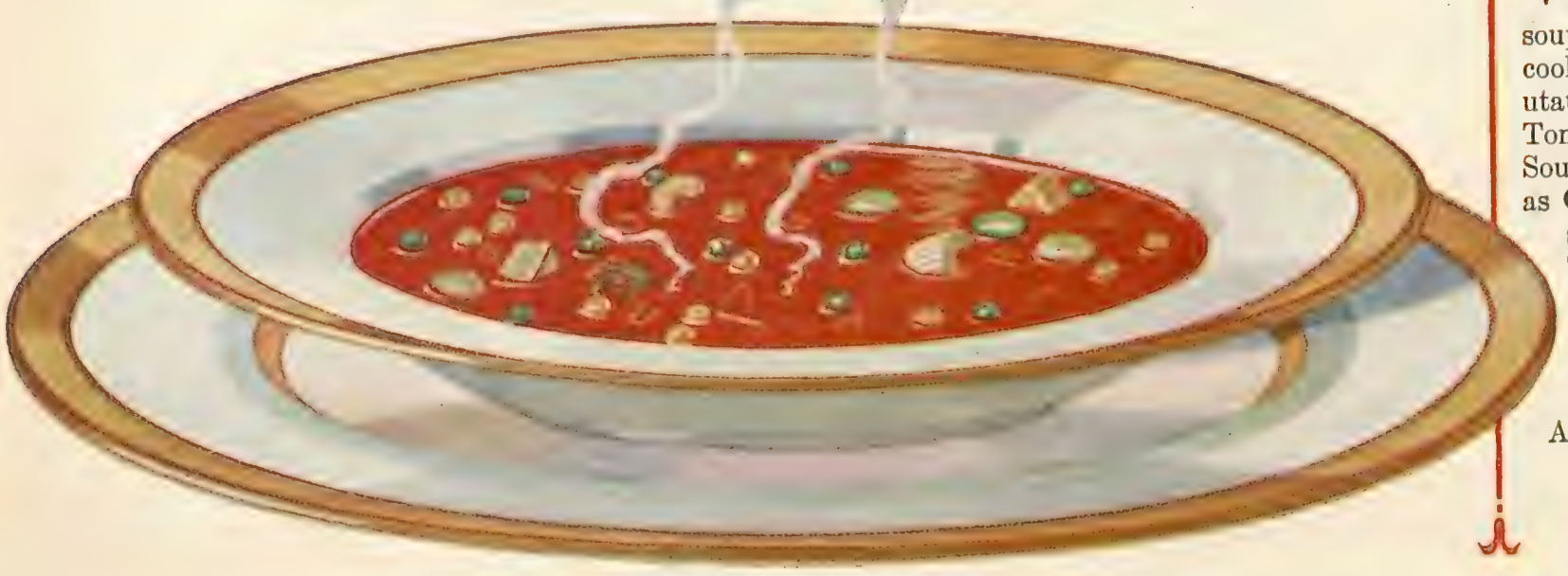
She moved lazily across the room to the window, and stood looking out at the row of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

# Hearty, healthful, tempting Vegetable Soup!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup! How popular it is! What a great need it answers for a hot, splendidly nourishing luncheon or supper that can be so easily prepared! How generous and welcome a part of the family dinner! Fifteen vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Strength-giving cereals. Savory herbs. Delicious seasoning. And just the soup for the children!

32 different ingredients — 12 cents a can



# SOUP

## *for your family's health*

WITH the meal, or as a meal, soup belongs in the diet! Why? We all know that soup is delicious and tempting to the taste, that it offers a fascinating variety of flavors not to be had in any other food. But it is a mistake to think of soup merely as a food to be served or omitted from the meal as you please. Soup should be served *regularly*, and not just occasionally. And for these reasons:

Every housewife knows that if the family appetites are good, her meals will be enjoyed. She realizes that more than half her daily battle is won if those who assemble at her dining table are attracted *at once* by the food and start the meal eagerly. To win this victory, good hot, appetizing *soup* is most helpful. Soup is invaluable as a wholesome, healthful stimulant to the appetite. The blended flavors of many different ingredients in soup appeal instantly to the sense of taste, arouse it, make it vigorous and keen.

SO YOU see that serving soup regularly is one of the most important secrets of successful planning of the meals. Apart from the splendidly nourishing value of soup, which it shares with other foods, it helps to keep the appetite active and healthy. In doing this it also has a beneficial effect on the digestion. Soup causes the digestive fluids to flow more freely. The result is that food is eaten in greater quantity and assimilated into the body tissue more promptly.

If every housewife only knew these facts about soup there wouldn't be a home in America where soup was not served *every single day!* Soup today is one of the most popular foods—one of the great national dishes in the United States. But the utmost attractiveness in the family meals will not be obtained until soup is eaten by everybody, every day, for luncheon, dinner or supper.

And so we make to you this suggestion: Start now and serve soup every day for the next two weeks. See if it doesn't make an immediate difference in the way your meals "go". Notice how every member of your family responds—how much brighter and more attractive your table seems to be.

VISIT your grocer's and familiarize yourself with the delightful and different kinds of soups you find there, already prepared and cooked for you by makers of world-wide reputation. Tempting vegetable purees, such as Tomato, Pea, Celery, Asparagus and Bean Soups which, by the way, you will often serve as Cream Soups. Hearty substantial soups, such as Vegetable, Vegetable-Beef, Beef, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo, Pepper Pot, and Clam Chowder. Dainty clear soups, such as Consomme, Bouillon, Julienne, Printanier, Clam Bouillon. An almost endless variety. And soup is an ideal food for children!

*With the meal or as a meal, soup belongs in the daily diet!*

# *The* Best Bite of all!

Crisp and crackly peanuts—roasted, then toasted; an opera cream center that melts in your mouth; luscious, delicate caramel; a generous coating of rich milk chocolate; all blended to the queen's taste! That's **Baby Ruth**—America's favorite candy.

Satisfy your candy hunger with this delicious bar of wholesome goodness.

**CURTISS CANDY COMPANY**

New York CHICAGO San Francisco
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

apartment houses opposite. "Heigh, ho! Home life on Park Avenue! No wonder we go out!" The doorbell rang violently, and she turned. "Now who could *that* be?"

Hilda Owen and Stan Lorrillard, towing a tall young stranger, burst noisily into the room.

Clay looked up inquiringly into the blue eyes of the young man, who was standing, quiet and unruffled beneath Hilda's introduction, his lips curved in a faint smile.

"Be yourself, Clay!" Hilda commenced talking at once. "This is Tommy Hoyt—I knew that if you saw him you couldn't resist, so I didn't pay any attention to what you said over the phone! Just think, the poor lamb has been away from New York for five years!"

"My, isn't he tall!" Clay said, offering him her hand. "What a lot of H. O. your mother must have made *you* eat!"

His eyebrows lifted politely.

"H. O. Makes Boys Grow," she explained. She followed the flicker of his gaze. "Oh—we haven't any manners, you know. My mother, Mrs. Gordon . . . and Mr. Gordon . . ."

"You will come, won't you, Clay?" Stan was persisting. "I've called at least twenty women since you turned us down, and they're all out. It's too late to find anyone else—or too early."

She shook her head. "Can't! Made solemn vow—awful solemn. Something terrible would be sure to happen if I went out tonight."

"Something terrible happens *every* night," said Hilda, "but what of it? Going to change your dress? You look sweet as you are."

"Don't be a crab, Clay!" said her mother.

Clay glanced again at the blond young stranger. There was nothing noticeably different about him—unless it were his air of quiet amusement—yet he *looked*, somehow, as though he'd been away from New York for five years. A pleasant, refreshing look.

"Tommy says he can still dance—a one-step, didn't you say, Tommy, or was it a polka?"

Tommy Hoyt smiled, his eyes remaining on Clay's face. "Won't you come?"

Her own eyes fell, suddenly. "Oh, well . . ." She shrugged and smiled. "Always knew I had no strength of character!"

THEY went first to a Russian place, where the orchestra mingled melody plaintively with its jazz, and waiters and entertainers leaped about in scarlet blouses and high boots.

"Find New York changed, Tommy?" Hilda asked.

"Lord, yes!" His eyes made a circuit of the room. "The people more than the town, I think."

"Effect of prohibition—have another drink?" asked Stan, holding up his flask.

He shook his head, while Clay contemplated him in mock wonder. "Is he a New Yorker? No! Mr. Hoyt, I *knew* something was going to happen! First time in my life I ever saw anyone refuse a drink. Do that once more, and we'll see the city falling about our ears!"

He smiled at her. "I don't want it," he said—just as though, she told him, that had anything to do with it, these days!

"He's got to see Harlem, too," Hilda decided. "We'll totter on from here at about four, shall we?"

Clay danced often with Tommy. She no longer felt tired, and she found something—peaceful was the word that most nearly expressed it—in being near him. He was so calm and unhurried and serene. And serenity, she reflected, as they bumped their way northward in the taxi, was just something they didn't have anything *of!* She rested her head against Stan's shoulder and contemplated Tommy, sitting on the folding seat before her. His hands, strong and long-fingered, were quiet in his lap; there was a composure about him that fascinated her. Strength and calm. She looked at his chin critically. "I'll bet he has a rotten temper, though!" she said to herself. Her eyes met his, and they smiled again.

*AN uncorked, empty bottle lay in the palm of her hand. "Exit Betsy, laughing," she said. "D'you think I want to live forever?"*

The club in Harlem was anything but serene. It was dark, when they entered it, crowded with tables, spattered with moving colored lights which circulated about the dance floor where white people and black people were dancing, bodies pressed close together, swaying to the wail of a blues.

"Mmm . . . *mmm!*" said Hilda, cocking her head. "The good old Harlem mooch! Stan, I'm yours!"

They swept off to the floor, and Clay watched Tommy's face as he looked at it.

"Barbaric, huh?" she asked.

He nodded. "Do you like this place?"

"You bet. 'Bout the best music in town." Her body was quivering in answer to it; occasional studied dissonances of the saxophones sent shivers trailing up and down her spine. Throbbing, pulsing, drunken music. The dim light turned them all into mulattoes; the whites of Clay's eyes shone bright against her face.

He watched without comment. Then, "We might as well get a table," he said; "I don't know how to dance to *that!*"

They sat silent, watching the dancers, absorbing the music. When the lights flashed on and the other two joined them, Clay's face was flushed as though she had been dancing, and her eyes were vague and somehow languorous.

"I ain't got no time . . . to wonder if the wind . . . *do* blow!" she sang, softly.

"*Just* so!" boomed Stan Lorrillard.

"Ah positively got no ti-i-i-um!" She turned and smiled at Tommy. "Isn't it true, though?" she demanded. "That's the strangest thing to me about all these songs—they're so darn true. Sometimes I wonder if they get their philosophy from us, or we from them, for—*Ah don' know . . . you don' know . . . what it's all a-bout!*"

He returned the smile, and suddenly his hand went out and covered hers, held it tight. "Funny kid!" he said.

"Good old egg!" she murmured.

STAN and Hilda were dancing again, and Clay sipped her drink and looked reflectively at Tommy, watching so impassively.

"Don't you get it at all?" she asked. "It's so exciting! It throbs and staggers and . . ." Her voice died away, and she sat, lips parted, eyes half closed, the very blood in her veins moving with the rhythm.

His eyes left the floor, fixed on her face. "Do you do this sort of thing often?" he asked.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE WHIRLWIND Continued from Page Seventeen]

"Often! Darn near every night! That's why we ain't got no time!" Her shoulders were moving gently to the music. "*Pos-i-tive-ly got no ti-i-um!*" she chanted.

His arm had slipped across the back of her chair, and his other hand still held hers. "Clay, you must be one of this fast young generation I've heard so much about!" he accused her.

"Fast?" She leaned against his arm and turned her head so that she looked up into his face, bent toward hers. "*Fast!* I was thinking of that last night when one thing after another was happening rather speedily. Wondering where the word got its implication. Everything's so darn swift—'member, in Alice in Wonderland, how the Red Queen keeps saying 'Faster! Faster!' and when Alice objects because they're not getting anywhere, she tells her that in *her* country you have to run as fast as you can to keep in the same place? That's us! That's New York!"

"And twice as fast to get anywhere else," he added. "Clay, don't you think it's— " He paused, as Hilda and Stan rejoined them.

"We've asked Bertha to sing," Hilda said, reaching for her drink before she dropped to her chair. "You'll love this, Tommy! She's so barbaric—pure jungle!"

He looked at her humorously, and it crossed Clay's mind suddenly that, in spite of absence from New York, Tommy Hoyt might have seen a thing or two himself. In Shanghai, for instance.

LIGHTS centered on the floor and on a slim Negro girl in a pink dress. She waved recognition to their table, smiling a broad smile, friendly, wise. . . .

"*Ah had someone else . . . befo' Ah had you . . . an' Ah'll have someone after you'ah gone.*"

Jazz, plaintively exciting, gay in its cynicism, discordant in its melody . . .

Tommy leaned toward Clay. "Let's you and me get out of here," he whispered. "I'd rather talk to you."

Her heart was pounding when she reached the top of the flight of stairs which led to the sidewalk, and she blinked at the glow of sunlight.

Tommy was getting a cab, and she watched him thoughtfully. Such a strange person!

Within the taxi he put his arms around her. "Funny little Clay! You're too good for this sort of life!"

She wrinkled her nose. "Nonsense!"

His eyes were grave, searching her face. "Clay—I know things aren't done so swiftly, but honestly I do love you!"

"Swiftly! Heavens, we've known each other nearly eight hours!" She was laughing at him, but her body was tense in his clasp, and she held her head back, away from him. He seemed so serious! His lips twitched.

"Poor little idiot!" In spite of five years' absence, she reflected, his love-making was just as sentimental as any New Yorker's. "She ain't got no ti-um! The trouble with you, Clay, is that you don't know nothing!"

"And I s'pose you think you're the little lad who can teach me?"

She raised her lashes lazily, but dropped them again before the intentness of his eyes. Gosh, she *liked* this man. "You know, Tommy," she said briskly, "the reason I like to take my own car on parties is because then I can drive home and don't have to be kissed by casual men in taxicabs!"

THAT, she reflected, was a mean crack, and she was surprised to find herself hoping that it hadn't hurt him too much.

"Did you think I was a casual man, Clay?" he asked, steadily.

"You're not precisely an old friend!" she retorted.

"But I intend to become the oldest you have."

He lifted her face in his hand and looked into it seriously. "I'm not drunk, my dear—I haven't had enough to drink. And you, if I'm any judge, appear to be able to stand quite a bit. But I'm not going to kiss you—tonight."

"You're just breaking my heart!" she retorted, but somehow the usual line sounded cheap, tonight.

"I hope I won't do that, either," he told her. "But you're the prettiest, most charming girl I've ever seen, and I'm going to marry you if I can. What do you think of that?"

In Next Week's
LIBERTY

DON'T MISS

*Blackbeard & Co.—Pirates*

By

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

A PRETTY stenographer, tired of her job, her new spring hat, the shape of her nose, and her insipid admirers, wanted a Desperate Character to love her. With a dozen dull men offering her homes on the installment plan, she longed for a Buccaneer. She'd given up hope—when, suddenly, the Desperate Character appeared and snatched her shivering out of boredom into wild romance. You'll shiver too—and laugh!

In Next Week's
LIBERTY


She nestled against his shoulder. Of course they were both crazy . . . jazz got so into one's blood . . . but oh, how reassuring, how comfortable, his nearness was! There was something so big and secure about Tommy Hoyt!

"Well—I *said* something awful was going to happen tonight, didn't I?" she demanded. And added, a moment later, "I thought you said you weren't going to kiss me, Tommy Hoyt!"

II

CLAY sat alone before her dressing-table, in her wedding dress. Fifteen minutes more at the most. . . . The voices, in the next room, were those of her mother and the two men to whom her mother had been married. Henry Forrester's laughter mingled with Sidney's cackle.

"We're going along now, ducky—Syd and I," said Lucille, coming into the room and leaning over to bestow a light and fragrant kiss on her daughter's cheek. "Your bags are all ready and Hughes will bring you along to the church in just a few minutes."

Clay looked at her mother and laughed nervously. "Well, let's hope that Tommy'll be there!" she said. "Five minutes more of this and I'll run away!"

"That's the first really bridish remark I've heard you make!" Lucille said approvingly. "Since you're in front of a mirror, I suppose there's no need for me to tell you that you look perfectly beautiful!"

Her father was standing beside the decanter in the living-room when Clay came in.

"Drink one for me, Poppa!" she told him. "I'm just old-fashioned enough to believe that brides should smell of orange blossoms instead of whisky!"

Henry Forrester smiled at his daughter.

"You'll probably be the first bride old Whitney has kissed who did!" he retorted. "All set, my dear?"

She nodded, but her fingers plucked nervously at the white folds of her gown.

"I s'pose it's easier the second or third time," she said, "but I certainly am nervous now! Are you sure you'll recognize the victim? I'd hate to have you give me away to the wrong man—not that it makes much difference, I s'pose. Stan's the best man—it's a bird named Hoyt that I'm marrying."

SHE sat down abruptly, and snapped her fingers, producing a series of crackling noises. "Why do people make so much fuss over getting married, anyway? In this last week, I've seen everyone and talked to everyone and been with everyone in New York—except Tommy!"

"Well, you'll see enough of him from now on!" her father retorted, caustically. "There, there, old girl!" He patted her shoulder gently. "The car's down below. Cora isn't coming to the church because she's fussing around getting ready for the reception. She's twice as nervous as you are—remember that this is the first time Lucille has called upon us socially, as it were!"

Clay shivered. "Heavens, what a lot of husbands and wives there are mixed up with my poor wedding!" she said

She sat very straight in the corner of the car, looking out unseeingly at the spring-time green of Central Park.

"And some girls want to get married!" she whispered. Her hands, clutching at her bouquet, were cold. "I wish I hadn't put on any rouge. Am I all pale underneath it?"

"You look lovely," Henry Forrester answered, a bit absently. "Very pretty indeed."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

# Afternoons Out!

*A few of the 15th Birthday Group of 75 Paramount Pictures*

*Gilda Gray in*
"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"
*A Maurice Tourneur Production*
With Percy Marmont, Warner Baxter, Julanne Johnston and William Powell. From the play by John B. Hymer and Le Roy Clemens.

*An Allan Dwan Production of Rex Beach's*
"PADLOCKED"
With Lois Moran, Louise Dresser and Noah Beery. Adaptation by Becky Gardiner and James Shelley Hamilton.

*A Malcolm St. Clair Production*
"THE SHOW OFF"
With Lois Wilson, Ford Sterling, Louise Brooks and Gregory Kelly. From the play by George Kelly. Screen play by Pierre Collings.

GREATER MOVIE SEASON
*"Everybody's Going"*

GET away from home routine for an hour or two—you'll do a better job when you come back!

The healthy excitement of first-class entertainment in a quiet, cooled theatre is a happy program for any afternoon. Why not this afternoon? Arrange a date over the phone with your friends. Paramount puts a touch of romance, "a castle in Spain," into any day!

For two hours at least, take Worry off the schedule and go where the world's on show!

# Paramount Pictures

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Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City.

# ESSEX "6"
# *Announces the* NEW COACH

## With All-Steel, Bolted and Riveted, Clear Vision Body

### The Product of Our Own New $10,000,000 Body Plant That Was Erected Especially That This Car Could Be Possible

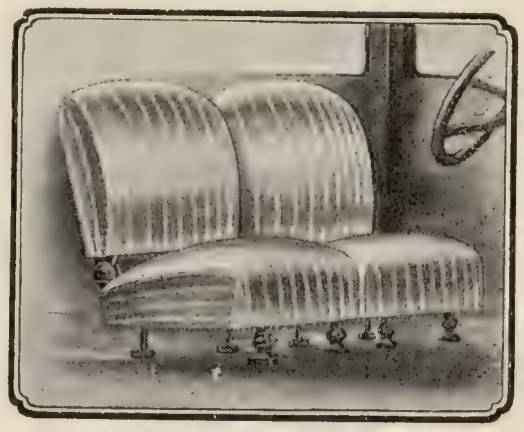
Many of these advantages you will recognize at a glance. But you will have higher appreciation of their meaning when you know that a plant of 18 acres which with equipment approximated a cost of $10,000,000, was first built and that special machinery had to be designed, to make possible the New Coach your dealer is now showing.

Again Essex "6" offers in the design and construction of the New Coach as radical an improvement as was the original Coach itself, which we created.

It is all steel, bolted and riveted, and so rigid that squeaks, rattles and distortions, are as unlikely as in a steel building. Doors are so hung that a man may hang on an open door while the car is being driven over rough roads, without springing it out of true.

And it is so designed and constructed as to permit the use in a totally new manner of a high baked enamel, most lustrous and lasting finish. This has made possible new combinations in finish that will please your eye.

There has been constant improvement in the chassis from the first Essex shipped. Every week has seen some betterment. But only by the accumulation of the resources, the information, experience, and the skill that have resulted from the purchase of 350,000 Essex "Sixes" in a short period of time, was it possible to erect the plants, to perfect the machinery, to create the designs that have resulted in this car which we ask you to inspect and to drive as the best looking, best value, best Essex ever built.



*Adjustable Front Seats*

A new feature by which the height of the seat and angle of the back may be adjusted independently to suit the comfort of the individual.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

The car swung into the avenue, and Clay could see the spires of the church in the sunshine.

"Better drop your veil now, baby," he told her. "You're rating almost as much of a mob to see you go to the sacrifice as if you were Babe Ruth or someone really important!"

"Brute!" said Clay—and meant it. If only he wouldn't be so flippant! Still, it would be worse if he were solemn.

IT was reassuring to see Theo and Arch Baker, standing in the doorway; she kept her eyes on them as she swept beneath the awning.

"Is Tommy as scared as I am?" she whispered, her voice catching in her throat.

Within the dimness of the church, chimes were carrying the melody of the wedding march.

"Your mother's just gone down to her pew," Theo told her. "There go the girls now—I think Mimi Chandler's trying to Charleston to that tune!"

Clay wasn't sure whether she'd smiled or not. She meant to smile. "When the Perry twins start along with their flowers, I've got to go, too," she told herself. "I'm going to be married. I'm going to be married! I wonder if I want to? I wonder what Tommy's really like."

The organ was mingling with the chimes now, resonantly, melodiously, and Henry Forrester tucked Clay's arm into his.

"C'mon, kid!"

Her lashes were lowered, but through them she could see an interminable aisle stretching before her, with people, people, people, on either side of it. Heavens, how many people! What did they have to do with Tommy and her? Who *was* this Tommy Hoyt, anyway?

Tommy and Stan were waiting at the right of the chancel . . . Hilda, and the other girls, in their pale dresses. . . . This was the first act.

"Gee, I know how an actress feels on a first night," thought Clay.

She listened to Dr. Whitney's voice, booming majestically. How could he be so darn solemn about it all, when most of the people he married were divorced before the year was out? How *could* he? Or was there a suggestion of humor, of laughter, deep back in his voice?

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?"

Apparently Tommy would. At any rate, he said so. Clay was beginning to feel extremely silly.

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?"

What if she said that she'd take a chance—or, "You'd be surprised!"—or, "Don't be silly!"

Her voice was quiet and controlled.

"I will."

Or wasn't that her voice?

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

A faint sound emerged from Clay's lips as her father took his place in the front pew beside her mother. It really wasn't decent to have Syd sitting there, with his silly face! *Ah had someone else . . . befo' Ah had you.* . . . One foot, in a white satin slipper, twitched. . . . *"Stop it,"* she told herself fiercely.

And now for the second act!

She mustn't forget what to do . . . give her bouquet to Hilda, standing there in the pale green frock whose making had elicited so many quaint and original curses. . . . Supposing she didn't give her the bouquet! Supposing she just held on to it! It was hers! She wasn't sure that she wanted to give it away!

They mounted to the chancel, Hilda and Stan, herself, and Tommy. Good Lord, it was the same foursome who'd gone, that first night, to Harlem! The choir was singing softly, "I Love You Truly." Why didn't they sing "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby"?

Again a faint giggle issued from behind her veil. She saw Tommy look at her sharply, his face contracted.

She held out the flowers, with their ribbons streaming downward like delicate, flexible icicles, and Hilda took them gently. Stan was giving something to Tommy—wouldn't it be funny if he pulled out a flask?—but it was the ring. As Tommy offered it to her, in turn, her eyes met his. He didn't look frightened, exactly, but his eyes were all spilling over. Heavens, could Tommy be swallowing all this rot? Didn't he see how silly it all was? She offered the ring, with a firm gesture, to Dr. Whitney, who solemnly returned

*"DON'T try to be smart with me! Do you know how long you've been unconscious?"*

it to Tommy. The completed circle. That was a futile proceeding!

*Futile!* Was this the sort of thing her mother had twice gone through? In spite of all this trouble, marriages, like vaccinations, didn't always take. . . .

"I, Thomas, take thee, Clay . . ."

It was her turn, now.

"I, Clay, take thee, Thomas . . ."

The wedding ring felt cold, on her finger.

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!"

Now, really, that was too much! As though God had anything to do with it! Clay's chin went up and she looked directly, challengingly, at the minister, grinning through the faint screen of chiffon. How *could* he . . . and with such a straight face, too! He pronounced them man and wife, did he! And now they were being blessed. . . .

HILDA stepped forward and flung back Clay's veil, handed her the bouquet. Her eyes were solemn, wistful—sentimental little idiot! Clay looked at Stan. He was standing very straight, and his face, too, was somehow reverential, as though he were awed by the significance of the ceremony. She looked at Tommy, her husband.

*"Honestly, now, it isn't as important as all that!"* she heard herself saying, in a clear, bright voice. *"Nothing could be!"*

Dr. Whitney stared at her; Hilda stared, and Stan. . . . There was a rustling, a whispering, a sighing, in the front pews.

*"Clay!"* said Tommy.

His face had become utterly white. He looked as though someone had thrust a knife into his heart.

The organ was filling the church with the chords of Mendelssohn's march. As Clay put her arm in Tommy's to lead the procession back down the aisle, he turned away his face, so that he looked, not at his bride, but away from her—looked at Lucille Gordon, sitting so complacently between her first and second husbands.

THEY had been married only two weeks, yet here Tommy sat, in a strange apartment in Paris, wishing that that rather too handsome brute with the monocle would keep his hands off Clay. Apparently he was one of those eggs who couldn't talk to a girl without pawing her.

But Clay didn't even seem to notice it. She stood there, head thrown back, laughing eyes looking up into the beggar's face, her little bare arms, slim and muscular like a child's, inviting his touch.

---

*With lives all gleaming surface and not one inch of conscious depth, these people rush through troubled waters like boats without rudders or keels. But, just because they are rudderless, amazing things happen to them. Watch them in next week's issue.*

# Health Triumphant

*They conquered constipation, corrected skin and stomach disorders—found fresh vitality, new joy in living—through one natural food*

NOT a "cure-all,' not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-33, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I AM A DANCER. Three years ago I had indigestion and constipation very badly. I was very skinny and was too tired and nervous to take my lessons. A lady recommended yeast. In about three weeks I could tell a difference. The constipation was relieved and I had much less trouble with gas. In about four months I began my lessons again. Now I am strong in every way."
IDABELLE BARLOW, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

"UNTIL ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO, when I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast, I was really ignorant of what whole-hearted enjoyment meant. I was perpetually tired, morose and nervous. Upon returning from a dance or theatre, I would fling myself across my bed immediately, too utterly exhausted even to undress. Then one day I began eating two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast each day. Soon I felt like a person re-born. I cannot find words fine enough in which to praise such a marvelous vitalizer."
MISS C. EMMA KAYLOR, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LEFT
"I HAD PASSED all requirements for admission to the Seattle Police Department with the exception of the physical test. I was in a run down, nervous condition which resulted in loss of appetite and vitality. Some one suggested that I eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly as a conditioner. This I did. At the end of three weeks I felt like a new man. I easily passed the tests set by the examiners for the Police Department."
HARRY WINSMORE HOWARD, Seattle, Wash.

LEFT
"I AM A SAILOR in the United States Navy. All my life I have been bothered with a bad complexion and stomach trouble. I never found anything to clear my skin. While home on thirty days leave last August, I got in the habit of eating Fleischmann's Yeast in a glass of warm water before breakfast. I had seen the difference in my shipmates who used it. Now my skin is clear of pimples. I feel like a new man. I perform my duties with much more 'pep' than I have had for the six years I have been in the Navy. I owe it all to Fleischmann's Yeast."
STANLEY H. STRAINGE, U. S. N., Hampton Roads, Va.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

# GILDA *Makes the* Grade

## *The Land of Opportunity Rewards the Shimmy*

An Article by

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnson

*Mary Michalska, known to Broadway and Forty-second Street as Gilda Gray.*



*Wanda and Maximilian, Gilda's parents, brought her to New York by way of Ellis Island.*

### First Reel

A SKINNY, hungry little girl whimpered with fright as her mother extinguished the candle and left her cuddled on a pallet on the hard dirt floor of a shack at the edge of Posen, German Poland. Food and warmth were scarce there, for in the last year of the last century the Poles were largely slaves of the field, toiling and starving to stay the wolf ever clawing at their door.

### Second Reel

Drunken men sprawled and leered across the tables in a cheap honka-tonk known to the Chicago underworld as the Erie Cafe, a cabaret owned by the notorious McGovern brothers at the northeast corner of Clark and Erie streets. The musicians swung into that weird jangle of chords and words popular in 1916 under the elegant title of Walkin' the Dog.

From a doorway beyond the upright piano, a young girl in a cheap dress emerged, surveyed the dissolute scene, and plunged into the song. As she repeated the chorus she danced—crouching, kneeling, rising, swaying, writhing shoulders and torso and hips.

As the dancer collected her Saturday night's wages of fifteen dollars and walked south to her grubby little room on the second floor of the Revere House, rendezvous of underworld characters, she may have reflected that her present tawdry estate was an improvement on the hut she had left behind in Posen when her parents Maximilian and Wanda, fled to America in 1902.

Now she had a three-year-old baby, a husband she had cast off, and poor parents up in Milwaukee. Some day, somehow, someway, she felt, she would climb out of the morass she then was floundering across.

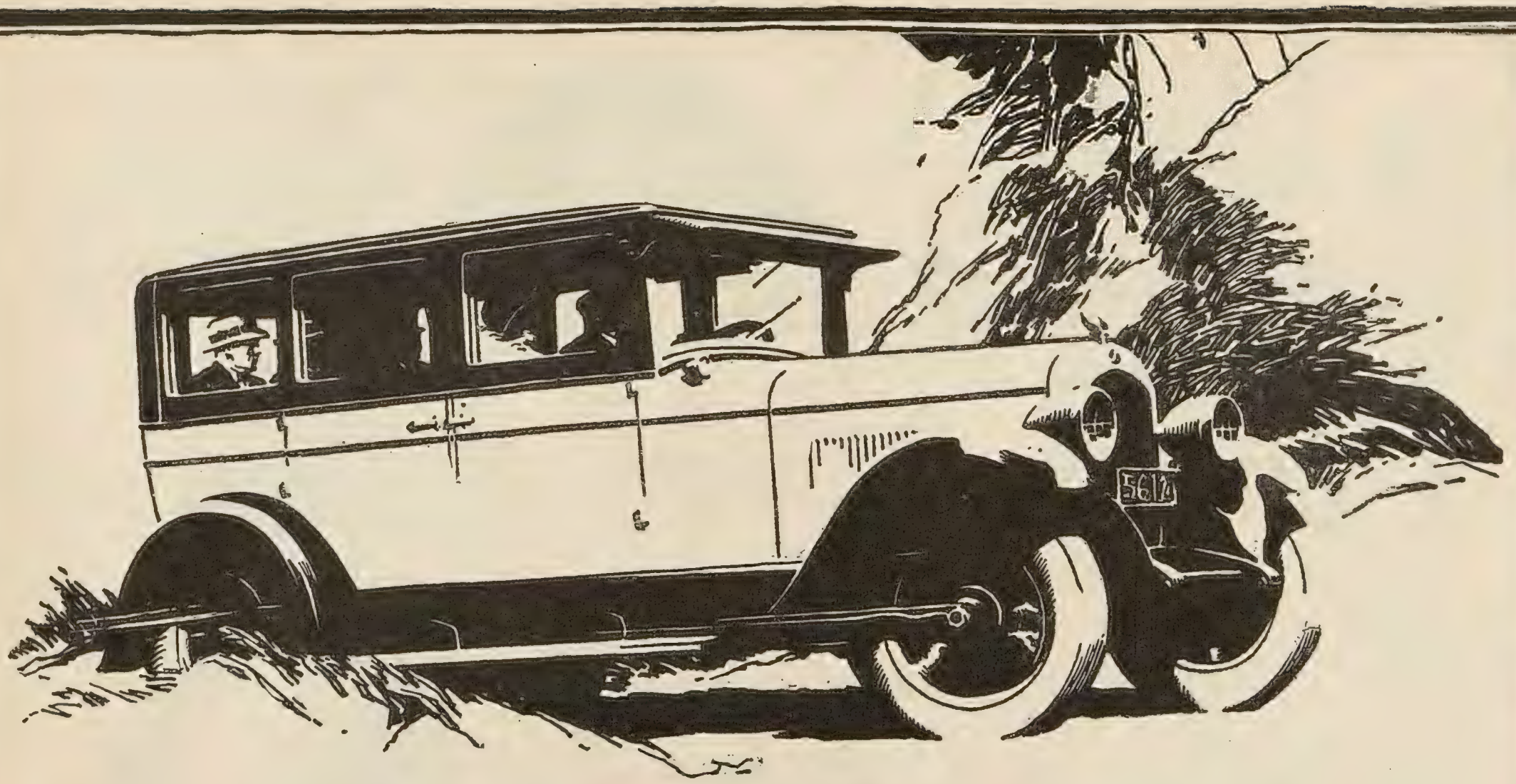
### Third Reel

Eight cylinders purred as a huge limousine slid softly to a stop in front of a great theater near the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, New York.

A few minutes later a young woman walked through the lobby, moved easily through the crush, and approached the limousine. As the driver touched his cap, the doorman turned the silvered handle and opened the door.

The chauffeur placed the velvet speaking-tube to his ear and waited. Presently he looked around. The girl had not yet entered

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]



# The New Lighter Six, Chrysler "60"

*At Last Affording Chrysler Supreme Quality in*
*The Field of The Lower-Priced Six*

It is enough to know that the new lighter six, Chrysler "60" *is* a Chrysler. That fact alone bespeaks leadership in its field—the field of the lower-priced six.

The motoring public expects leadership of Chrysler—and every Chrysler leads its field. The famous Chrysler "70", the super-fine Chrysler Imperial "80", have demonstrated this. In fact, Chrysler leadership is conclusively proved daily by the experience of scores of thousands of satisfied Chrysler owners the world over.

In the new lighter six, Chrysler "60" you have, unit for unit, the same standards of quality comprehended in the Chrysler "70" and Imperial "80"—in features, in materials, in craftsmanship, in rigid inspection and test, in characteristics of dependability and long life.

Sixty miles, and more, per hour; unprecedented get-away; gas economy of 22 miles and more per gallon; the striking beauty of Chrysler dynamic symmetry; astonishing riding ease and roadability; the safety of Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes; oil-filter and air-cleaner; full pressure lubrication; seven-bearing crankshaft; impulse neutralizer; road levelizers front and rear; roomy, luxurious bodies.

Never before has the motoring public been offered such supreme quality and value—in the field of the lower-priced Six—as is combined in the new lighter six, Chrysler "60".

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to demonstrate this to you.

See the new lighter six, Chrysler "60". Drive it, convince yourself that nowhere will you find a Six in the lower price field that can begin to compare with this newest Chrysler achievement.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER "60"—*Touring Car, $1075; Roadster, $1145; Club Coupe, $1165; Coach, $1195; Sedan, $1295.*

CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1395; Roadster, $1525; Royal Coupe, $1695; Brougham, $1745; Sedan, $1545; Royal Sedan, $1795; Crown Sedan, $1895.*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton, $2495; Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment, wood wheels optional), $2595; Coupe, two-passenger, $2895; Coupe, four-passenger, $2895; Sedan, five-passenger, $3095; Sedan, seven-passenger, $3195; Cabriolet, $3495; Sedan-limousine, $3595.*

*All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

CHRYSLER "60"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

the machine. She had turned and was gazing upward at a gigantic sign above the entrance of the theater.

The great sign in its gilded frame high in the air, lighted the street for a block around. In the midst of white flashing electric bulbs glowed in red the girl's own name and the play she was just then leaving:

GILDA GRAY.....ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS!

She smiled, nodded to the waiting driver, murmured, "Long Island, please," and sank into the gray cushions.

Between the tallow taper of wretched Poland and the scintillant electric signs of Broadway and a $3,000-a-week salary lies a long and rocky road—the foot-bruising, heart-hurting trail trod by Mary Michalska, rechristened Gilda Gray.

Mary Michalska—the first of Gilda's six names—was born early in 1895.

How and for what reason the family came to America from Posen is a matter of dispute. Anyhow, the group arrived at Ellis Island in the steerage, and made its way to Bayonne, New Jersey, where Max got a job as a laborer.

Four years later the Michalskis moved to Milwaukee, where Max obtained work in a factory. Mary's early schooling was obtained in a Polish Catholic convent there. Having a thin but sweet soprano voice, the fifteen-year-old girl was allowed to sing in the choir of the church.

In the summer vacation of 1912 Mary attended a picnic given by the Maple Leaf Athletic Club in Sharpshooters' Park. In a dancing pavilion she heard a man playing a violin. She stood a long time watching him, and presently they were introduced.

HIS name was John Daniel Gorecki. Young Gorecki's courtship was not that of a laggard, and he married Mary Michalska on October 16, 1912, in St. Albert's Catholic Church.

Gorecki's honeymoon with his seventeen-year-old bride was a taxicab ride to the basement at 993 Midland Avenue, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, where she began to keep house for her father-in-law. Early in 1913 her husband's father remarried, and Gorecki and Gilda went to live with Gilda's parents. And on April 19, 1913, Gilda's baby was born. They named him Martin.

Just what happened between the day of their marriage and the early spring of 1915, two and a half years later, is a matter of considerable and bitter dispute.

There is no dispute, however, about the fact that Mary Michalska began to frequent the cafes and cabarets and back rooms of saloons as a somewhat timid amateur performer. She was unhappy at home and was not equipped, mentally or by training, to earn money in any other manner.

The saloon of John Litza at Third and Mitchell catered to the better class of Polish citizens. Mary asked there for a chance to sing some native songs.

She made the grade and was offered ten dollars a week to sing nightly in the place.

Mary Gray bought her baby some clothes, and bedecked herself in a red satin costume. Crowds packed the place every evening.

Then the Subway, a rathskeller underneath the Gayety Theater, offered her twenty dollars a week. Her husband tried to make her stay at home while he was prowling around the city. When she refused, he persuaded her to go to work in his father's saloon and restaurant at 178 Logan Avenue. There Mary alternated between the back room, where she sang and danced, and the mahogany bar, where she drew foaming flagons of that which made Milwaukee famous.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

*From starvation in a hut she has risen to $3,000 a week.*

Photo by Muray Studio

*The spirit of the South Seas.*

But things at home didn't improve. John admits he "gave her a push in the mush a coupla times." But, he adds, it was because "she had become a tramp and was stepping all the time I was working."

This, denied by Gilda, seems highly improbable. There is apparently a great deal more veracity in her plea for divorce filed on February 11, 1915. Her lawyer was George Shaughnessy, now municipal judge in Milwaukee.

Gorecki didn't even bother to answer. The magistrate ordered him to pay his wife four dollars a week alimony, though she did not obtain a divorce at that time.

Early in 1916, Mary Gray threw up her hands in despair. Then she set her jaw. She left Martin, not quite three years old, with her mother, sold the few pitiful sticks of furniture she owned, and departed for Chicago.

She got a job in the Erie Cafe at fifteen dollars a week, sharing a room in the Revere House with Edna King, another entertainer. Walkin' the dog, singing such offerings as When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose, Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet, and other contemporaneous absurdities—and fighting off maudlin customers—poor little Mae Gray,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

# What Do You Ask of a Truck?

THERE is a certain amount of service at a certain cost per ton-mile that you expect your truck to deliver to be a profitable investment. Think of this service before you buy if you expect to get it after.

If there is going to be a difference between the service delivered in conversation at the time you buy your truck and the service delivered by the truck upon the road, your cost sheets are going to show it. And you can depend upon this—you will get no more from your truck upon the road than was built into it at the factory. So to make sure you know your truck, make sure you know who made it.

For over twenty years International Trucks have been delivering the service expected of them in every line of business, because that service was built into them by the maker. They have been living up to a world-reputation earned by other products of the Harvester Company for almost a century.

*The International line includes the Special Delivery, 1-ton and 1½-ton Speed Trucks, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton maximum capacities, Motor Coaches for all requirements, and the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor. Write for complete descriptive Literature.*

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FOR LOW-COST HAULING

# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

as she now introduced herself, ran the gamut of Chicago's night life.

Presently she received an offer of twenty-five dollars a week to entertain at Gordon's Cafe, at Barry Avenue and Lincoln Street.

From Gordon's, Mae went to the Wayside Inn, at Belmont and Lincoln. Then the Subway Inn, across the street, attracted her with an offer of forty dollars.

"I was working in the Arsonia Cabaret out on West Madison Street," she says. "It was the biggest place I had been in and the liveliest. Mike Fretzel, a political power in the underworld, ran it.

"One Saturday night the joint was jammed. I was feeling fine. When the orchestra began the Beale Street Blues, my favorite dance number, I happened to put my hands up over my head and half closed my eyes and began to shake my shoulders.

The place went wild. I had to do it over and over.

"After that I did nothing but put that dance on.

"One day I was walking down the street and saw two little colored kids all excited. One of them held a fluttering moth by one wing.

"'Boy, look at dis bug shimmy,' one of them said.

"'She sho is doin' the shimmy,' the other kid replied.

"I got a great hunch—I made up my mind to call my new dance the shimmy. And as far's I know that's the first time my dance ever was called the shimmy."

LATE in 1918 Rosalie Stewart, a theatrical producer, asked Mae and her partner, Mildred Vernon, to go to New York.

The two girls registered at the old Reisenweber Hotel in New York City on January 10, 1919. They got an act ready—but Miss Stewart didn't get around to them promptly. The girls soon reached the bottom of their purses.

They answered an appeal to sing and entertain in the hospitals for wounded World War veterans. At one hospital a pianist who accompanied Mae Gray was fascinated by her dance. He was Frank Westphal, at that time the husband of Sophie Tucker.

He introduced the two girls to his wife a few days later.

"I'll take you along to a Sunday night concert," Sophie Tucker said, "and we'll see what you've got."

Mae Gray returned to see Miss Tucker the next day. She found the popular comedienne reading a magazine.

"We talked a while," says the present Mrs. Gil Boag. "Then she told me to sit down till she finished her story. Suddenly she hollered:

"'Say, Mae, here's a story about a dancer named Gilda. There you are: that's your new name—Gilda Gray. Gee, that sounds good!'"

At the Sunday evening concert, when Sophie Tucker finished her song, "two little girls from Chicago" sang their duets and skipped a few steps to and fro. Then Mildred Vernon withdrew to the wings and left Gilda Gray alone. She bent down and whispered to the orchestra conductor to play the Beale Street Blues. Then she slowly lifted her arms to full length and began to shimmy every part of her torso and thighs, singly and in astonishing unison.

*In their room at the Revere House "Mae Gray" and Edna King practised walkin' the dog.*

By the time she clasped her finger tips behind her head, gazing at the ceiling meanwhile, and began to sway and writhe without moving her feet, the whole house was leaning forward, deathly quiet.

The music stopped and Gilda dropped her arms. The building shook with a sudden roar and the stamping of feet.

A man leaped to the stage from a box. He jerked his bankroll from his pocket and handed it to her. He gave her his watch. He took off his coat and tossed it at her. Then he threw his arms around her.

"It's the berries, kid," quoth Sophie. "Your little playmate's Al Jolson and he's trying to tell you he liked your dance!"

J. J. Shubert was waiting for Gilda Gray in the wings to tell her to come to his office the next day to sign a contract. Gilda saw Rosalie Stewart and explained the situation. Miss Stewart was a good sport.

"Go to it, Gilda," she said.

Weeks went by without word from Shubert about rehearsals.

By July funds were much reduced. The girls were in despair when a telephone call came from Jake Shubert.

"Come on down," he said, from Atlantic City. "I've got a swell spot in the show I can put you."

The Gayeties reached New York —and Gilda Gray reached Broadway with a crash. She was made at last.

A few months after the opening, Gilliard Thomas Boag offered her $150 a week to come over to the Bal Tabarin, a night club he owned, and do her stuff after the show closed. She accepted.

Came the actors' strike of 1919, and Gilda left the Gayeties. She worked exclusively for Boag, who had taken over numerous night clubs.

Gilda learned her South Sea steps from Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Blum. They had traveled for years among the islands of the South Seas.

Gilda listened to their vivid descriptions of the life down there, and then had them play the phonograph records of the native music. She tried out a number of steps and soon, begirdled by a rush skirt, was dancing barefooted in the glow of Boag's spotlights.

One night Gilda and Boag looked up to see Flo Ziegfeld watching the evening's entertainment.

Gilda Gray opened in the Follies of 1922, and was with the troupe for sixty-seven weeks. She introduced new stuff as she went along—the Nigger's Itch, the Voodoo number, and other dances.

Gilda returned to Milwaukee with the Follies at Christmas time of 1922. Her boy, nine and a half years old, sat in a front row and saw his scantily garbed mother perform. She bought him a lot of clothes and took a look at her husband. Nothing she saw in him reawakened her affection.

In January, 1923, Gilda revived her earlier petition for divorce.

The judge gave her the divorce —on condition that neither Gorecki nor Gilda remarry for one year.

ON February 1, 1924, Gilda married Gil Boag.

On June 15, 1925, the Milwaukee divorce decree was modified to give her absolute control of Martin Gorecki, her twelve-year-old son.

Mr. and Mrs. Boag sailed for Europe on July 6, 1925, for a tour of the capitals of Europe. Upon her return, Gilda made Aloma of the South Seas for the Paramount-Famous Players Company.

This summer it was shown in the Rialto Theater, more familiar to out-of-towners as Hammerstein's old Roof Garden. There she appeared in person, dancing between reels in the costumes shown in the picture, and completing her conquest of Broadway.

And there, as we saw her in the Third Reel of this biography—standing silent and reminiscent before the enormous light-studded sign that proclaimed her victory over the handicaps and unhappiness of her girlhood—there we leave her.

THE END

*This* LATHER soaks the beard soft

ONCE you have worked up the quick, bulky mass of Williams lather on your face you are through with razor "pull." Because the razor can't pull if the beard is properly softened and Williams Shaving Cream certainly softens *all* of *every hair*.

*First:* Williams lifts the water-resisting oil-film from the bristles. That lets the beard absorb moisture.

*Next:* the thick, creamy lather—saturated with moisture—soaks the beard soft so that the razor seems to glide through.

*Tomorrow:* treat your face to shaving comfort with Williams Cream.

Send the coupon—or a postcard—today for a week's trial tube—free. The large size tube is 35c. The double size tube costs 50c and holds twice as much.

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AQUA VELVA *is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle FREE. Write Dept. 118.*

*The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap*

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 118, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial size has no hinge-cap.)

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Lib. 8-11-26

# His Code of Honor

## A Short Story of a Shot that Double-Crossed

## By Oney Fred Sweet

*Pictures by* RAY C. STRANG

MY excuse for going across the border was the same as that furnished by thousands of American tourists who want to see what it's like. Jose Chavez cashed in on this curiosity, and if, with certain of his customers, pity for vice was followed by embrace of it, the outcome did not constitute one of Jose's cares.

Jose operated the most vicious resort in the squalid little town just over the Mexican line. He dealt in bad booze, bad women, and gambling devices that belied the term, inasmuch as the chance for winning on the part of a patron was reduced to a minimum.

It was Jim Delaney who drove me over to Jose's place. Delaney was a box-maker in the lettuce fields in the Valley. A "fruit tramp," he called himself, for he followed the ripening of grapes, oranges, and the like from the San Joaquin down to the patch of desert redeemed from utter desolation by irrigation ditches from the Colorado. Despite his honest-enough occupation, he considered himself more or less of an outlaw.

*UNNOTICED, he was making his way through the jumble of maudlin humanity.*

That Delaney was well acquainted with Jose Chavez, and that the dive-owner held for my companion a certain respect, was indicated soon after we entered the smoke-filled red-and-gold casino.

"*Como esta usted, senor?*"

"Oh, I'm all right," Delaney assured the proprietor. He glanced appraisingly about the room. "I see you've got the same old collection of painted lilies."

Jose shrugged at what might be called a lack of tact. Delaney had referred to the women, and what conscientious merchant would not feel piqued at criticism of his wares?

There was something gruesome about Jose's women. Intended to attract, they repulsed. It was not that they were old in years, or ugly of feature; but something had gone from them that left them lacking in appeal. Paint could not cover the tarnish. Brazen and hoarse of voice, they moved, scantily clad, among the thrill-seeking throngs in a forlorn effort to stimulate gayety.

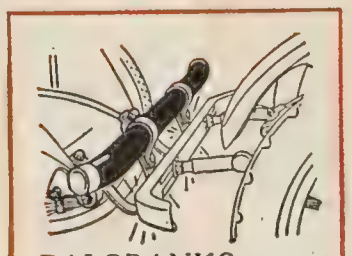
[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

# Balcranks Make the Car "Stand Out"

Notice the individuality of the Balcrank equipped car—how it stands out from all others.

It is protected by equipment designed for the attractive models of today. The big, strong, round bar, trimmed with non-rustable "balloy", gives the car an appearance of completeness.

Balcranks are also being specified for the thoroughness of their protection. The specially tempered springs resist the blow of a collision, and the method of attachment automatically causes the car springs to absorb the excess shock. This exclusive Balcrank double shock absorbing feature greatly reduces the shock to both car and occupants.



*BALCRANKS protect against bumpers that are higher or lower—10 inches fending area.*

Balcrank-ettes dress the rear of the car most attractively, and protect the fenders in traffic.

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"Standard" bumper equipment is usually furnished by the car dealer, not the factory. Ask your car dealer about Balcranks or write us direct, giving the name of your car dealer, and make of car. THE CINCINNATI BALL CRANK CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Balcranks are the only passenger car protection approved by the Insurance Underwriters as sufficiently strong to protect a one ton truck.*

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"More than a bumper"

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*The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

"Like the cantaloupe market," Delaney said to me: "Stuff that soon spoils. Short lived."

A Portuguese girl, devoid of all expression, came and touched Delaney on the arm and he thrust her from him with an oath which, mechanically, she returned in kind. It was a reaction that bespoke the complete dulling of even the remnant of a soul.

Jose grinned unpleasantly.

"Have a drink," he invited. "Soon you will enjoy without seeing fault. Besides, I must tell you something on my mind."

He led the way to one of the tables. An electric piano struck up the latest jazz tune. There was the clink of glasses, the click of dice, the clank of coin. Concoctions half poison for those seeking cheer, marked cards for the avaricious, kisses for the lonely.

And yet, though profit came so freely from those who, for the nonce, sought escape from the fetters of respectability, even Jose had his business problems.

Only the night before, Jose confided to my pal, the Owl, a rival concern down the street, had been held up by a desperado who, taking the card dealers by surprise, had swept the night's "earnings" into his own pockets. News of the affair had made Jose fidgety. He had a horror of unscrupulous citizens who were quick on the draw.

"We are old friends, senor. It is fate, your coming here tonight. I give you a job as long as you wish. You work too hard in the lettuce. I make it easy for you."

DELANEY wet his lips to the bit of paper that gave the finishing touch to a cigaret.

"Take a look," Jose went on. "Take a quick look up to where the orchestra once played behind the lattice in the balcony. Nothing there now but the dark. Nothing to see from here but the paper roses and the lilies painted on the lattice. The idea is mine. Not so bad, eh? I give you an automatic and you sit behind the flowers in the dark. The balcony as you see it has always been there; but tonight, behind the painted lilies—death. The robber, should he come, doesn't suspect. No one suspect. Your bullet comes from nowhere. What you say, senor?"

"I say *gracias*," Delaney commented.

They sat there talking it over—Jose, too fat in the waist, greasy jowled about his tight collar, his one good eye squinting, but with his evil countenance no less dangerous-looking than that of my friend Delaney. Indeed, their understanding with each other seemed to be based on sympathetic traits of character as well as to be the result of some common experience in the past.

Jose glanced several times at me, but Delaney nodded him not to mind my unimportant presence. And the bargain was made.

Delaney was somewhere in his early thirties, heavy at the shoulders and tapering toward hips that were incased in a tight-fitting pair of belted denims. His checked woolen shirt, which he wore despite the terrific heat—often 120° in the shade in the Valley—was opened at his freckled throat. The fact that his nose had been flattened gave added prominence to his jaw. But if there is any feature from which character can be read, it is the eye. Delaney looked out on a world that, for him, had been robbed of any illusion.

At the business of box-making Delaney had few equals. I had seen him practice speed with his hammer when off duty, giving me cause to feel that in the make-up of the man there was at least the pride of the mechanic. But he had the hobo psychology. An enemy of the conventional code in all its forms, at least in spirit.

During my first weeks on the job beside him, Delaney had ignored my presence, and his good will was somehow subtly essential to any-

*FOR a time the girl was alert in watching the faces of each newcomer.*

one wishing to fare fairly in the camp. Then, this night, he had brusquely invited me to accompany him. He had shaved, carefully plastered his hair, and we had raced in his battered flivver through the thick dust of the silt and risked our lives—though he would have scoffed at the idea—at every narrow strip of plank that bridged an irrigation ditch.

"We might have a drink before I go on duty," Delaney suggested. "Bring on some of your own private stock, Jose, and then me for the knot hole. Your own brand, I said. None of the stuff you hand out to the boobs."

JOSE banged the table, and a girl in a baby-blue sash, with her cheeks daubed an orange hue and smears of purple about her eyes, came in answer.

"Mimi was like the booze Jose saves for his own consumption when I was here last," Delaney said to me grimly. "Wasn't long, though, before he was willing to let her belong to everybody. Ain't she a fine specimen! Gives me the creeps."

Delaney tossed off his drink. He got up from the table and left the room with Jose. Presently Jose came back alone. There was probably a rear stair to the bowered orchestra balcony. I glanced toward it, but, as before, saw only the lattice decorated with artificial flowers. Behind that, darkness. A vantage point, surely.

Delaney and I had arrived early. It now was probably not later than 10 o'clock, but the revelry had gained momentum. Smoke dimmed the lights. Men crowded each other before the klondike boards and the crap, poker, and blackjack games. The electric piano crashed from one tune to another. The laughter of the women had become shrill. The bar was a busy place.

It was a study of faces. The pale, coatless men in charge of the gambling devices smiled not at all; the smiles of the women inmates were fixed. Visitors—loosed from the restraint of respectable environment—stood about in self-righteous awe or plunged into licentiousness, their behavior being left to choice.

I could see in the face of the greedy Jose, as he moved about, that his dark mind was peculiarly at ease. At times, he glanced wisely toward the dark balcony, willing enough for a situation to arise that would bring a deadly bark from the innocent-looking arbor. What lurked behind the fake roses and painted lilies

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

# Perhaps *you* need a rest— but what *your gums* need is more work

*Soft, modern food gives them too little exercise, and robs them of their vigor and their health*

SUMMER takes us out-of-doors to lead a life more active. We exercise our bodies. We swim, we hike, we play at sports. And under this active and strenuous exercise, we wax healthy—we develop the power to resist disease.

But our gums, the year round, live under the same dull, inactive regime. Yet they, too, should have exercise and stimulation to keep them fit. And this, today, they do not naturally get. Winter and summer, the food we eat is too soft. It lacks the coarse, fibrous elements. It does not give the gums the stimulation they need.

This is the chief reason, according to dentists, why so many patients come to them with gums which are out of condition, soft and flaccid, tender and weak. Usually the first sign of trouble is a slight bleeding of the gums—"pink toothbrush" appears when the teeth are cleaned.

*At the first sign of trouble consult your dentist, and even if your gums never bother you, begin today to use Ipana. The best time to fight gum troubles is before they start.*

### *How can we keep the gums firm and healthy?*

Dentists have learned that massage—a gentle frictionizing of the gums night and morning—serves in most cases as a complete protection against gum diseases.

And thousands of dentists will tell you that this gum massage is best accomplished with Ipana Tooth Paste after the usual cleaning with Ipana and the tooth brush. Because of its ziratol content, Ipana is of definite value in restoring softened gum tissue to normal. For ziratol is well known to dentists as a hemostatic and antiseptic and much used by them in their work at the chair.

Our professional men have demonstrated Ipana to thousands of American dentists. In fact, it was through the cordial endorsement of the dental profession that Ipana first became known to the public.

### *Why the dentists recommend gum massage with Ipana*

Massage with Ipana relieves the congestion of the small capillaries and a brisk flow of fresh, clean blood is brought to the gum walls. Under its influence, the whole gum structure steadily improves in health and resistance to disease.

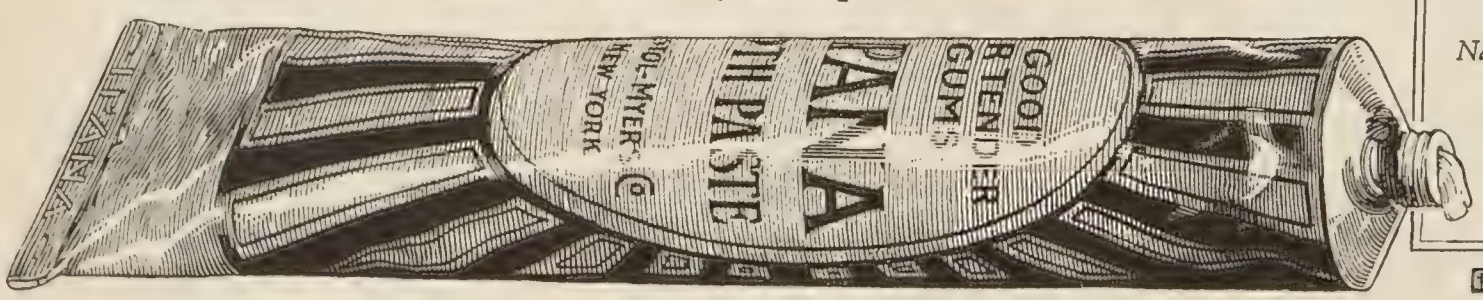
You will like Ipana's fresh flavor. Moreover, you will experience a new sense of oral cleanliness, which is due both to the wholesome effect of Ipana and massage and to the power of Ipana as a cleanser of teeth.

### *Switch to Ipana for one month*

A ten-day trial tube will be sent if you mail the coupon. But that's really not enough to demonstrate what Ipana can do. Better buy a full-size tube from your druggist. That's enough to last thirty days—long enough to prove to you that Ipana is not only a delicious dentifrice, but that it aids remarkably in safe-guarding and improving the firmness and health of the gums.

# IPANA Tooth Paste

***—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica***




BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. AB-86, 73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

of the lattice was his secret, Delaney's, and mine.

The entrance to a basement, guarded by a pock-marked Oriental, hinted of hidden evils. Down there, no doubt, the opium-smoker found glitter of his own fashion, judging from the type of derelicts who seemed to be able to provide the Chinaman with the proper password.

One could pick out the ranchers from the American side who were attempting to beat the gambling games. Theirs was hard-earned money—money that should have been used to pay off mortgages passing into the hands of Jose Chavez in a manner that was pathetic.

Some of them played the machines—slots for everything, from a dime up to a dollar, with a "spotter" watching every play. A mint for Jose.

Jose passed my table and I said to him, "Well, no one has tried to start anything yet. With Delaney up there in the darkness it's like having insurance."

I had spoken in a low voice, but he put his finger to his lips.

"I know him well," he grinned. "He was over in France. Shoots straight."

He moved on, smacking his lips.

I DID not know the exact moment that, from out of the desert night, the girl came to stand in the doorway. She was there when I glanced in that direction. Bob-haired and hatless and with a frightened, questioning look in her eyes.

It probably was the reaction on Jose's inner circle that had at first focused my attention. I was aware that, for an instant, the card dealers had paused in their operations, and that the women had ceased, momentarily, in their cajolery of customers at the bar.

You have attended theatrical performances during which you have been conscious that some slip or change in the routine, noticed only by the players, has caused an exchange of glances on the stage. The briefest of lulls in the midst of the orgy reminded me of that. The joy, if you could call it that, continued unconfined.

Yet I could not take my eyes off the girl. True, it might be difficult to judge, these days, either age or character—the dress, the make-up, and the manners being so much alike. The graceful curves of seventeen were possessed by some of the most vicious in Jose's assortment. A display of knee was without significance.

But, whether or not the half-parted lips of the girl who had just come in from out of the night were nature's splashed color or the imitation of it, she had in abundance what the "lilies" of the resort were so sadly lacking—appeal! A subtle something. It was the hideous background, perhaps, that enhanced it. I watched her as she threaded her way through the crowd, interested only in what she seemed to be seeking; swallowed and jostled by the crowd but not part of it.

I was grateful to Jose that, as proprietor of the place, he maneuvered toward the girl to insist on "hands off." Jose was not one to be fooled by the outer trappings of the sex. Here was innocence and he sensed it.

They had crossed over toward me to the edge of the crowd. "Looking for the papa, eh? Well, senorita, we will look about. You don't see him? That is too bad. Sometimes he wins, eh? And sometimes he loses."

"He always loses," the girl pleaded, "and he's no right to come down here and squander every cent as soon as he sells his crop."

"That is bad," Jose agreed. "With the mortgage at the bank and all."

She glanced back at the scene in the casino, catching her breath.

"Someone told me he always came here. It must be one of the other places."

"It may be," Jose nodded. "Still, 'most any minute he may come in. If not, if you will give me his name, I will send someone to look. Really, the senorita should not go out alone."

He drew back a chair from the table next to me and, going himself to the bar, returned with a lemonade.

"You are kind," the girl acknowledged.

She took a sip of the lemonade and, with her lips still on the straw and her eyes raised, again said, "Thanks."

"That was nothing," answered Jose. "You have been walking fast, senorita, and are tired."

For a time the girl was alert in watching the faces of each newcomer.

"You wait a while," Jose suggested. "The papa may come in. If not, I send out."

PERHAPS, after all, I decided, I had misjudged Jose. He knew how to be courteous, surely. But when I saw the girl's pretty head begin to sag on her shoulders, noted the droop of her eyelids—

"You're a beast, Jose!" I called over to him. "You doped her drink."

He winked back at me.

"Those who come below the border," he answered, "must take what below the border has to offer."

To go with his words, he let me see the muzzle of a gun. His one good eye had become a glittering thing, his smile a sensuous sneer.

It was like a nightmare. He was assisting the helpless girl to her feet. He was supporting her on his arm. Unnoticed, he was making his way through the jumble of maudlin humanity.

They had reached the door leading to the stairway at the side of the bar when the report came—the bark of an automatic. Jose swayed, loosed the girl from his grasp, and sprawled to the floor.

*JOSE swayed, loosed the girl from his grasp, and sprawled to the floor.*

I was in the bunch that jammed, morbidly, for a close-up. Someone turned Jose over, leaned down, and felt beneath his fancy vest.

"Dead! And who the devil did it?"

Someone touched me on the arm and I turned to look into the calm face of Delaney.

"What's up?" he asked innocently.

A bystander explained—the girl, Jose, the shot from nowhere.

"Nothing we can do, I guess," Delaney yawned, "except see that the kid gets a safe lift back home."

THE END

# KISSEL

CUSTOM BUILT

## *The New 4-Door Sedan—$1895*

For the Six, f. o. b. Factory

## Cushioned-in-Rubber

So silent that you are scarcely aware of motion! So smooth that all the world's a boulevard! So responsive that driving is almost effortless . . . and so beautiful that it attracts admiring eyes wherever it travels. But more—this new Kissel Cushioned-in-Rubber 4-Door Sedan is the outstanding motor car value in America today. A costly built car at low cost!

*All Units Cushioned-in-Rubber*

Resilient cushions of rubber, made to last 100,000 miles or more, are interposed between connecting points. Shackles, spring bolts and working joints are entirely done away with, eliminating oiling of these and other places that formerly had a tendency to develop rattles and squeaks. Ripples and bumps in the road are noiselessly absorbed. Vibration further minimized. Performance of rare quietness and buoyant smoothness is the result.

*New Lower Chassis*

This new 4-Door Sedan is mounted on a still lower Kissel chassis, height from the ground to the top being only 70 inches. Lower center of gravity, greater safety in fast driving over uneven roads and making sharp turns. Abundant road clearance. Generous headroom. New *flat cushioned-in-rubber springs.* New Straight Line Drive which provides smoothness of operation and eliminates loss of power.

*New Models of Artistic Beauty*

Longer, lower, roomier and finished with a pleasing European touch, this car sets a new standard of perfection in body craftsmanship. The long straight body line, the tasteful color harmony presented, the exquisite fittings, the appropriate luxury of the interior all contribute to its incomparable beauty. New wide flat fenders add to its sturdy appearance. From the driver's seat there is clear vision made possible by newly designed front corner posts.

*New Wheelbase*

With infinite care Kissel engineers have worked out in this car the proper wheelbase in ratio to its weight. It holds the road with exceptional evenness and steadiness no matter what the speed. There is an absence of the "galloping," "bouncing," "quivering" action sometimes experienced in cars of improper wheelbase.

*Chase Velmo Upholstery Form-Fitting Seats*

The interior is richly upholstered in genuine Chase Velmo. Seats are form-fitting, a special Kissel design common to no other car. Only the finest Marshall springs are used and guaranteed for the life of the car. The lazy luxury of these deep comfortable seats will give you new and keener enjoyment of motoring pleasure. This new sedan is priced standard equipped.

*New Finish*

The 4-Door Sedan presents an original combination of attractive soft colors which emphasize its long, rakish lines. The body, chassis and fenders are of the same tone, while the wheels are of a harmonious contrasting color, finished in a highly hand polished Duco which with ordinary care will last the life of the car. Occasional polishing will restore the same satiny lustre as it had the day it was purchased.

*Body by Kissel—Motor by Kissel*

$1895 for the Six, *f. o. b. factory*
$2295 for the Straight Eight, *f. o. b. factory*

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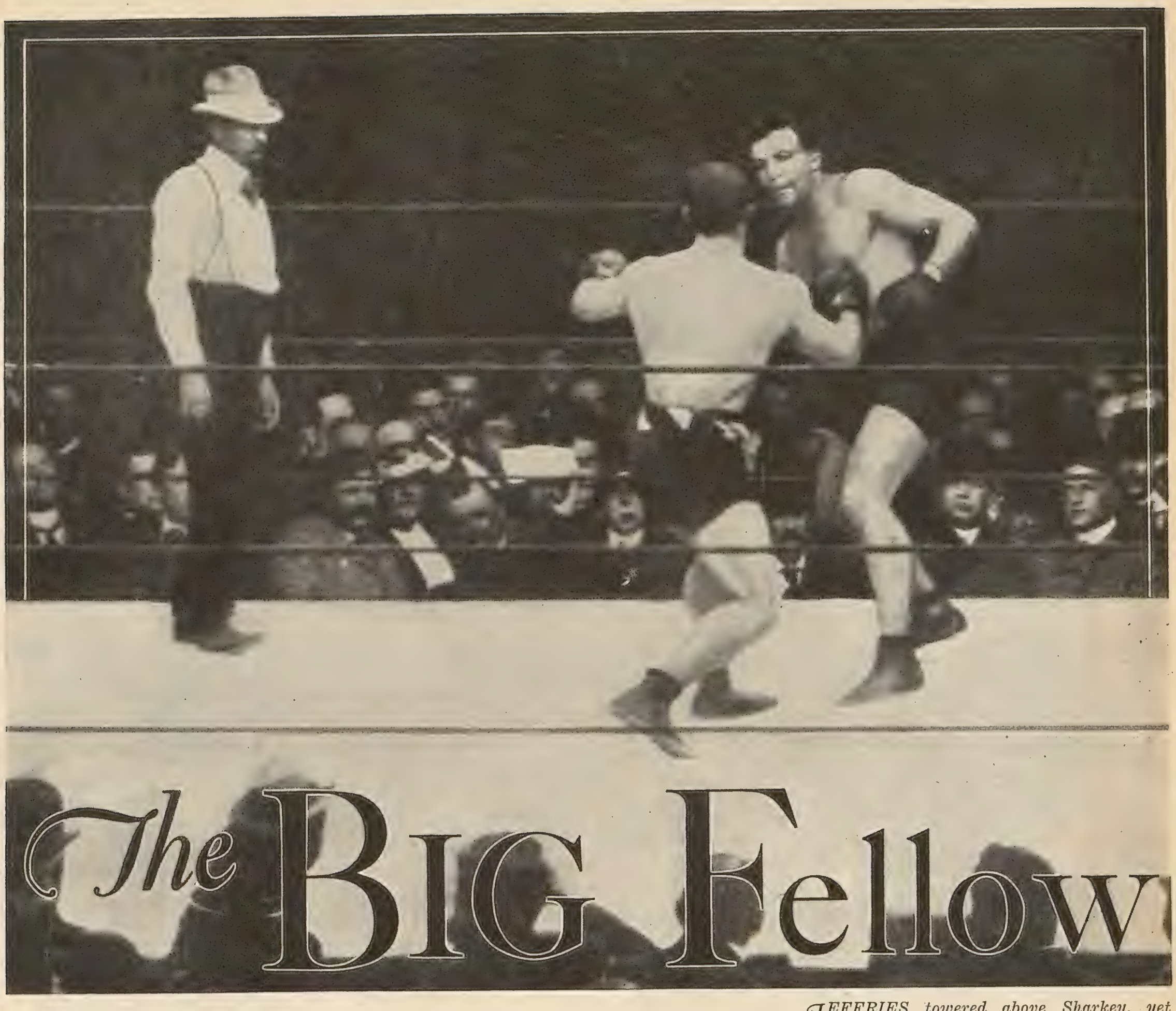


# The BIG Fellow

## James J. Jeffries,
### GIANT CHAMPION

## *Twenty Rounds with Sailor Sharkey— That Was a Fight!*

## *By* ROBERT EDGREN

*Pictures by* ROBERT EDGREN

PART THREE

WHEN he was little more than twenty-one years old, James J. Jeffries, son of an evangelist and a boiler-maker by trade, had won his way to the heavyweight championship of the Pacific Coast.

A giant in size, the man who afterward became world's champion met all comers and risked his title as often as he could find opponents. How different from the present-day champs—the fistic financiers!

His first challenge, after winning the Coast title, came from Slaughterhouse Baker.

JEFF'S fight with Slaughterhouse Baker was held in Woodward's Pavilion, in the Mission district of San Francisco. Joe Gans and Mike Leonard fought on the same card, and Jim and Joe tossed a coin for the honor of going on last in the main event. Jeffries won the toss.

In the first round Baker unloosed a tremendous swinging blow that caught the Big Fellow fairly on the point of the chin. It made Jeffries blink and drop back into his defensive crouch, while Baker tried furiously to tear down his guard.

*JEFFRIES towered above Sharkey, yet there was such power in the smaller man's build that he did not seem outmatched.*

Jeff looked at Baker with admiration.

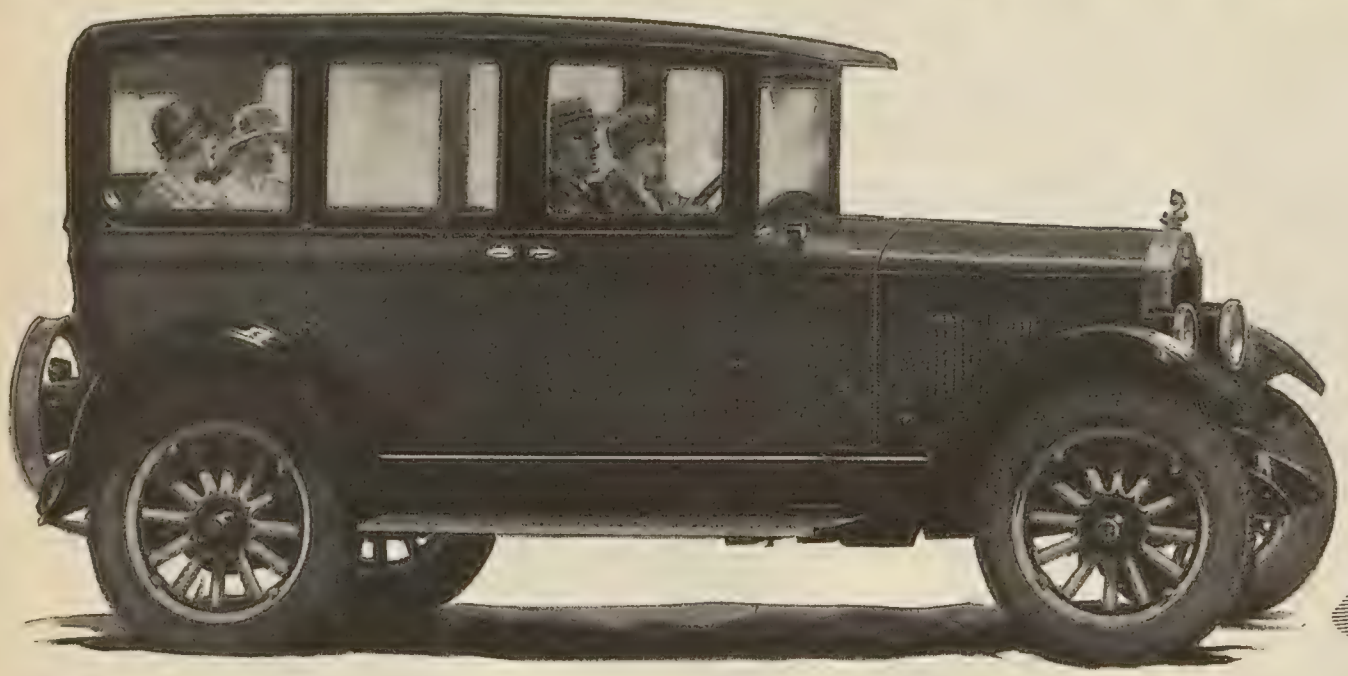
Here was a fellow who loved to fight and it was a pleasure to meet him, but—business is business. Jeffries began nailing Baker with jarring lefts, bringing a tremendous uppercut into action—a one-two combination he had developed at the training camp in Carson, but with hardly speed enough to catch Corbett.

It worked on Baker, however. Jim knocked him down several times, and in the seventh round pasted him so hard that his heels flew up and he hit the floor on the back of his neck. Two rounds later Jeffries lifted Baker into the air with a left hook, and before he could fall, pulled that big left arm back and hit him again on the chin. The referee's count of ten was a mere formality.

Billy Madden, famous old-timer, who handled John L. Sullivan, saw the bout. Madden had brought a new heavyweight to the Coast,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

# MORE POWER AND SUPERIOR QUALITY



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Five Passenger Standard Sedan —4 wide doors, head room, leg room; bronze green lacquer finish, black moulding, gold stripe.

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## HOW *men and women keep the pace— enjoy every moment—thrive on speed*

Three times the amount of living crammed into every twenty-four hours; the pace of ten years ago is tripled. Between business and evening affairs is merely time for changing clothes. This, night after night. Morning finds men and women rushing joyously through daily tasks. And they thrive on the pace that dizzies bystanders. A new kind of health is the secret. Few men or women knew this health a few years ago. Now thousands know it. To live the pace set by these top-notch people all must have the new energy.

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Now, thousands have found new life in freedom from all this hidden constipation. They are possessed of bounding vigor and nerve contentment. They have discarded drugs, cathartics, gymnastics, diets. Night and morning, as regularly as they brush their teeth, they take a swallow of the nut-tasting Nujol, the liquid derived from nature!

The modern physician, the world over, recognizes the marvelous power of Nujol to act upon food waste alone, to keep all the waste moving outward, slowly, steadily. This complete ejection is a requisite of health.

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Find out the joyous energy in real freedom from all constipation. Do this even though you think you haven't that ill. Your difference in feelings and appearance after taking this pleasant remedy will tell you.

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Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the non-medicinal remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 30-page, illustrated booklet, "Defeating the Enemy of Health." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

an ironworker from Akron, Ohio. He climbed into the ring before the fight and challenged the winner for his man—Gus Ruhlin. The challenge was accepted.

As soon as old Billy Jordan, master of ceremonies, shouted, "Let 'er go!" Jeffries began feinting in Corbett's most spectacular style. The fight had gone ten rounds before he became convinced that he wasn't another Jim Corbett, and settled down to fight in his own deliberate way. Toward the end he knocked Ruhlin down twice. Referee Phil Wand called it a draw, which was fair enough.

Seeing Jeffries' rather clumsy showing with Ruhlin, Joe Choynski offered him a match. Choynski was clever, and a slugger. He never weighed more than 167 pounds, which was his weight in fighting Jeffries, 219 pounds. Bob Fitzsimmons often said that Choynski hit him the hardest punch he ever felt.

THE fight between Jeffries and Choynski went twenty rounds, and it was a fight every minute of the way. In the tenth round, as Jeffries rushed, Choynski stopped suddenly and swung his right fist so hard against the giant's mouth that Jeff's lip was driven between his front upper teeth. Jim says today this was the hardest punch he ever felt.

But it was like a weasel fighting a bear. In the end Jeff's strength and ability to take blows counted. Jim did upset Joe, even with blows that barely grazed him, for Joe was too fast to be caught squarely. Although Jeffries was chasing Choynski around the ring through the last few rounds, the decision was draw.

Jeffries was learning in every fight. His reputation was growing and promoters were looking for better men to match against him. I remember the sensation when it was announced that Jim would be sent against the great Peter Jackson. In those days Peter was regarded as one of the world's greatest heavyweights.

Born in St. Croix, West Indies, Peter went to Australia, where he learned boxing from Jem Mace, the Gypsy, in the school of boxing that brought out Fitzsimmons, Jim Hall, Dan Creedon, Tom Tracey, Young Griffo, Billy Murphy, and other famous fighters.

In thirty years at many ringsides, I've never seen a more beautiful specimen of a fighting man than Peter Jackson. Six feet two, weighing 196 pounds stripped, he had the grace of a leopard and the symmetry of an ancient Greek.

Peter had knocked out some good and bad boxers in Australia, in rings and in barrooms. He beat a few unsung heroes of the ring here, then fought young Jim Corbett a sixty-one-round draw.

Peter persistently challenged John L. Sullivan, who drew the color line, and at last went to England to fight Frank Slavin, champion of England and Australia, at the famed National Sporting Club. Peter knocked Slavin out in ten rounds, and became such a tremendous social favorite in England that he fought no more for six years. Then, softened by wine, he decided to return to America and take the championship away from Bob Fitzsimmons.

*Peter Jackson, the giant Australian, in his prime.*

As a "minor heavyweight" to be polished off, Jeffries looked good to Peter. But Billy Delaney knew that no man living could stay out of the ring six years, enjoying high life, and beat his fighter.

The bout was in Woodward's Pavilion. A great crowd packed the arena—great for those days, when no Tex Rickard was handling the ballyhoo—nearly 8,000 people. Billy Delaney retained Spider Kelly to second Jeffries. Spider was so named partly because of his spidery legs and partly because of that crafty brain of his.

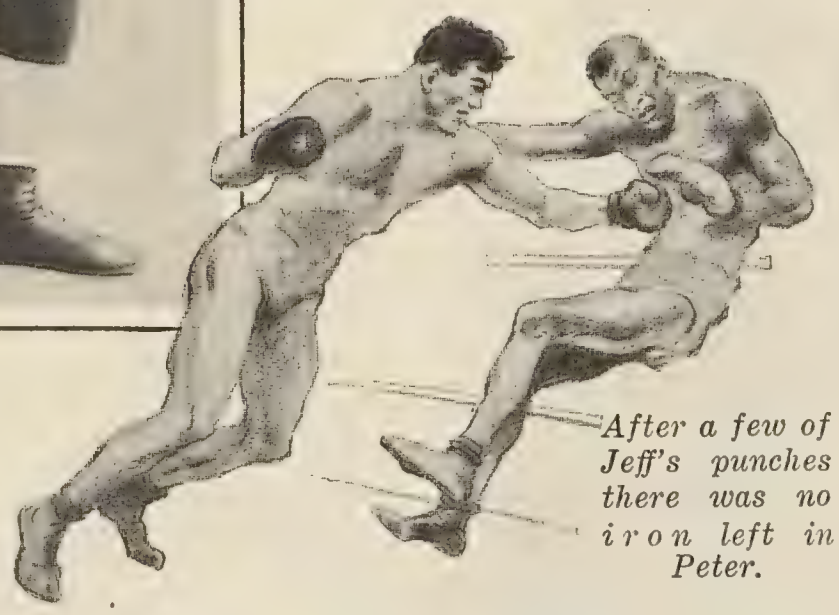
Peter, for a round or two, was very much the old Peter. He jabbed Jeffries neatly and ducked gracefully under the giant's countering blow. Then Jeffries dropped into his instinctive attitude, chin down behind his shoulder, and walked into Peter steadily.

Peter shot out his left and hit Jeffries on the mouth, blow after blow. He didn't even tilt Jeff's head back. Jeffries pressed in and hit Peter heavily on the chin. Peter smiled, jabbed swiftly, and slipped aside to let Jeffries flounder by.

By the end of the round Jeffries knew Peter had no heavy punch. So in the second he plunged in. There was no escaping such a storm of fists, and so Peter stood still and slugged. He was hitting as hard and as fast as Jeffries, and with that there was only one possible result. Jeffries was a young iron man, and the iron in Peter had long been rusted out.

A hard smash in the body brought Peter's hands down, and Jim clipped him on the chin with a turn of his wrist. Peter crumpled, fell, rose slowly. Another left dropped him. The bell rang, the house was in an uproar—a novice was whipping the great Peter Jackson!

PETER came up weak and dazed for the next round. There was no more youth in him to bring back his strength with a minute's rest. Peter tried to jab Jeffries away, and big Jeff pushed in and clouted Peter with his right hand. He meant to finish it quickly now. He had no heart for punishing a great old champion who was already whipped.



*After a few of Jeff's punches there was no iron left in Peter.*

Peter fell sprawling into the ropes, and caught them to keep from falling. He turned glazed eyes toward Jeffries and tried to put up his hands in defense. Jeffries was starting another blow. He stopped it halfway and, turning to Referee McDonald, said:

"He's done for, Jim. I won't hit him again."

So McDonald called in Jackson's seconds and the fight was over. Peter soon went home to Australia, where he died of tuberculosis. The Australians put up a fine monument to his memory.

As for Jeffries, a month later he fought one Mexican Pete Everett of Cripple Creek. Mexican Pete must have had nerve of some sort, to be considered a hard citizen in Cripple Creek; but when he ran his eyes over Jeffries, in the opposite corner, his nerve wilted.

At the bell, Pete leaped from his corner and began running around

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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In Gold Plate, $6.
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*The New Improved* **Gillette**

**SAFETY RAZOR**

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

and around the ring, while Jeffries stood and watched him. On the third lap Mexican Pete was going at about Charlie Paddock's best clip. Jeffries swung in after him as he went by, missed, and started in pursuit. Jeff managed to get near enough to graze Pete's back hair with a swinging blow. Pete dived to the floor and took a nine-second count. He got up running, with Jeff after him.

Cripple Creek at least gave Pete a pair of good legs and plenty of wind, for he ducked and ran and took nine-second counts until the third round. Here, finding Jeffries hard on his heels, Pete stopped, stuck his head out between the ropes, and offered Jeffries no proper target to hit at.

As Pete refused to turn around, the police stopped the bout. His seconds pulled him into the ring, and, seeing the affair was over, Pete recovered assurance enough to climb down and start for the dressing-room. On the way he passed Harry Corbett, who was still laughing. Pete stopped and asked:

"What's the matter, Harry? Did I lose on a foul?"

By this time Jeffries had only one real fighting rival left in the West, and this was Tom Sharkey, the Walloping Tar.

THAT'S a fight I'll never forget —Jeffries and Sharkey when both were young. That night in the old Mechanics' Pavilion was a succession of thrills, among which the fight itself was a mere detail.

The Jeffries-Sharkey fight packed Mechanics' Pavilion, which was a ramshackle old building, as big as Madison Square Garden in New York. The promoters had covered every foot of floor space with hastily built grandstands. To save room, the press box was a platform nailed to long timbers hung from the rafters, about twenty feet above the crowd. Every newspaper man in Frisco tried to get into it. We climbed up a ladder to the press box, which swayed and creaked dangerously. Beside me sat Bill Naughton, who weighed about 300 pounds, and grumbled about being so high in the air.

Before we had been in the place a minute, there was a splintering of timbers and a loud crash. The low front half of the eastern grandstand collapsed, piling spectators and broken timbers on the floor. Fortunately, the fall was only a few feet and no one was injured. A white-faced attendant climbed the ladder into the press box and whispered to Big Bill Naughton:

"You'd better go down. This press stand fell of its own weight this afternoon and they tacked it up again."

Big Bill went down the ladder like an acrobat, and most of the bunch followed.

While Baker and Jack Stelzner were fighting the semifinal, the high part of the eastern stand went down with a crash that shook the whole building, throwing hundreds of people to the floor. The rest of the crowd stood up and started a rush out of the stands, and another section fell, while men groaned and shrieked in the wreckage.

Ambulance gongs clamored outside and police poured in, but no one went out without being carried out. It takes a lot to discourage a fight fan!

When Jeffries and Sharkey entered the ring, the huge pavilion was a queer sight, with all the stands but one down flat, no seats, and a great crowd standing around the ring and perched on the wreckage.

In the sailor's corner were Spider Kelly and Tim McGrath, two of the world's trickiest and most resourceful seconds. Behind Jeffries were Delaney and De Witt Van Court, boxing instructor of

*Billy Delaney, Jeffries' trainer.*

the Reliance Club, and Jim's brother Jack. Alex Greggains was referee.

That was a fight!

Jeffries, standing up straight, walked at Sharkey, who went back a step or two, then leaped in, swinging furiously. Jeff's big left arm shot out and stopped Sharkey in the air. A hundred jack tars from the cruiser Olympia, ashore to see their champion fight, jumped up and yelled encouragement, and Tom bounced right back again. These were no old-timers, softened by dissipation, but youthful giants as callous as cavemen!

AS the fight went on, Jeffries was patient, unhurried, deliberate—Sharkey all fire and fury, but unable to penetrate the big man's defense, as Jeff went back to his natural style and put his huge left arm out to thrust his man back and get an opening for the crushing right he held in reserve.

In the fourth round, Jeffries sent Sharkey staggering to the ropes. He followed slowly. I was standing behind the sailors from the Olympia, and saw Sharkey turn his back to Jeffries and look down over the ropes, winking at his pals below. Jeffries, suspecting a trick, stopped, when Sharkey whirled, having figured that Jeff would be close behind, and let go a swing that missed Jim a yard. Jeffries laughed at him.

After that Tom wasted no more time trying to box. He rushed and hit as fast as he could swing his arms. When he couldn't get past the methodical thrust of Jeff's long left, he dived into clinches and wrestled and mauled and fought with the fury of a longshoreman. Between rounds Van Court told Jeffries to rough it, if Sharkey wanted to be rough.

From that time on Tom was a perfect gentleman. He did no more roughing and wrestling, but he did fight!

While they were fighting, there was another crash, and a stand built on a gallery above the ring collapsed and fell toward the arena. Looking up, we saw hundreds of people sliding down like an avalanche. Just as it seemed certain the whole crowd would come down on our heads, the heavy rail along the front of the balcony stopped them. The police rushed up to disentangle the victims, and the fight went on.

At the end of twenty rounds both Sharkey and Jeffries were still strong enough to fight all night, but Jeffries had won easily and Greggains gave him the decision.

AFTER this there were no more heavyweights to fight in the Far West, and Delaney decided it was time to take his Big Fellow East and show him in New York. He arranged a match against two men on the same night, Jeffries to fight each ten rounds, at Tom O'Rourke's old Lenox Athletic Club.

The men selected were Bob Armstrong, a clever big Negro, taller than Jeffries, and Steve O'Donnell, a clever white boxer.

Jeffries chose Armstrong for the first bout, expecting a hard fight, and he got it. In the first round Jeffries drove his left fist at Armstrong's jaw. Big Bob ducked and the blow landed on top of his head. Jeff broke his left thumb. Disregarding the pain, Jeffries forced the fighting. His left, of course, was his best hand, as he was naturally left-handed.

He was in a strange country and had to make a good showing. He forgot his deliberate style of fighting, and slugged, Sharkey fashion. Armstrong ducked away, turned on the ropes, and sank a hook into Jeff's body so hard that he knocked the breath out of Jim for a moment. But Jeffries didn't show the distress he felt, and when Armstrong saw his best blow fail of results he lost confidence and began dodging and holding.

In the last round Jeffries rushed, trying hard for a knockout, and Bob dodged and fell down. When Bob rose he was hammered into a corner, where he turned his back and covered up like a turtle, and then the last bell rang.

Jeffries took Charlie White's decision and walked to his dressing-room for a half hour's rest. A doctor cut the glove from his injured hand and couldn't pull another glove over the broken thumb. The second bout was called off. In the dressing-room Jeffries could hear the crowd hooting. It was a new experience.

---

*After this disaster, Jeff seemed doomed. Was he? Read next week how he came back to battle the mighty Fitzsimmons for the world's championship in one of the greatest fights of history.*


# A digestive aid that permits the stomach to digest!

IT is easy to get momentary relief from the distress caused by a too-rich dinner or a late rarebit. There are two ways to do it.

Many people take bicarbonate of soda or some preparation containing it. But alkalies of this class, unless the dosage is exactly correct, leave in the stomach an alkaline residue which interferes with normal digestion.

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There is a second and a better way. Gastrogen Tablets correct acidity, but there they stop. In a few minutes after taking, your stomach will be normal—"in neutral" as it were, free from the alkalies which prevent the process of digestion.

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So if you are ever troubled with digestive distress, you will find Gastrogen Tablets the best way to secure relief. Your indigestion will vanish, and no matter how many you may eat, they can leave no bad after-effects.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, pleasant, safe and effective. They combat digestive disturbances without retarding digestion. They purify the breath and they are very prompt in the relief they give.

***Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.***

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HERE! We'll Show You How Easy It Really Is! Do just what we tell you for the next two or three minutes:

First, let your eye rest a moment on the cover of this issue. Got it? Now read Chapter IX of For the Love o' Lil on this page. That's that. Next, gaze off into nowhere for about twenty seconds and see what the picture and story suggest to you. Then—WRITE IT DOWN! DON'T WAIT! You may be cheating yourself of a fat sum if you do!

If ideas crowd in on you, WRITE 'EM ALL DOWN! All you can think of, just as the rules tell you. There's no limit! Eight titles from somewhere in this broad land are going to win a total of $1,000. Get yours into the mails TODAY! NOW!

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# *For the Love o' Lil!*

*By* LESLIE THRASHER

Chapter IX *of the* FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

"SPEAKING of nothing," said Sandy, extracting a cigarette from his new aluminum case, "I understand that big four-flusher, Smoky Jones, was up here last night."

"*Mr.* Jones was here," Lil corrected him in a cold voice. "Why do you call him a four-flusher?"

"Because," Sandy countered, forgetting to light his fag, "if he isn't a four-flusher, why doesn't he go to work, instead of hanging round the beach in that lifeguard outfit of his? If you ask me, I think he wants to show his shape!"

"Mr. Jones," Lil explained, still in a bored way, "goes to college in the wintertime. He's on vacation now. Naturally, he wants to earn a little money. Anyhow, I think he's nice!"

"And I think he's a big stiff!" Sandy retorted promptly.

"And I found out something else, too. He's been writing letters to you."

Lil favored him with a look that would have congealed hot soup.

"Well?" she demanded.

"He's got to cut it out!"

"Who says so!"

"I do. We're engaged!"

Just what Lil intended to say next remained forever a mystery to Sandy. For the mailman turned in at the gate and came up the walk.

"Letter for you, Lil," he said cheerfully.

(*To be continued next week*)

## RULES

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY'S new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 Eight cash prices will be paid each week as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st Prize | $500 |
| 2d Prize | 250 |
| 3d Prize | 100 |
| 4th Prize | 50 |
| 5th to 8th prizes ($25 each) | 100 |
| Total | $1,000 |

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, August 21, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestants.

*Prize Award No. 4*

THIS TITLE WON $1,000

*"Waddle I Do?"*

The Winner: LEE HAMILTON

1425 ROSEWOOD AVENUE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Mr. Hamilton and his wife are the parents of Miss Hendy Lee Hamilton, thirteen years old, and that perhaps is the reason Mr. Hamilton takes such a keen interest in LIBERTY'S cover continuity. "Lil and Sandy are very interesting folks; clean and wholesome," he says. "I see them every day." Mr. Hamilton is 48 years old and practices law in Louisville. He is a graduate of Princeton and the University of Louisville Law School.

CLIP THIS OUT

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 9

My title for the LIBERTY cover for August 14 is:

.....

*Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.*

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A BEAUTIFUL complexion lost is hard to call back again. A beautiful complexion safeguarded, and made *more* beautiful, is a simple matter in skin care.

Women all over the world have found that to be true. The thousands of pretty skins you see everywhere today overwhelmingly prove the point. Nature's way is the only true complexion insurance.

Start by ending artificial ways in skin care. Follow natural ways as foremost skin authorities urge. The most widely advised skin care of today starts with the *proved rule* below. Just the simple rule of keeping the pores open, and the skin gently cleansed every day, with the soothing lather of Palmolive.

*Follow this rule for one week—*
*Note then the changes in your skin*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

*Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

*Soap from trees!*

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the cocoanut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

*Retail Price* 10c

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap, and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.

# BELTS BUCKLES BELTOGRAMS

THOSE who think all Belts and Buckles are alike have never worn a HICKOK Belt, Buckle and Beltogram. There is a richness and soft-toned effect in HICKOK leathers that only HICKOK can produce. There has never been a Buckle made that can even approach the rare workmanship, wonderful quality and distinctive design to be found in a HICKOK Buckle.

You can tell a HICKOK Belt, Buckle and Beltogram at a glance, but we put the distinctive mark HICKOK there for your guidance.

HICKOK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
*Rochester, New York*

# HICKOK

# Tastes *in* IDOLS Differ

WARWICK Ward (left), Lya de Putti, and Emil Jannings in a scene from Variety.

VARIETY
Directed by E. A. Dupont A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

*Boss*.....*Emil Jannings*
*His Wife*.....*Maly Delschaft*
*Bertha*.....*Lya de Putti*
*Artinelli*..... *Warwick Ward*

## *Emil Jannings, Who Knocks the Girls Dead in Berlin, Tries His Luck Over Here in Variety*

A Movie Review

*By* Frederick James Smith

SPEAKING of who has (and who hasn't) that elusive but priceless film quality popularly known as sex appeal, let us consider Emil Jannings.

This famous Berlin star, who speaks but a few words of English, was born in Brooklyn, New York, of an American father and a German mother. They took him to Berlin at the age of one, and he has remained to find high success on stage and screen.

I doubt if Jannings would be looked upon as a screen type over here. He might have made the grade as a Wallie Beery, but not otherwise. He is a massive, shaggy chap, well over six feet in height, slightly beyond forty-one, and married. His head is leonine—if a bit thinning of hair. His eyes are brown and singularly gentle. He is rather stout. Yet this Brooklyn German has what Elinor Glyn calls IT.

Ever since Hollywood began to buy out the German film menace, American producers have been angling for Jannings. He caught American audiences with his playful monarch, *Louis XV*, in Passion, with his *Henry VIII* in Deception, his *Pharaoh Amenes* in The Loves of Pharaoh, and his old doorman in The Last Laugh. A few months ago, Famous Players captured him.

His latest German-made picture, Variety, now on view here, is a singularly fine film effort. It is primitive, direct, and thrilling. A middle-aged trapeze performer deserts his wife and baby to run off to Berlin with a pretty unknown. The fellow is caught in the crash of passion; but the flight means more. With the girl he can return to his flying trapeze and hear applause again.

Just as the two are achieving success the girl proves faithless, selecting another trapeze performer. There you have the big situation. What would be easier than for the discarded one to miss his rival's hands in one of his mid-air whirls?

That's as far as I intend to tell the story.

I trust that you will see the original version, shown in New York. Another version, adapted to suit tender censor eyes, is being shown. In this, all hint of the wif and the desertion is eliminated. The aerial lady becomes the trapeze performer's wife.

Variety ought to be decidedly popular. The direction is superb and the camera work of Carl Freund, who shot The Last Laugh, is uncanny. This Freund is a genius with a camera. He catches the thoughts of the drama's characters. He frequently makes you see as they see. There is an admirable instance of this when the camera becomes the eyes of the elderly trapeze worker, swinging over a sea of lights and upturned faces.

Variety is a fine saga of wine, woman, and song. Substitute beer for wine, however. The beer overhead of this production must have been terrific, even for Berlin.

Is Jannings coming to America? He was originally scheduled to come over this summer, but I understand that now there is a bit of doubt about this in the Famous Players offices. Jannings is happy in Berlin—and successful, receiving the unheard-of (in Berlin) salary of $4,000 a week. America would mean less than a thousand more.

Jannings likes to visit about the Continent between pictures. He has a little home in Switzerland. But most of all he likes to sit leisurely back with his Pilsener, while he talks of the drama with friends.

Here's hoping that the Famous Players let Jannings remain in Germany, provided he continues making pictures as fine as Variety.

---

*Next week, The Road to Mandalay, starring Lon Chaney, will be reviewed.*

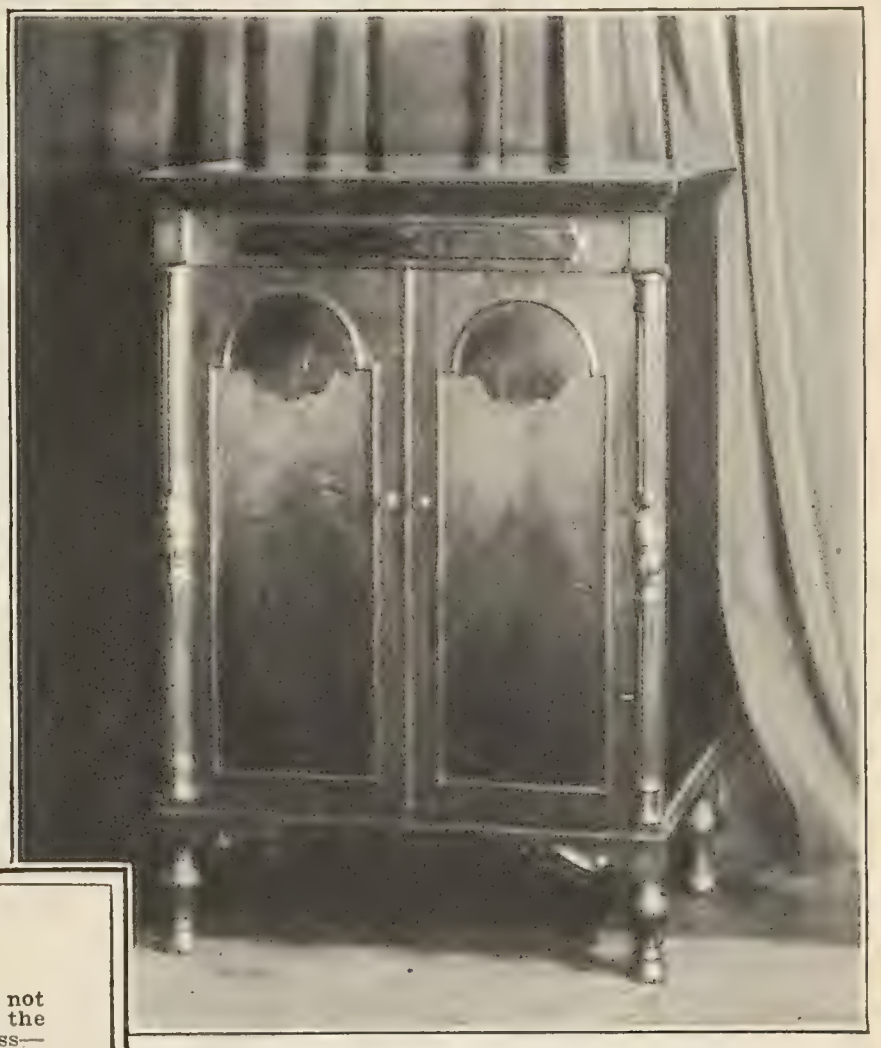
### *Do you know that—*

Gloria Swanson has just finished her last Famous Players picture, Fine Manners? Now Gloria goes to United and what will amount to about $20,000 a week? . . . Alice Terry has arrived with the print of The Magician, the Rex Ingram production filmed at Nice? . . . Charlie Chaplin, with his tragedian aspirations, has signed Raquel Meller to play Josephine to his Napoleon? . . . Alec Francis is playing the Warfield role in The Return of Peter Grimm, now being filmed by Fox on the coast? . . . Walter Pidgeon is playing in The Pelican? . . . Marjorie Rambeau has a role in support of Corinne Griffith in Tin Pan Alley? . . . The Ziegfeld-Famous Players effort, Glorifying the American Girl, is under way at Astoria, Long Island? . . . Esther Ralston, Willie Collier, Jr., and Clive Brook have leading roles? . . . Lon Chaney is at the San Diego, California, Naval Base, making Tell It to the Marines?

# $5000 for a NAME!

## BRUNSWICK'S GREAT PRIZE OFFER

**We waited two years before announcing this instrument ...there is no other like it...it reflects the latest developments in sound reproduction and acoustics...and contains in addition even more important discoveries of our own**



$5,000 in prizes for a name and slogan describing the lovely music of this new Brunswick reproducing musical instrument.

THE past few years have seen stupendous advances in the art of music reproduction. To radio belongs the credit for a large share of these.

We have applied the new discoveries to a new reproducing musical instrument. For two years we have worked to perfect this instrument.

Today it is finished. We offer it to you, knowing it is perfect. How can it be otherwise—every important acoustical development has been accepted, or rejected, in its making!

### *Reveals beauty of new recording*

The new Brunswick instrument reproduces the music of the new electrical records. As inventors of the "Light-Ray" electrical recording process (music by photography) we are pre-eminently interested in developing instruments which give these records perfect reproduction.

### *The instrument that amazed the critics*

Already we have achieved one sensational success in reproduction. In co-operation with the Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, we perfected the Brunswick Panatrope, the world's first purely electrical reproducing musical instrument.

This is the instrument which held a New York concert hall audience *enthralled* with its music. The first time *a machine* ever successfully replaced human performers. The great metropolitan newspapers accorded the first Panatrope demonstrations front-page space. Critics and laymen alike proclaimed it the greatest musical achievement of the age.

**Contest begins today, August 14th... closes December 15th at midnight!**

### *What Shall We Call It?*

WE WANT a name and slogan (slogan not to exceed 10 words) that describe the naturalness—the photographic truthfulness—of the beautiful music of this new Brunswick musical instrument. For such a name and slogan we will gladly pay the following:

**First Prize $3000**

**Second Prize $1500 Third Prize $500**

*RULES*

1. Contest opens today, August 14. Closes at midnight, December 15, 1926. Anyone may compete except Brunswick employees.

2. The above prizes are offered for name and slogan together, not separate. A name will not be considered apart from the slogan that accompanies it, and vice versa. Any number of names with slogans may be entered. The same slogan may be offered with various names, and vice versa. There is no restriction regarding the kind of name, whether coined, from a foreign language, etc. The slogan **must not exceed 10 words in length.**

3. Write or type on one side of paper only, putting name on one line with accompanying slogan underneath it. Be sure to write your own name and address on each sheet of paper.

4. Entries should be sent to Box P-100, Prize Dept., The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. OR YOU MAY DEPOSIT THEM IN SPECIAL BOXES PROVIDED FOR THE PURPOSE IN BRUNSWICK STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. Any Brunswick dealer will play the new Brunswick instrument for you without obligation.

5. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical in all respects with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

### *Now a second achievement*

The new Brunswick instrument is a second achievement of equal importance with the Panatrope. For it brings the magic of "music by photography" within the reach of everyone. We urge you to hear this instrument. It is futile for us to attempt to describe its music. We can only say that nothing in musical reproduction, except the Panatrope, surpasses the *naturalness* of tone which distinguishes this newest Brunswick achievement. The only way to realize this is to hear it.

### *Hear it, then name it*

We want a name and advertising slogan for this new instrument. A name and a slogan that suggest the naturalness, the photographic quality, of music of the newest Brunswick invention. Hearing this instrument may suggest these to you. We will gladly pay $5,000 for the best suggestions sent us. Read our offer. Any Brunswick dealer will play the new Brunswick for you, without obligation. Hear it, then write down your suggestions, put them in the special box he has for the purpose, or mail them direct to us.

### *Free booklet gives all details*

To help you, we have prepared a booklet which describes the new Brunswick musical instrument and which states in detail the facts about the Brunswick Prize Offer. It is not necessary to have this booklet in order to compete, for all vital information is presented here, but this booklet may help you immensely. Write for a copy today.

## Fill in—Clip and mail

Box P-100, Prize Dept.,
The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.,
623 South Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send free booklet describing the new Brunswick musical instrument and $5,000 prize offer.

.....

.....

L8-14-26

**The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.**
**General Offices: Chicago**

# The Curse of Adam and the Curse of Eve

## *Electricity Is Lightening Both*

An Article by

Harper Leech

*Pictures by* W. Fletcher-White

*Vacuum cleaners displaced the broom and duster (left).*

*Adam must work for his living and Eve bear her children in pain.*

ELECTRIFICATION of the American home has reached a point where engineers are beginning to discuss the necessity for new systems of house wiring to take care of more electric current.

The domestic power industry was launched to supply lighting. Its distribution lines were designed for that purpose. But, to find use for their idle generating capacity in daylight, the utilities corporations have developed so many devices to minimize housewifely toil that the advanced home is becoming a miniature factory.

Modern industrialism began to take industries out of the home during the last half of the eighteenth century, with the improvement of spinning and weaving machines. Now the public utilities are again converting the home into a workshop—not by increasing the number of home activities, but by mechanizing the few that remain.

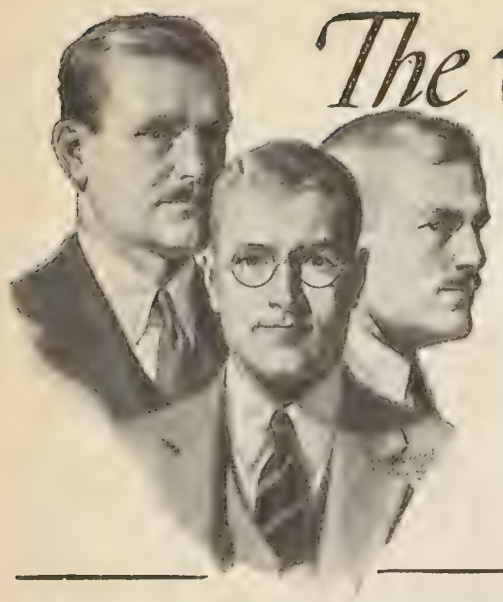
And it is interesting also to notice that what is happening as the result of the advance of science into family affairs promises a partial realization of the biblical division of responsibilities set forth in the book of Genesis.

When Adam and Eve were driven from Eden, you will recall, Adam was told that henceforth he must work for his living, while Eve must bear her children in pain. But Adam was too shifty for that. He passed on a goodly share of the twofold curse to his wife, and his descendants have been rather successful in following his example. Adam much preferred to go hunting. That made Eve a cook and dressmaker. In late years Adam's breed have discovered golf.

But one by one the factory system has taken jobs out of the home. Millions of women have followed jobs from the home into stores, factories, and offices. Yet the net result has been a lightening of home duties and more leisure for women in the mass.

Not only is woman getting out from under Adam's curse—to some degree she is evading her own. The progress of medical science—hospitals, antiseptics, and anaesthetics—lightens to some extent the burden of motherhood. On the other hand, the penalties exacted seem to become more intense with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



# *The* three who did
## *and the six who didn't*

IN 1920 O. D. Halsell, President of the Williamson-Halsell-Frasier Co., Wholesale Grocers with branches in a number of Oklahoma cities, wrote to nine men in his organization and pointed out the practical income-raising power of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. Three of the nine men enrolled: C. H. Ritter, then Manager of the Oklahoma City Branch, A. J. Crahan, Credit Manager, and Harold Halsell, Assistant Advertising Manager. *These three men are now President, Secretary-Treasurer, and Advertising Manager of the company.*
The other six men did not have enough interest in their business future even to investigate. *Not one of the six is with the company today.*

WE ARE frequently asked: "What is the cost of the Alexander Hamilton Institute Course?"

The cost of taking the Course is a few cents a day.

(If the man who enrols is a cigar-smoker, he spends more for cigars than he spends on the Course. If he goes to the theatre twice a month, he spends in a short time, as much for theatre tickets as the cost of the Course).

But what is the cost of *not* taking the Course? The story which is summarized at the top of this page throws light on that question. Here were nine men in executive positions in the same company. In age, experience and personality they were alike; seemingly they had equal opportunity. The President suggested to each of the nine that the training of the Institute is of practical business value. Three of the nine investigated and enrolled. Today those three are president, secretary-treasurer and advertising manager, respectively. The other six "put it off" for one reason or another. Not one of them is with the company now.

### *How much are you paying?*

Have they found good positions elsewhere? Perhaps. But certainly *some of them* have realized that they paid a terrific price for their failure to investigate. They paid the price in lost opportunities, in progress that has been slow instead of rapid, in earning power that has stood stationary when it should have jumped ahead.

### *We wouldn't mislead you if we could*

We feel in writing these advertisements that we are dealing with the most serious things in human life—men's careers, their hopes, their ambitions for themselves and their families. So we write informally, not as men attempting to persuade you, but as friends.

You will never find us claiming that every man who enrols in the Institute becomes a president.

But of the men who have enrolled, 32,000 *are* presidents.

You will never find us claiming that every man who enrols increases his earning power.

But a questionnaire sent to 1,000 enrolled men a few years ago showed that the *average* increase in earning power since enrolment had been 80 per cent.

You will never find us claiming that this Course is a substitute for hard work, or common sense.

We do claim that it contains the best brains and methods of the leaders in business; and that you can put those brains and those methods to work for you as your personal servants.

You will never find us guaranteeing high priced jobs to every man enrolled.

But you *will* be surprised to discover what a spirit of friendly personal interest pervades the whole Course. You are buying not merely books and lectures and problems and teaching. You are putting a powerful group of friends to work for your more rapid success.

### *We like men who insist on being shown*

The men who come to us most easily do not always make the best records. We like the men who insist on all the facts, who demand that they be shown. We have a little book "Forging Ahead in Business." It tells the whole story and answers all questions. We ask the privilege of sending it to you. Read it and then decide whether you can afford to be without a training which has worked in so many lives.

Lives are made or marred by moments of decision. You certainly can lose nothing by making the decision to send for "Forging Ahead in Business" *now*. It may be the turning point.

## ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

607 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Signature.....
*Please write plainly*
Business Address.....
Business Position.....


[THE CURSE OF ADAM AND THE CURSE OF EVE Continued from Page Forty-nine]

a higher nervous organization.

It is in a smaller birth rate that woman's evasion of her ancient curse is most evident, and that is closely related to the lessening of woman's toil. As a rule, the number of births declines with the growth of income and with the increasing density of population.

Men who work the hardest, or whose occupations are the most hazardous, still lead in fatherhood, and the husband's toil is usually matched by the household burdens of the wife. Any mitigation of the curse of Adam thus appears to imply a softening of the curse of Eve.

The first job electricity assumed in the home, after banishing the

*In many tenement houses electric washers are now installed.*

cleaning of kerosene lamps and the trimming of wicks, was to combat summer heat.

The electric fan was introduced into the homes of the rich in 1895. The first practical electric iron appeared on the market about ten years later.

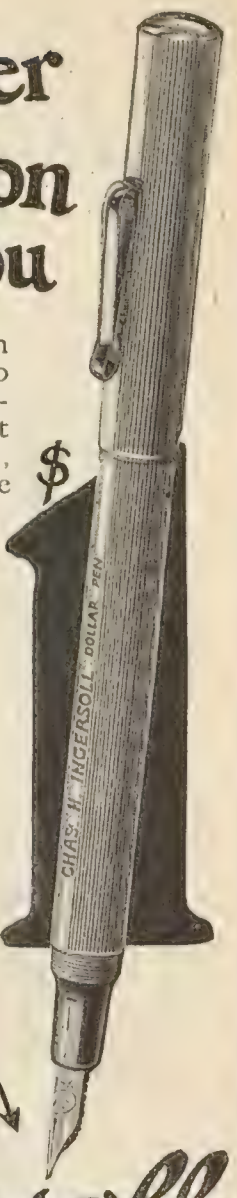
On the first day of 1926 there were 14,500,000 household electric customers and about 63,000,000 people living in wired houses—more than 50 per cent of the population. The old-fashioned iron, which had to be heated over a complexion-destroying stove and lifted by main strength to the ironing board, had been routed from 10,000,000 homes. Vacuum cleaners had displaced the back-breaking broom and duster in 4,000,000 domestic establishments; electric toasters had lightened the breakfast task for 3,000,000 wives; clothes-washers had brought joy on blue Monday to 2,650,000 women—and the sales have been leaping upward ever since.

IN many tenement and apartment houses electric washers now are installed by the electric companies, and tenants may use them by dropping a small coin in a slot to turn on the current.

Electric fans now number 2,600,000 in American homes, and coffee is brewed in almost 2,000,000 percolators. Electric heaters are used by 1,300,000 families, and electric ranges (installed principally in regions of cheap

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


# Wherever vacation takes you




Take along a fountain pen you "can afford to lose." A sturdy, good-looking pen that won't break, won't leak, won't wear out. One that packs double the average amount of ink—has all essential writing features of high-priced pens, and costs but ONE DOLLAR.

*Made and Guaranteed by Chas. H. Ingersoll, of Dollar Watch Fame.*

**At 25,000 Dealers** or mailed postpaid for $1. Specify models—Men's Ladies' or Boy's.

**Dealers** order NOW a dozen or more in display cases; price guaranteed to suit.

*14karat Solid Gold Point with Hard IRIDIUM Tip*

## Ingersoll
EVERLASTING
## Dollar Pen

Chas. H. Ingersoll Dollar Pen Co.
808 Astor Street Newark, New Jersey

*Millions know how to*

# Keep Slender

In every crowd now note how slenderness prevails. Fat has become the exception. It is a blight to beauty, health and fitness, and people have learned to combat it. Go ask your friends how they lost their fat and follow their example.

The leading way for 19 years has been Marmola Prescription Tablets. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. People simply take four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal.

Those delighted users have told others until the use of Marmola has spread the world over. Your friends will tell you if you ask them. People who know are using over a million boxes yearly.

Go try Marmola—you owe that to yourself. Watch the weight come down, the vitality go up. Note the change that appears in a month. You'll be glad you learned about it.

All druggists sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed direct in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1807 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
*Prescription Tablets*
*The Pleasant Way to Reduce*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

water power) have made cooking a cool job in 300,000 kitchens.

No complete figures exist on electric curling irons, motors for sewing machines, and many other devices.

The sale of electric refrigerators is mounting so fast that statistics are stale long before they can be printed.

Eighty thousand of these automatic icemen were sold in 1925 and they now are moving into homes at the rate of 240,000 a year.

The American people are spending about $200,000,000 a year on household electric devices and buying $25,000,000 worth of current to operate them. The average family use of current in some cities has increased 30 per cent since 1919.

Many electrical devices are practically duplicated by gas-fired or gas-driven apparatus—so that the electrification of the home by no means tells the whole story of declining household drudgery.

*American people are spending $200,000,000 a year on household electric devices.*

Impressive as these figures are, they are just a curtain raiser for the big acts to come.

FORTY per cent of the capital invested in the electric power industry—$2,800,000,000—is tied up in equipment that is idle a great part of the day. Every electric device installed in a home means that some of that unemployed equipment may be put to work. The power industry will continue to improve and cheapen its home helps and make the buying of them easy.

As much as the automobile, the electrical home is the child of advertising and installment selling.

The plans of the power industry include the sale within the next few years of 4,500,000 vacuum cleaners; 3,000,000 electric fans; 2,600,000 washing machines; 56,000 electric ranges; 100,000 electric dishwashers, and 310,000 electric sewing machines. This is a conservative program, based upon the customers in sight and the present ratios of electrical equipment to wired dwellings.

Of course, the program will be vastly exceeded; just as the early market estimates of the automobile manufacturers proved to be absurd underestimates of the purchasing power and will of the American people.

As the automobile industry itself created billions of new wealth and purchasing power, which in turn multiplied its sales, so the power industry is now in process of enriching America so that it can become further electrified.

NOW for the effect of the power-operated home upon the most important of all home functions—child-bearing and -rearing.

The birth rate of nearly all industrial peoples has been falling for half a century. The American rate declined from 25.1 per 1,000 of population in 1915 to 22.5 in 1924, the last year for which figures are complete. But in the same period the death rate of babies less than one year old fell from 101 per 1,000 births to 71.9.

In spite of all we hear about this being the age of youth and that "youth must be served," this is becoming a grown-up world. When George Washington was President, there were five children under sixteen years of age to every four adults above twenty. Today there are five such children to every nine grown-ups. We are not far from the time when children will serve as replacements only. Every rise in living standards is now recognized as a step in that direction.

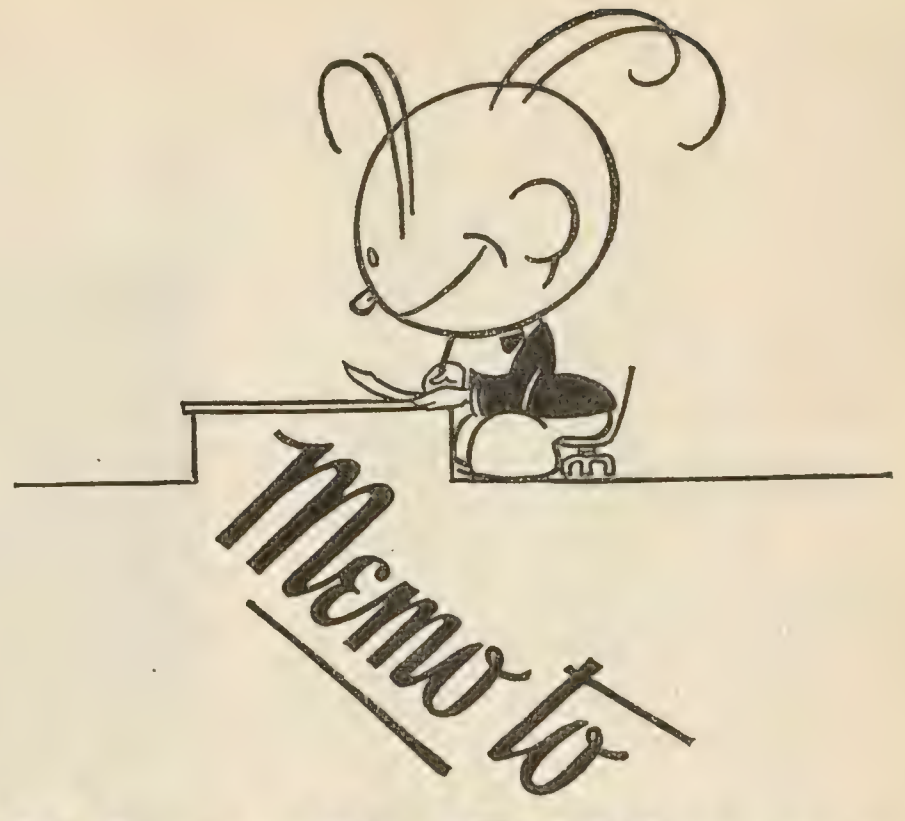
Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York, which lead the States in individual wealth, are near the bottom in the birth rate of native-born whites, while South Carolina, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Virginia, near the foot of the list in wealth per citizen, have double the birth rate of the first three States.

Wives of miners and farmers, living, as a rule, without modern home conveniences, still carry much of Adam's burden and also know most about the curse of Eve.

The millions of birth certificates on file in America, when analyzed and tabulated according to the jobs of the fathers, show, with few exceptions, that wherever the job is by location, rate of pay, or other circumstance such that the home is less likely to be equipped with modern chore-saving machinery, the child-bearing and -rearing duties of the wife are heaviest.

As newcomers become accustomed to American living, they share in the same population trend. The average number of children born to native white mothers is 3.2, against an average of four to every foreign-born mother. But the rapidity with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

Memo to
King C. Gillette

No honing, no stropping, you say. Right-o! And let us add:

No brush!
No rub-in!

Just Barbasol to hold the wet hairs stiff against the blade, and shaving is down to its simplest, swiftest, easiest terms.

All the old-time preparation of the tools, the messing around with a brush, and the rubbing in of suds until the fingers ache—Barbasol's put a sudden end to all that. Here, men, is the Modern Way of Shaving:

1. Wash the face
(but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol
(but don't rub in)
3. Shave.

Delightful? You don't know the half of it! A cool, clean feeling follows every stroke of the blade. No after smart. No ingrowing hairs. Because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin—takes nothing away but the whiskers.

Send 10c for a trial tube. Give Barbasol the 3-time trial according to directions. Then thank us!

Wonderful for Sunburn

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving

Coupon

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name.....

Address.....

L-8 14-26

# What *are* the SCRIPPS-HOWARD newspapers?

"I SEE by the newspapers." . . . The authority for nine-tenths of the popular opinion on all current topics of interest!

But *what* newspapers? Are you concerned with the character and the standing of *your* newspaper—of that medium which furnishes the background for those personal opinions by which you are judged?

*Scripps-Howard is the hall-mark of* NEWS ACCURACY, *sane and constructive* LIBERALISM, *editorial* TOLERANCE *and political* INDEPENDENCE.

EDITORS of Scripps-Howard newspapers think straight and write straight. Their news columns are *full of facts,* but free from opinion; their editorial columns are *full of logic,* but free from demagoguery and vituperation.

NEITHER Pollyannas nor journalistic grouches, these newspapers are the focal point of every movement tending to make life more livable for the people of their communities.

SCRIPPS-HOWARD

These newspapers are *good citizens* of their communities. They are always too busy to quarrel with individuals, but never too busy to engage in a good fight for a good cause.

This is truly American journalism . . . Scripps-Howard journalism . . . a journalism which is well rewarded because its editors make their newspapers not only popular, but—*respected!*

AND confidence—the greatest reward which readers can bestow—is given in overflowing measure to the twenty-four Scripps-Howard newspapers by more than a million and a half families.

## SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

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| San Francisco (Calif.) | NEWS | Akron (Ohio) | TIMES-PRESS | Evansville (Ind.) | PRESS | | |
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| | | | | Terre Haute (Ind.) | POST | | |

*Kentucky edition of the Cincinnati Post.*

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

which the newcomers adopt the American rate of increase is shown by the fact that the natural increase of native-born Americans of foreign descent from 1900 to 1920 was at a smaller rate than the natural rate of increase for the white population as a whole.

The decline in birth rates in industrial nations is independent of any government policy of birth control. Holland, where birth-control teaching is legal, maintains a higher birth rate than most countries where such instruction is illegal.

*Electricity has been harnessed to ease the burden of the world.*

Are we a dying race? Do we need more population?

Science seems about to answer both these queries with "No."

Economists are becoming convinced that when population passes a certain point in relation to land and natural resources, misery deepens.

America was poor when there was one Indian to every forty square miles. China is poor with hundreds of people to every fertile square mile.

Between those points there is an ideal balance of population and natural resources, and, with modern machinery, that point for the United States is not so far above our present population as we might think.

Dr. Raymond Pearl and other biologists have advanced evidence to show that a human population, under fixed limitations of land and resources, and in the absence of great wars or revolutionary scientific discoveries and inventions, grows just so much and no more—like a culture of yeast cells, a herd of buffalo, or fruit flies in a bottle.

About 2100 A. D., the United States, if present conditions remain substantially unchanged, will reach its population limit, where increase by births will merely balance deaths, as is almost the case in France today. There will be about 197,274,000 Americans then.

Whether we continue to restrict immigration or throw the gates wide open will make no difference in the long run. The latest scientific inquiry appears to confirm Benjamin Franklin's theory, advanced 150 years ago, that, given a fair start, any population would increase as fast naturally as it can with immigration, immigrants merely hastening a fall in birth rate.

More than a century later Francis Walker, from a study of the censuses, deduced that our increase by immigration since 1820 had been merely a substitution of immigration for a natural increase, which otherwise would have been greater.

THE END

# Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

*We'll Say She Did Know*

Katherine brought a stray dog home. The dog had a habit of jumping up on people and licking their hands. Mother objected; the dog persisted. Finally the canine got the expected punishment. Whining and whimpering it slunk into the back yard. Katherine followed and started petting the frightened animal:

"Now, Brownie, if you want to live here in this house with me, you've just got to mind mother. I know, 'cause I've been living here goin' on seven years!"—S. F. W., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

*Pain Hath Its Uses*

My little boy cut his finger badly and it had to be held in a hot solution every night before bandaging and was very painful.

The second night it had to be done, his three-year-old sister said she didn't want to go to bed yet. When asked the reason, she replied: "I can't hear brother scream good in the back room."—H. W. R., Baltimore, Md.

*They Raised a Cackle Instead*

Dorothy, aged six, had been going to school only a few days. She had learned to raise her hand if she wanted anything. One day she put this method into effect when she was sent to the chicken-house to get the eggs. Just as she reached the chicken-house door her mother heard her say:

"All you chickens that have laid an egg, raise your hands."—T. C. KENNER, Kirksville, Mo.

* * *

*The Number Was Too Much*

Dickie, four years old, had never answered the phone before; but one day, his mother having left the house for a moment and his father calling up, he lifted the receiver and said: "Hello!" in as deep and loud a voice as he could.

His father had never heard the youngster's voice over a phone and asked in a puzzled voice: "Hello! Hello! Is this Main 1326?"

"Gee whiz, mister," cried Dickie, "I ain't a school kid; that number's too big for me!"—M. R. D., Vicksburg, Miss.

# Encourage Mouth Cleanliness

Children naturally desire the cool taste of healthful cleanliness which Wrigley's Chewing Sweets afford.

Encourage them in that desire.

They will always, then, think of Wrigley's as a "friend"—a delightful refreshment and a benefit as well.

With it, they will acquire a splendid system or practice of mouth hygiene.

Wrigley's removes the bits of food which otherwise would ferment and injure the teeth.

Also, Wrigley's stimulates the digestive juices, thus aiding the stomach and general health.

Give the children Wrigley's regularly —they like it and it is good for them.

It's good for you, too!

*This sanitary wax-wrapped and wax-sealed package*

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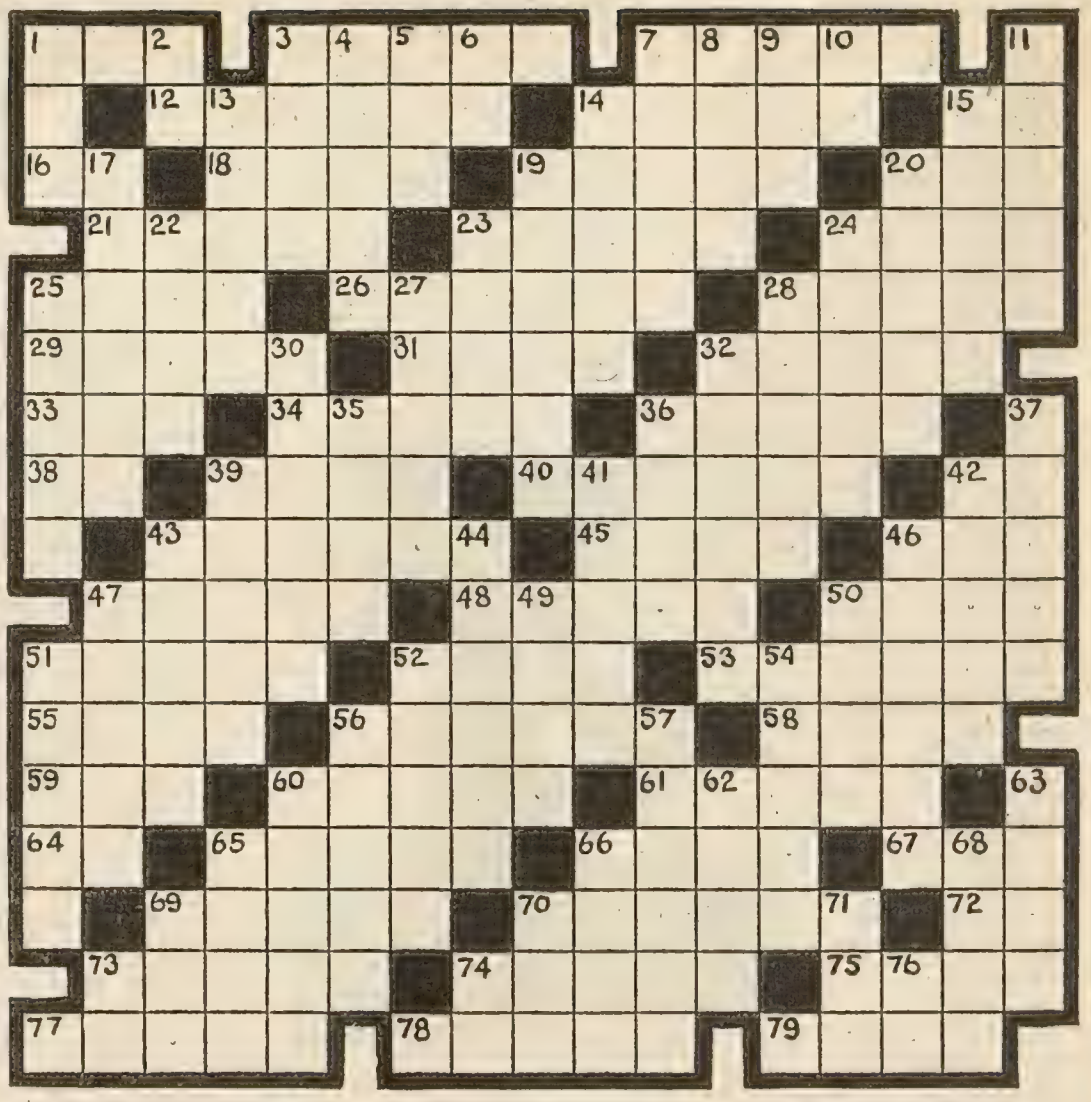
*Keeps Wrigley's clean and full flavored till it comes to you.*

# Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 80

By JAMES W. WHITE

MRS. HORIZONTAL and Mrs. Vertical are neighbors and their families rival in size that of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. They have a weird taste in names for their numerous progeny. Take, for instance, Miss Horizontal 7, who answers to Erose, and Master Vertical 39, whose subterranean name is Hades! Go to it, Cross-Word Puzzlers and match your wits and imagination against those of Mrs. Horizontal and Mrs. Vertical.

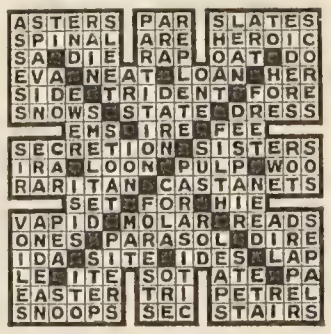


## HORIZONTAL

1 A billow
3 Loud, harsh cries of an ass or donkey
7 Uneven as if eaten or worn away
12 Having to do with the ocean
14 Glide
15 For that reason
16 A pronoun
18 Bare
19 A dark bluish gray
20 A locality or resort containing mineral springs
21 A flat or level surface
23 A commonwealth
24 A long cut
25 Comprehends
26 To suffer greatly from any want
28 Stretches from one point to another
29 An honorary title given to Turkish persons of rank
31 Away from the weather side of a ship
32 To tremble or shiver
33 Craft
34 To sew with temporary stitches
36 A source from which supplies may be drawn
38 A form of to be
39 Lame
40 South American and Malayan animals
42 An interjection admonishing silence
43 Transferred from one place to another
45 A material used in brewing
46 An exclamation of surprise
47 A round-up of cattle
48 The choice or select part
50 To boil
51 Transferences of ownership
52 Insects
53 Fishes of the ray kind
55 Tarts
56 Silk woven with an elaborate pattern
58 To assert
59 Printer's measures
60 Captured by force
61 One who spends his time in inaction
64 Alas
65 Crippled
66 The wild plum
67 A pronoun
69 Sleeveless garments
70 Most recent
72 Adjacent to
73 Passes from one spot to another
74 Bodies of water
75 Domicile
77 A fruit beverage
78 Carried on, as a war
79 Hither

## VERTICAL

1 A French coin
2 Existent
3 The coarse chaffy part of ground grain
4 Roils
5 Furthermore
6 Ancient or Biblical form of a pronoun
7 To exalt in spirit
8 A ceremony
9 A form of verse
10 A Japanese measure of area
11 Craft
13 To put to shame
14 A drudge
15 Stiff, sharp-pointed process of a plant
17 Long, pointed weapons
19 A thoroughfare
20 To quench
22 Unless
23 Brine
24 Boxes
25 A monarchy of Europe
27 Flavor
28 Brief
30 Disgraces
32 Sets of steps over a wall or fence
35 And
36 An unimportant quarrel
37 Exhibitions
39 The nether world
41 Faulty
42 Downright
43 Natives of a republic of Europe
44 Held in opinion
46 Aquatic fish-eating animals
47 Showery
49 Spare
50 Conserve
51 Utter
52 Cooks in a hot chamber
54 A variety of cabbage (plural)
56 Women of station or authority
57 Laid in plaits
60 To diminish in size toward an end
62 Executes
63 To apportion
65 To bathe
66 Japanese beverage made from the fermentation of rice
68 Part of a horse's harness
69 A fish
70 To falter behind
71 An article
73 A syllable applied to a note of the scale
74 Abbreviation for the Creole State
76 Else




Answer to Puzzle No. 79


"You Saved Me $1600 on My New Home"

*Says D. A. Hanchett, Lebanon, N.H.*

This 5-Room House Materials $1795 *Plan No. 633*

## How The Gordon-Van Tine "Plan-Cut" Method Helps You Build for $300 to $2,000 Less!

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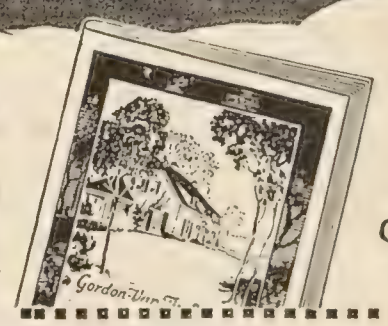

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Own Your Home—*A Series that Tells* HOW, WHEN, *and* WHY

# PROBLEMS *of* Plastering *and* WIRING

## Kansas City House

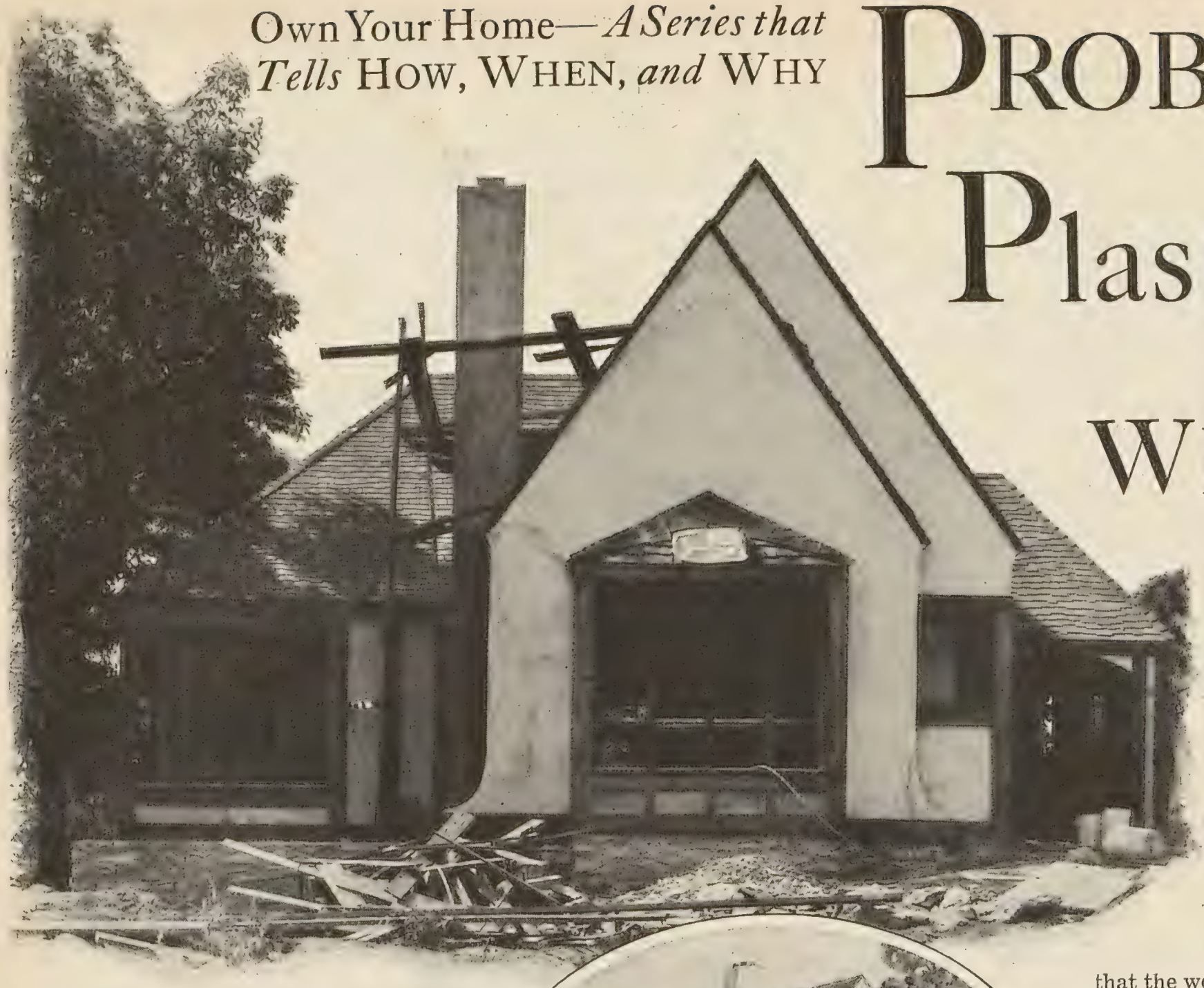
*(Third Report)*

*By*

James Jackson

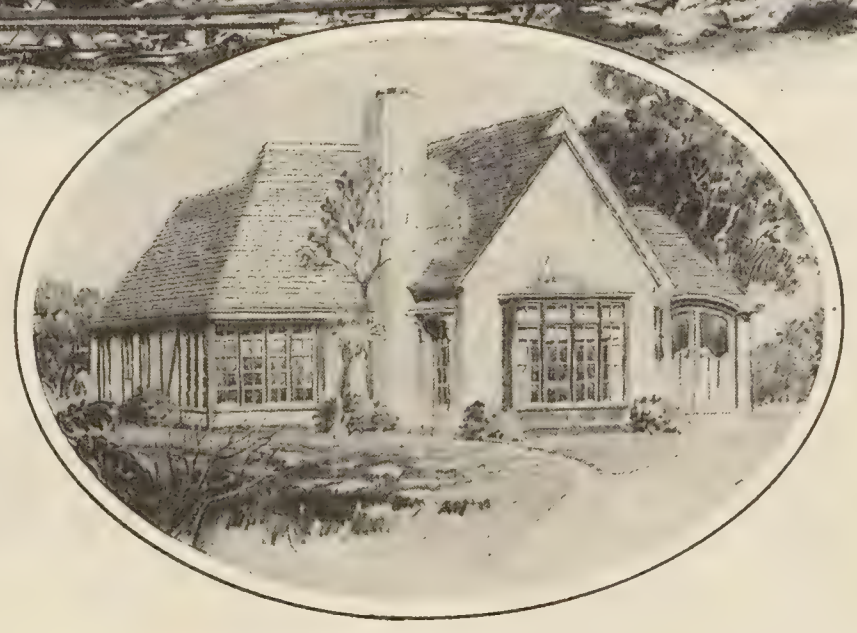
*and*

George B. Longan



*The Ward home drying out.*

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES WARD of Kansas City have now passed through the hardest stage of their home-building program—the plastering. Not for a moment have they lost sight of their original purpose, which was to provide a cozy home for their babies, and eliminate as much labor as possible for Mrs. Ward. They have had delays, but the plans are working out splendidly.



*The home when completed.*

CHARLES L. WARD, in the third month of building his bungalow home at 1817 West 50th Street in Kansas City, has just invested thirty dollars in straight lines, and regards it as money well spent.

Mr. Ward's eyes are tools of precision, by inheritance and training. Some eyes accept a room as a whole, see only the complete picture. Others, like Mr. Ward's, are irritated by certain minor imperfections.

Before the excavator had turned soil, Mr. and Mrs. Ward had made clear their dislike of imperfection in line. The primary motif underlying this single-floor, step-saving house, built around the two Ward babies, was to permit Mrs. Ward as much contact as possible with her children in their pre-school years. Still the bungalow has other features than the light, airy nursery. The efficiency kitchen and the breakfast-room, just off an open terrace, eliminate the usual formal dining-room.

One partition, found a bit awry, had to come down. And Mr. Ward ordered a "rod" job of plaster. The mason, while the plaster was still soft, went over it with a "straight-edge" so that every wall and ceiling and angle is perfectly straight. In Kansas City this costs about five cents more a yard than where the plaster is put on without straightening with a perfect edge. There was about six hundred yards of plaster in the Ward bungalow, so the increased cost was thirty dollars.

It is not so much the question of an undulating or wavy wall as it is to have a wall against which the woodwork will fit snugly.

A dreary period to every home-builder is the plastering stage. No longer is it easy to visualize the finished home. There is too much reality in the hard, damp plaster walls. The rooms seem to shrink in size. Other work halts while the plaster dries. This brings at least ten days of idleness.

"More is better, if your client has the patience to wait, but few have," is the comment of the architect.

The Ward bungalow plastering is a "three-coat" job. There was a week between the first two coats and the last. Then ten days more of patience after the third coat—in this instance a rough sand finish—in order to free the building of as much moisture as possible so that the woodwork would not get damp and warp. In winter an even longer period is desirable.

The plaster mixture the mason uses may vary considerably in cement content. On the Ward bungalow the plasterer used a rich mixture, so that it would set very hard.

The outside work awaits the setting of the stucco. The stucco walls are a dull, uninteresting gray. But soon the final "dash" will give the surface life and texture.

In the Ward home it will be possible to proceed shortly with the placing of windows, because metal trim was used. It was secured firmly in place before the plaster was put on. The plaster is flush with the finish.

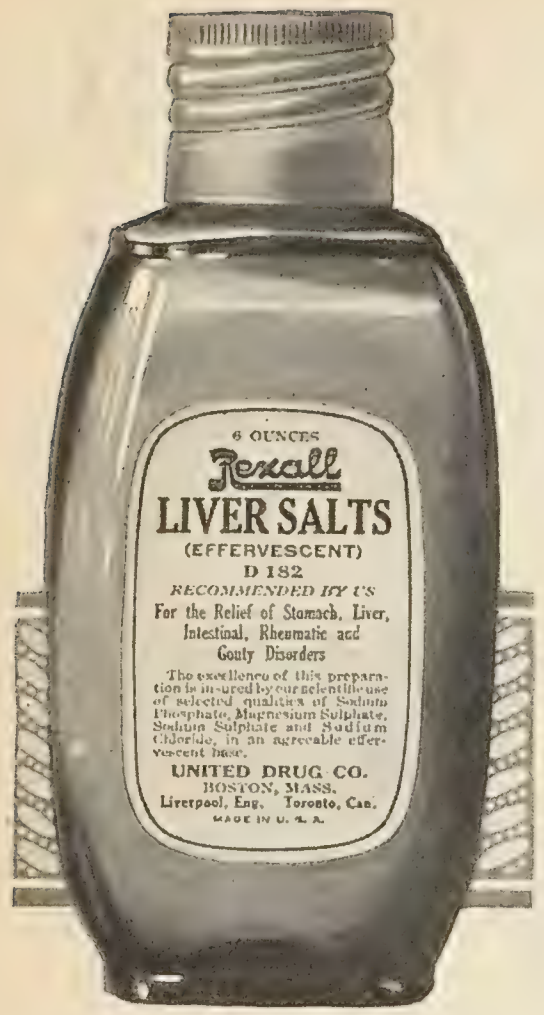
Underneath the plaster is concealed much of the merit or demerit of the work that has gone ahead.

AT intervals, ends of wire project through small, irregular openings. These represent the places Mrs. Ward chose for electrical outlets. She did this after the rough walls were in place, but before they were lathed.

Appreciating the important part electricity plays in the modern home as a silent but ever-ready servant, Mrs. Ward did not locate her fixtures and outlets until the electrician was ready to go to work and she had the actual frame of the house as a background in which to visualize her electrical needs.

In the living-room Mrs. Ward surprised the electrician by declining a ceiling light. Nor would she permit the familiar brackets on either side of the fireplace. "I do not want any electrical competition with the glow of the fire," she explained.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]




## Take Rexall Liver Salts And Feel Fine All Day

IF you don't feel quite right when you get up in the morning, just take some *Rexall Liver Salts* before breakfast. You will be delighted at the improvement!

*Rexall Liver Salts* are prompt in action, pleasant to take. They are highly recommended for the relief of stomach, liver and intestinal disorders and also for the treatment of rheumatism.

Keep *Rexall Liver Salts* on hand for the sake of your health. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

The living-room will depend on floor lamps and wall brackets for illumination. Three duplex convenience outlets were designated, while the placing of two floor plugs, one to serve a library table, will await the final arrangement of furniture. The bracket lights will be under dual control.

The light in the open entryway, a step from the driveway, will be controlled by three-way switches, one of which will permit the light to be turned on or off from outside the house. The garage lights also will be controlled from the service or rear entry, which opens into the living-room as well as into the kitchen.

Three bracket lights each were allotted to the bedroom and the nursery. Three convenience outlets were placed in the former and two in the latter.

Ceiling lights were ordered for the breakfast-room and for the kitchen. In the breakfast-room an outlet was marked for the floor to serve the table, while a wall outlet was placed at the height of a buffet.

One of the convenience outlets in the kitchen was placed with special reference to the built-in ironing board. The electric refrigerator calls for only ordinary wiring, but an electric range calls for heavier wiring and a three-wire connection. Provision for a range does not add much to the cost if made at the time of the original wiring, but in Kansas City rewiring a house for an electric range entails a cost of from thirty-five to fifty-five dollars.

IN the bathroom Mr. Ward had to choose between a large mirror and wall cabinet, with a single light above the mirror, or a smaller mirror and case, with lights on either side. He voted for the larger mirror and cabinet.

The electrician employed by the Wards charged ten dollars for the entrance to the house and two dollars for each outlet. He used what is known as a "flexible conduit" instead of stringing the rubber-incased wire on porcelain knobs and running it through porcelain tubes where the wire would come in contact with wood.

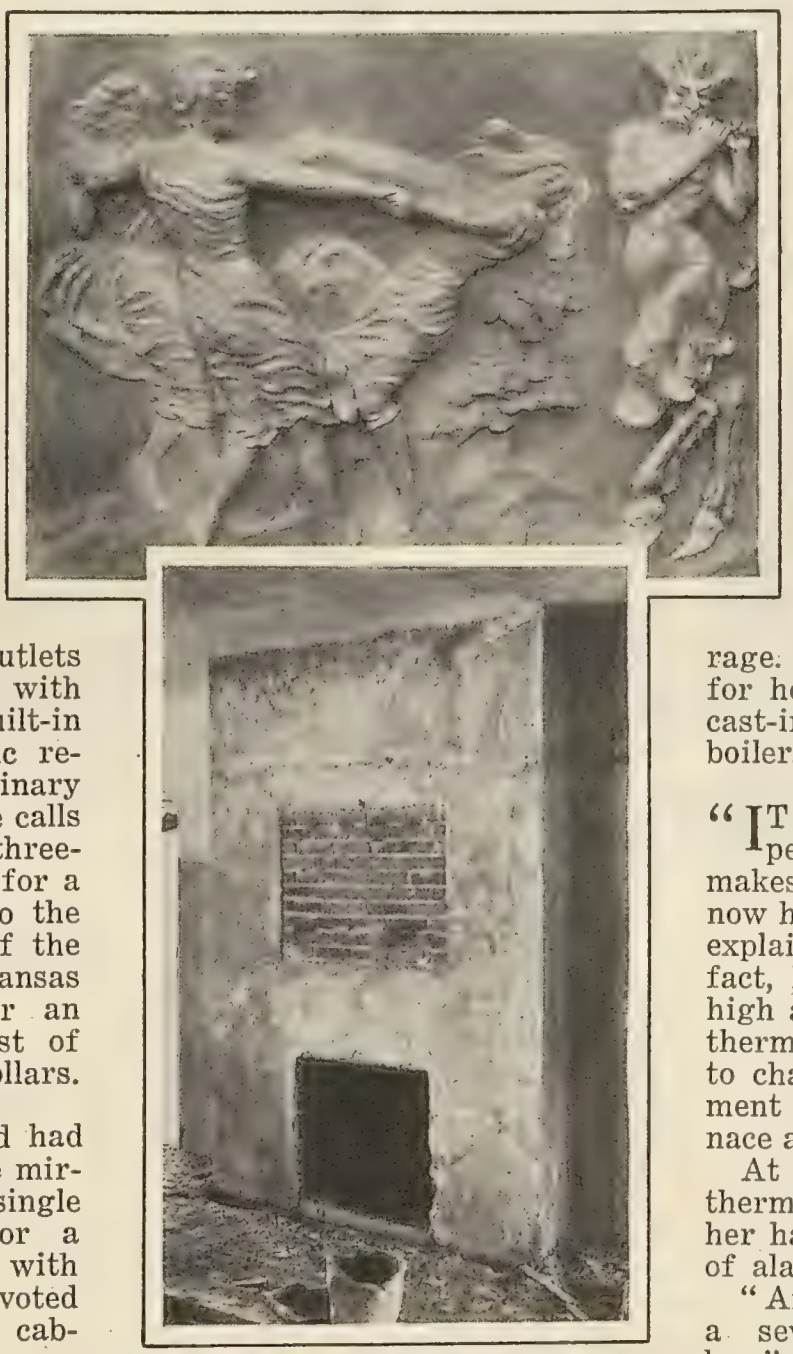
This flexible conduit is a continuous metal casing, so that at no point is any wire exposed to the temptation of a hungry mouse or any friction that might cause a spark.

The appearance of the conduits raised the question of exposed wires outside. After a family council, Mr. Ward was delegated to see what arrangement could be made to have both electric and telephone wires brought underground from the feed lines to the basement.

The Wards will have the electric and gas meters in the attached garage, so placed that they can be read through the glass doors of the garage. The water meter will be almost at the head of the basement stairs, placed with its face toward the window on the stairs. In this way it will not be necessary to leave the basement open for meter readers.

In preparation for the plastering, a metal "bead" was placed on all exposed corners. Metal lath in narrow strips was tacked along the angles where the flue joins the wall.

Wood lath was used on the inside walls as a plaster base to effect a saving under the cost of metal lath, which has the advantage of being guaranteed against cracking. Insulating lumber served as a plaster base for the ceilings. Insulation against the passage of heat and cold was obtained through the use of this same insulating lumber to replace ordinary sheathing.



*Plaster ornament for the mantel and unfinished fireplace.*

In using this lumber, it developed that carpenters not accustomed to using these new materials must be watched carefully. And this despite the implicitness of instructions the manufacturers give for the installation of these new forms of materials.

As soon as the lathing was finished, and before the plastering, the wooden door jambs were set and metal casing placed. This casing, which comes in long strips, should be most carefully mitered around the corners of the openings. This was done in advance of the plastering, which was crowded in behind so that a perfectly smooth flush surface was presented.

Outside, the wide timbers, called for by the English design, were placed over the metal lath so the stucco could be pushed in behind and make an airtight joint. These timbers, of rough cypress, will be stained brown to match the shingles.

Miss Walton, the architect, visited a lumber yard and chose the timbers, which are eight inches wide and 1⅛ inch thick. She sought boards cracked, crooked, and extremely rough, to simulate the weatherworn timbers of an English cottage.

The wide chimney for the fireplace, exposed in the living-room, is being covered entirely with plaster, except for a narrow border of tile around the actual fireplace opening. The only decoration will be a plaster ornament for the overmantel.

The estimates on the cost of the Ward bungalow have not been revised since the last report. There will be some revisions and the indications are the revisions will be somewhat upward.

An expensive furnace has just been delivered and stands in crated glory in the center of the garage. It is a tubular gas furnace for hot-air heating and comes in cast-iron sections like a hot-water boiler.

"IT is guaranteed to save 30 per cent in gas over the rather makeshift method by which I am now heating with gas," Mr. Ward explained to Miss Walter. "In fact, I rather expect a saving as high as 40 per cent, coupled with thermostatic control. It is correct to charge interest on the investment and depreciation on the furnace against the reduced gas bill."

At the $125 investment in a thermostat, Miss Walton threw up her hands in a pretended gesture of alarm.

"And you ordered me to build a seven-thousand-dollar bungalow," said the architect.

"That hundred and twenty-five dollars is an investment in service," Mr. Ward explained. "I am much away from home, as you know, and Mrs. Ward's time belongs to her babies, who are not to share it with a furnace. On the interest on a hundred and twenty-five dollars I could not hire a person to attend to the furnace."

A small cold-air return is to be placed in each room to stimulate the circulation of air. The return will be omitted from the kitchen, on account of the cooking fumes.

[SEE NEXT PAGE]

*Next week LIBERTY will print the third report of progress in building the home of Richard Davis in Milwaukee. The following week the third account of the erection of the Spokane house will be given, and the next week the final report of the now nearly completed Bronxville home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Jefferson will be made. Four weeks from today the fourth and final report on the Ward home in Kansas City will be published with photographs showing the completed house.*

Donald Cameron Ward.

# CHILDREN Take a Hand *in* Home-Building

## *LIBERTY Readers Tell How They Became House-Owners*

Keith McKay Ward.

LIBERTY wants its readers to aid each other in home-building. The story of your experience may help others who want to build homes. To encourage this, LIBERTY invites you to tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. For each story and helpful inquiry printed LIBERTY will pay $25. Answers to questions will be made by the Home Builders' Service Institute, Inc. Address Liberty Home Owners' Bureau, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

### *Don't Fly Too High*

EDITOR, Home Page: My husband is sexton of a church with a salary of $100 a month. I have six children—a girl and five boys. Two were at work, two soon to go to work, and the girl became a telephone operator. I always wanted a home. We got a loan of $150 on furniture, making $300 with what we had.

We found a little four-room place—two rooms upstairs, two down, lot 50 by 150. The pastor of the church sold us a little three-room building in the school yard for twenty-five dollars. The contractor wanted sixty dollars for moving it, but we had fun tearing it down. My boy bought an old horse and wagon for thirty dollars and moved the lumber, even the old stuff for kindling, and then sold the horse and wagon for fifteen dollars.

We built a foundation of telegraph poles, and covered them with boards. We dug a cellar, boarded the rooms and papered them. The floors were wide, rough boards, so I bought oilcloth and covered them, and, six weeks after we finished the house, we sold it for $500 more than it cost.

I paid $500 down on a four-room brick house. In three years we paid off the mortgage and borrowed $500 to add a kitchen. We had a first mortgage of $3,000 and paid $10.80 weekly. In two years we sold out, making $1,800 on the deal.

I grew too ambitious. I was offered a candy store for $1,000 and another home in another section for $8,200. The payments on the home were too much and store rent was fifty dollars a month. The store was a failure. I lost the $1,000 in six weeks. Tried to sell the house, but faced a loss.

Then I was offered a trade, getting our old brick home back. I'm accepting it. I lost about $1,800 on the store, but since I made it in other deals, it is not so bad. In a few years I will own the little brick home outright.

My advice is not to fly too high, but to fly high enough to have a real home, all your own.

MRS. KATE DOHERTY, Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

### *The Story of a Bank Clerk's Wife*

EDITOR, Home Page: I was graduated at seventeen and married at eighteen to a bank clerk. We went to live in a small apartment. In the third year twin boys were born—and we wanted a home for them. We saved and planned. Then one dark day my husband was hit by a car and killed. I had $500, a little car, and an acre of land that an uncle had given us on our wedding day. I began to think of the "joke acre," four miles from town, on a side road, and on a deep river, which never had been used for anything but picnics.

One of the boys became ill. The doctor prescribed the country. Next to me lived an old man, a florist. I took him to see the acre and asked his advice. He told me to plant peonies on the hill, build a cabin on low ground, and advertise it as a camp ground for tourists.

We planted 600 peonies at a cost of $100.

I had a large basement dug, over which we built two rooms, a large kitchen and dining-room, planning to serve picnic meals to campers.

We moved in May 1, slept outdoors all summer, and often had as many as fifty campers at once. We moved back to town in September. I had saved $600 and our health was improved. The following May we moved out again. Decoration Day we cut hundreds of peonies and sold them at two dollars a dozen. Our camp ground was full from June until September. I cleared more than $1,000 from the flowers.

Then I took down the cabin, built a nice six-room cottage, and had my home. It took three years to pay for it.

MRS. W. M. B., Manhattan, Kan.

### *Watch Your Loans*

EDITOR, Home Page: I bought my house from a real-estate broker. He turned me over to his brother, a lawyer, who "safeguarded" my interests. When, at the end of the first month, I went to the building and loan association, I was told I owed, not one monthly installment, but three. I owed two before I got a cent. It meant ninety-three dollars more in cash.

The broker told me all I had to pay the b. and l. on my first mortgage was thirty-six dollars. The b. and l. made it $42.90. The law does not give enough protection to the small home owner. The broker should be compelled to issue his "information" about property in legal form so he may be held responsible for deliberate misinformation.

JOSEPH DERETCHIN, Liberty, N. Y.

### *Buying Lots Far in Advance*

EDITOR, Home Page: In planning my future home, I purchased two lots, forty feet frontage each, in what I believe will be a fine residential district in the suburban development of the city. My building program will not commence until 1930. I suggest to lot holders with such future plans: plant shade trees and fence hedges now. Four or five years of steady, natural growth will make for hardiness that building activities will not disturb. The completed home will have the beauty and finish that otherwise would require four or five years to develop.

RUTH BROEVEN, Milwaukee, Wis.

### *Auction Lot and an Old Home*

EDITOR, Home Page: A year ago I attended an auction of unimproved lots within the city limit. I bought one lot for $116, and was lucky enough to draw a free lot. By trading, I got two lots together, so now have a lot 100 by 118. In another section, in which expensive houses were being built, stood an old but good house. It was to be torn down. I bought this for $200. It was a two-story, seven-room house. Moving it entire would have been expensive and difficult, due to wires, etc. I tore it down and had lumber enough for a four-room house, garage, and hen-house. Bricks from basement, foundation, and chimney were sufficient for foundation and chimney and for lining the well and cistern I dug.

The cottage, without porches, is 18 by 26, with living-room, bedroom, kitchen, and dining-room. There are front and back porches 8 by 18. Both are boarded up 2½ feet and arranged so they can be glassed or screened. The whole house is stuccoed with pebble dash. I used lathing and tar paper from the old house. New roofing cost forty-five dollars. Materials for plastering, stucco, walks, and cistern cost $122. I bought only $2.80 worth of lumber for porches, using old materials. Lumber was all white pine. Archways between rooms give space, both in appearance and reality. Paint and varnish cost seven dollars. If I made a mistake, it was in not putting in plumbing pipes while building.

Three of us dug post holes, the city set the posts, and the electric company extended the wires. Wiring and fixtures cost me ten dollars. I was my own carpenter, and hauled my own lumber. The house cost me $386.80. With the lots, the total cost was $502.80. I paid cash, so have no interest worries.

MARTIN ETHINGTON, Normal, Ill.

### *Avoids Ceiling Bulge*

EDITOR, Home Page: A good stunt to avoid a common flaw in building is this: where a second-floor partition runs parallel to the joists over a living-room, bolt a ½ by 7 steel plate directly under the partition. After this is bolted and bridged into place there will be no sag from the weight of the partition and no unsightly bulge in the living-room ceiling.

JOHN NEPP, Eustis, Fla.

### *Handy Dumb-Waiter*

EDITOR, Home Page: We can never thank the contractor enough for suggesting a dumb-waiter between the kitchen and the cellar. In the kitchen its cupboard occupies the space originally planned for the refrigerator. Its door slides up like a weighted window—so it is never in the way in the room. We do not need ice until the hottest weather.

R. A. MAPO, Mahwah, N. J.

# How JOHNNY Gets His GUN

## *Boom in Supply of Kid Murderers Made Possible by Mail Order*

An Article by

**Samuel Spewack**

*Drawing by* HARRY TOWNSEND

THE latest homicide statistics show a generous, general upward surge. Your chances of stopping a bullet are better than they were six months ago.

The murder industry is up on its toes, vibrant, vigorous, and vicious.

It is in the hands of youth, seventeen to twenty-one, preferred; which is the age range of the new gun-getter directly responsible for the latest jump in homicide figures.

Youth. New blood, new recruits, new up-and-at-'em boys.

Not that the age limit is arbitrary. There was that pink-cheeked gun-getter of sixteen in New York recently, who shot and killed a grocer in the course of the process of getting something for nothing.

Age is no handicap, ability is unnecessary. All you need is a gun.

Not so long ago the present crime wave would have been catalogued as an aftermath of the war (smooth, convenient phrase). But the war is over at last, even as an excuse for crime waves.

The gun-getters of today were under twelve when war was declared. They know less of war than they do of the Einstein theory. In fact, if you mention the subject, they will ask you to specify the war under discussion. They seem to remember we had some difficulty with Spain.

It is usual to associate crime waves with hard times, unemployment. America today is the most prosperous country in the world. Never before have the luxuries of life been so widely distributed. Hunger is not pulling the trigger today.

Time-worn apologies no longer explain. So I consulted several intelligent New York detectives whose business it is to follow the market in murder, and I challenged them to produce an adequate explanation. They did.

Curiously enough, they were not perturbed by the outstanding picturesque figures of crime—the Chapmans and the Whittemores.

*A GENTLEMAN interested in the murder market looks over the stock and quotations.*

These, they insist, will always be with us—the big city bad men—the industrialized successors to the James boys and the Billy the Kids.

One Chapman does not make a summer of crime, they pointed out. Neither are they so much concerned with the hired slayer, who in New York is passing out of the picture,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

Auto 7¢ per mile

Rail Road 3¢ per mile

Street Car 2¢ per mile

1¢ per mile The Single

# Down Comes the Cost of Travel

## Ride the New Way at 1¢ per Mile

YOU save money every mile when you ride a Harley-Davidson Single — the new-type motorcycle that travels 80 miles on every gallon of gasoline.

Safe, comfortable traveling, too — and delightfully enjoyable. The Single is nearly self-balancing, with simple controls, responsive, powerful motor and 3-speed transmission.

Easier to ride and control than a bicycle — safe. Easy to park and house — any 2x8 ft. space will do. Easy to buy — your Dealer offers a convenient Pay-As-You-Ride Plan, and the price is low.

Clearly the answer to the modern need for individual rapid-travel at low cost! The Single, complete with built-in electric equipment, f.o.b. Milwaukee, is $235

*Safe*

Almost self-balancing. Steering is instinctive. Simple controls — throttle and spark are in your hands all the time. Brake and clutch pedals convenient to your feet.

80 miles per gallon

*See your Dealer—and mail us the Coupon.*

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
DEPARTMENT L.M. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

*The* HARLEY-DAVIDSON [ New-Type Motorcycle ] *Single*

*Mail the Coupon*

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. L.M., Milwaukee

☐ Interested in your Single; send catalog and Dealer's name.

☐ Interested in your Dealer proposition. Is my territory open?

Name _____

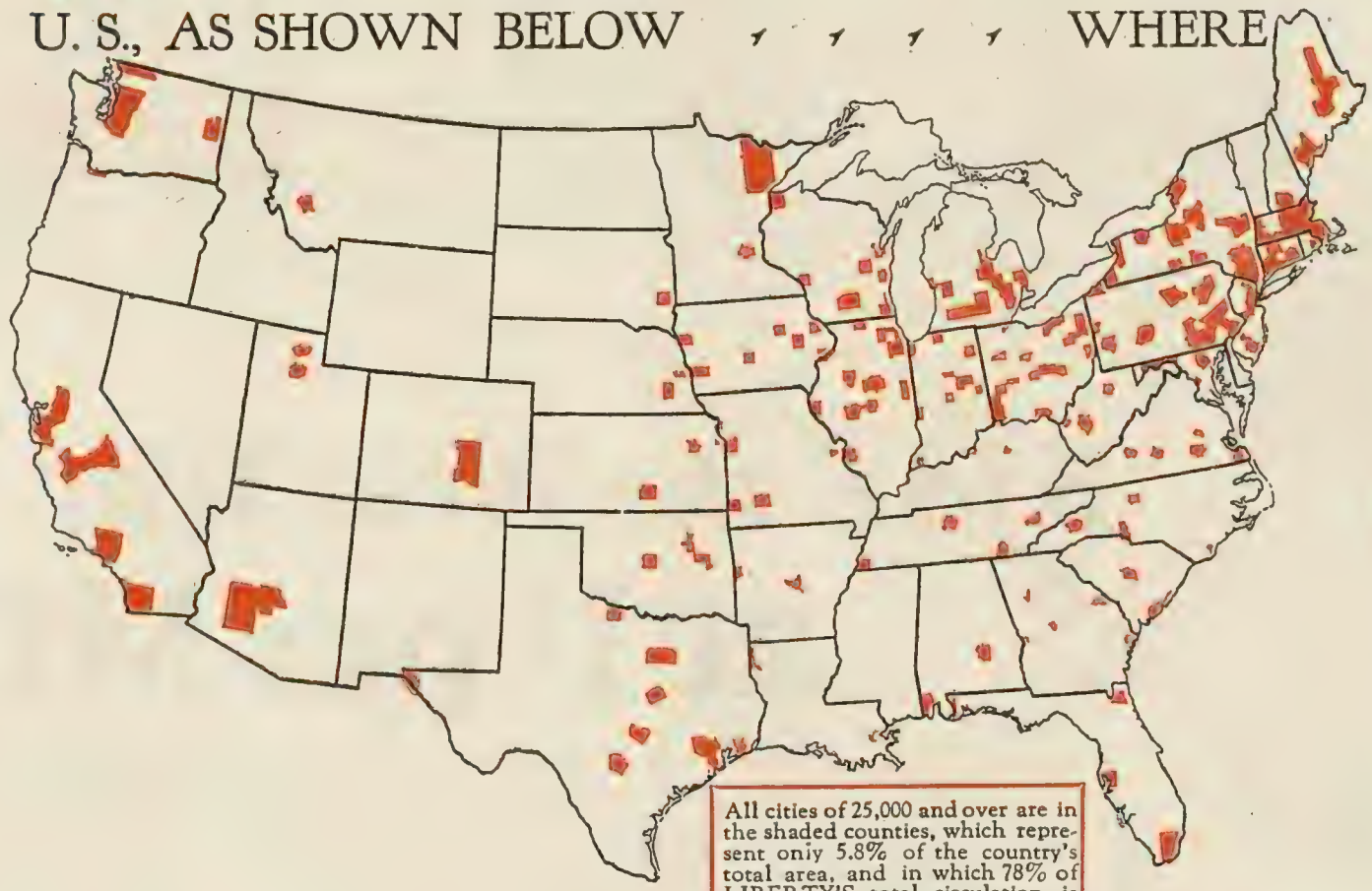
Address _____

# Automobile Concerns Get Results When They Use LIBERTY

**78%** OF ALL LIBERTY'S READERS LIVE IN THE 225 MAJOR COUNTIES OF THE U. S., AS SHOWN BELOW . . . . WHERE

**73%** OF ALL AUTOMOBILES SELLING FOR $2,000 OR MORE, ARE SOLD

**58%** OF ALL AUTOMOBILES, OTHER THAN FORDS, ARE REGISTERED



All cities of 25,000 and over are in the shaded counties, which represent only 5.8% of the country's total area, and in which 78% of LIBERTY'S total circulation is concentrated.

**74%** OF ALL INCOME TAX RETURNS ARE MADE

**61%** OF THE NET GAIN IN THE REGISTRATION OF ALL CARS OTHER THAN FORDS WAS RECORDED LAST YEAR

THE rich markets LIBERTY covers so completely are the 225 major counties of the United States containing all cities of 25,000 and over. The most money is not only made in this territory, where 78% of LIBERTY'S circulation is concentrated, but actually spent there.

It is there that the whole family appeal of LIBERTY'S editorial content is so valuable to automotive advertisers, since the family is almost always consulted when the purchase of such a high-price product is contemplated. Automobile and accessory manufacturers appreciate the substantial character of LIBERTY'S army of more than 1,100,000 readers, of which nearly 70% are between the ages of 20 and 44 years. LIBERTY reaches a vast group of young Americans who are prosperous and ready to spend their money to enjoy the pleasures of motoring.

Over 16,000 road maps were ordered within five weeks after the initial announcement concerning LIBERTY'S Auto Maps, by readers owning Automobiles. It illustrates the responsive type of reader who walks up to the news stand every week and exchanges a nickel for a copy of LIBERTY.

And isn't it reasonable to assume, since LIBERTY readers are those who buy automobiles, sold at such a high unit sales cost, that they would be equally responsive to all sorts of products? LIBERTY is so important a factor in increasing net profit that it is being given universal consideration by major executives as well as sales and advertising departments. Detailed information on LIBERTY and these 225 counties will be sent on request.

*Here's a list of automotive and accessory manufacturers who are spending big money in LIBERTY. These people know their business. They have learned that an intensive covering of populous and rich centers will always return a more satisfactory volume than a scattered covering of smaller and poorer centers:*

Auburn Motor Cars
Chevrolet Motor Cars
Chrysler Motor Cars
Dodge Motor Cars
Durant Motor Cars
Elcar Motor Cars
Essex Motor Cars
Harley Davidson Motorcycles
Hertz Drivurself
Hudson Motor Cars
International Harvester Trucks
Kissel Motor Cars
Nash Motor Cars
Oldsmobile Motor Cars
Star Motor Cars
Studebaker Motor Cars
Velie Motor Cars
White Motor Trucks
American Bosch Magneto
Balcrank Bumpers
Bell Timers
Burd-Gilman Shock Absorbers
Champion Spark Plugs
Dunlop Tires
Electric Auto Lite
Federal Bumpers
Fisk Tires
Gabriel Snubbers
Guide Motor Lamps
Michelin Tires
McKay Bumpers
McKay Tire Chains
Shaler Vulcanizers
Splitdorf Electrical Equipment
Staynew Filters
Thermoid Brake Lining
Tide Water Oil
U. S. Tire Guage

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

5¢ **Liberty** *A Weekly for the Whole Family*

EVERY MONDAY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

although he has not yet entirely disappeared. In Chicago, he still flourishes. The gangster as such, they insist, is not a major problem.

This present crime wave is like no other. It is born of youths, generally with no criminal records, who are led into serious crime because guns are easily obtained.

It is made of the constantly growing army of loft-robbers, hold-up men, sneak thieves of every description, who are dangerous only because they can get guns—and use them.

TO the known gangster is added the unknown quantity of thieving youth, physically weak, cowardly, but propelled into serious crime and into murder by the possession of a death-dealing weapon. No sooner is one caught—and they shrink and shiver when they are caught, for without a gun they are only sneak thieves and not gunmen—than another bobs up to menace society.

Classified gunmen can be controlled. They contribute their quota of crime, but there are ways and means of limiting production to a human minimum. What you cannot control is the unknown X—every young potential sneak thief who becomes a murderer overnight. You cannot control him because, the detectives pointed out, guns are easy to get and easy to use. They are cheap, plentiful, guaranteed.

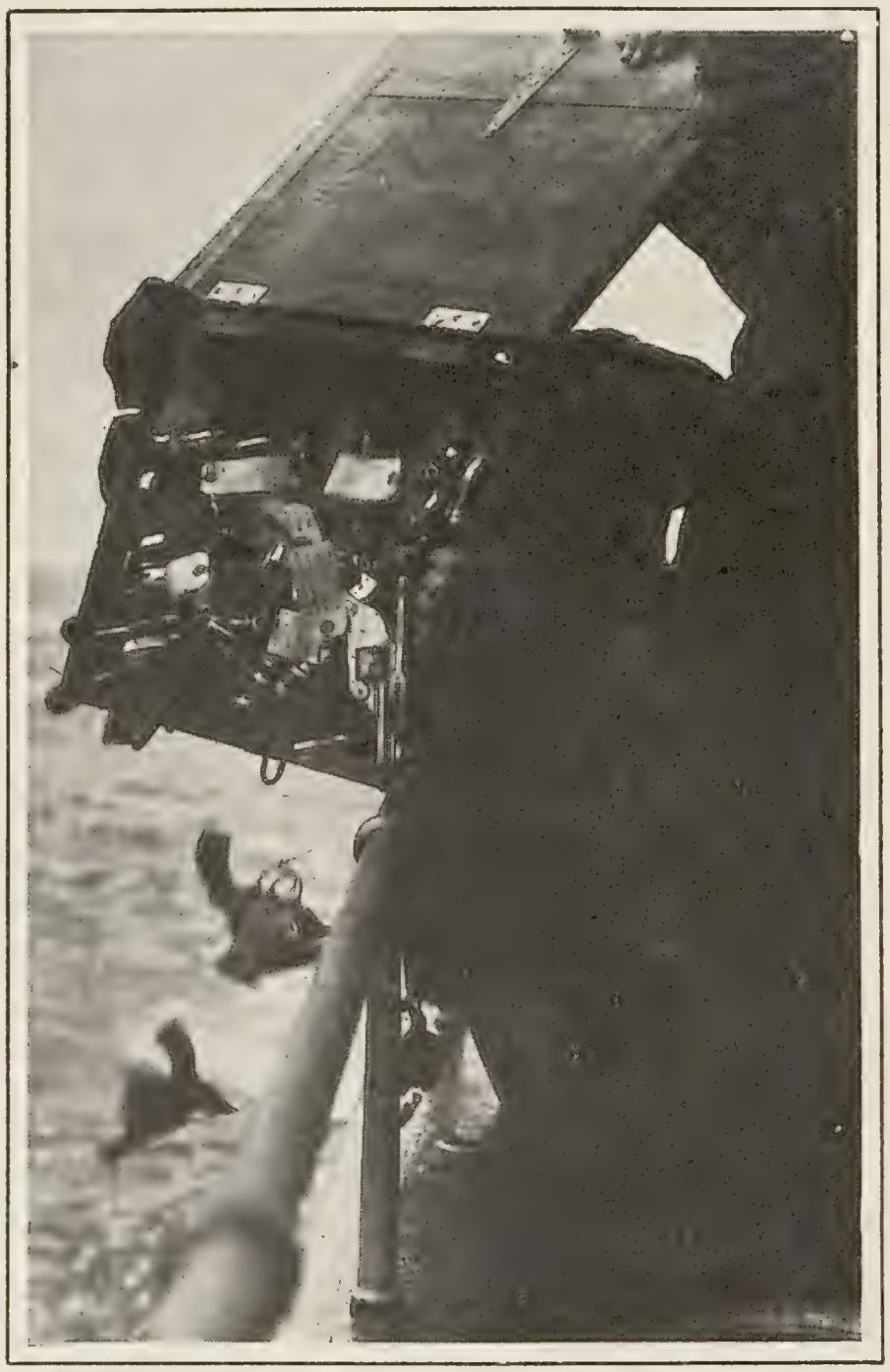
Opportunity doesn't knock at the door of the gun-getter. It kicks the door open. And every time it kicks, a new gun-getter is born, a new potential murderer turned loose. And it kicks so often that the new tribe of gun-getters, simply because of numerical strength, overshadows the old gunmen of popular imagination.

The United States government helps Johnny get a gun. In the pink, piquant pages of a certain national weekly usually associated with the barber-shop you will find numerous advertisements of great bargains in guns. Uncle Sam's postman, unwittingly the gun-getter's friend, delivers the weapon to him.

I quote verbatim:

> Final sale. Cut to $9.45. King of Revolvers. Has all improvements of latest guns. $35 value. Left wheeler, safety ejector, guaranteed never out of order, 6-shot, 32-20 or .38 calibre. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Satisfaction or money back.

Detectives are agreed that it is through the mails that Johnny gets his gun. Local restrictive measures on the sale of weapons do not disturb him and only that gun-getter who is impatient of the mail service need do his shopping personally in some adjoining city where licenses for the purchases of guns are not required.



*Where the big guns of little bad men go—over the side of a police boat into the depths of the sea.*

All sorts of guns are offered Johnny for all occasions. There are even charming little pearl-handled revolvers that fit in a vanity case for the woman go-getter—the gun that no fashionable bob-haired bandit should be without. Guns as low as $4.95, as high as $35. There's the—

> Real he-man's gun. Biggest bargain, flash-like, accurate, hard-hitting. Shoots 20 quick hard and straight shots, .32 calibre military automatic—

Every ad stresses that Johnny need send no money. Pay the postman. Satisfaction guaranteed. The gun is offered Johnny on a parcel-post platter. How can he refuse?

Johnny prefers, in the feast spread before him, the .38-caliber automatic. It is the same type of gun used by the police. He generally avoids the army .45, which is a certain death-dealing weapon. When a .45 is found upon him, the assumption is that he was out to commit murder, and Johnny doesn't want his motives misunderstood. With a .38 there is a suspicion that he might shoot to kill; but robbery and not murder is uppermost in his mind at the moment.

Besides, a .38 is easier to conceal. Johnny keeps his gun under his belt buckle. It is convenient for the draw, and a careless police tapping will not disclose it. Contrary to fiction, he does not indulge in shoulder holsters or trick sleeve devices. He has neither the ingenuity nor the patience for such elaborate inventions. Things must be done for Johnny, even in crime.

When possible, Johnny resorts to the unromantic expedient of having his gun carried for him by an apprentice or dupe. Then when the time for action comes, his messenger delivers the gun and Johnny proceeds to use it. Thus he insures himself against unexpected police search. Which in itself is a sad commentary upon the glamorous gunman of fiction.

JOHNNY has no sentimental attachment to his gun; no superstition, no pride. Any old gun will do. For Johnny proceeds with extreme caution, in utter fear. The only bold thing he does is to fill out the coupon, and there he has nothing to fear. If anything, he can pride himself upon his patriotism in supporting the government mails.

Recently several audacious gun-getters employed perambulators to transport their weapons, because this domestic institution is reasonably safe from inquisitive detectives. Thus has the noble race of gunfighters fallen.

You must remember that the man who is increasing your chances of stopping a bullet is not a fighter. Without a gun he is lost.

He is generally a poor physical specimen, often addicted to drugs, with no stamina, no courage. He shoots not so much in bravado as in fear.

He has, as I have indicated, practically no police record. He is too young for that. He is therefore unknown, and consequently more difficult to trace.

The fact is, as the detectives explained, making it easy for Johnny to get his gun has converted the sneak thief of yesterday into the murderous holdup man of today.

With guns inaccessible, Johnny would be content to steal apples from the corner stand, or snatch purses from housewives at their marketing.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


Test is FREE Send Coupon

Learn The Way

to thrilling beauty — have arms and underarms others envy — Make this test

This free test will delight you. Show you how to remove hair by dissolving it. Bring you unexpected new comfort and beauty. Unlike any other method—note the difference.

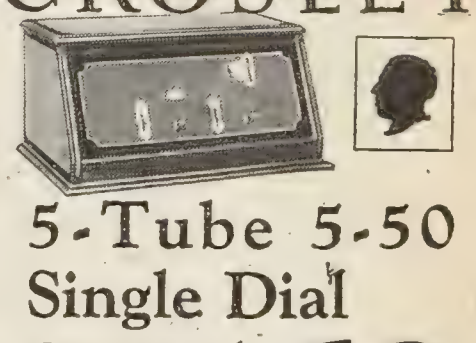
When shaved your skin feels like a man's face. Underarm surfaces rub. Sharp cut hairs prick and show. The skin becomes dark and the hair coarse. The pores enlarged.

But this new way called Neet, dissolves hair at the roots. You apply the cream as it comes from the tube, then simply rinse all hair away. Amazingly thorough. Passing your hand over the surface, shows surprising perfection of lovely smooth skin surface. And reveals why millions here and abroad prefer this method. Druggists everywhere sell Neet. 50c per tube. But the test is free. Clip the coupon.

Trial Tube FREE Neet

Hannibal Pharmacal Company,
4378 Duncan Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Mail me trial tube of Neet, the hair removing cream.

GROSLEY



5-Tube 5-50 Single Dial Control $50.

with Drum Station Selector

6 Amazing Features

1. All-metal Shielded Chassis
2. Power Tube Adaptability
3. Crescendon Control
4. Accuminators
5. Graphic Station Selector
6. Solid Mahogany Cabinet

*See it at your dealers*

Six other models from 1-tube at $9.75 to 5-tube RFL Console Model with built-in Musicone at $90.

Write Dept. 76 for Booklet

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn

$5,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 831-L, Chicago

*The World's Largest Business Training Institution*

# A true Story-Picture that shows the versatile use of TILT-RAY Head-lighting

**An Open Road**

Enjoying full speed—light projected for long range vision—driver fully relaxed.

*Upper ray in use*

**A Tight Squeeze**

A narrow bridge—rays tilted downward—no blinding—sides of road and embankments clearly outlined.

*Lower ray—tilted light*

**Danger Sighted Far Ahead**

A railroad crossing sighted far ahead with long range light, upper ray. Car can not "outdrive" light; i. e. distance for emergency stopping at any speed well within range of projected light.

*Upper ray in use*

**In City Traffic, Lights Legal**

Rays again tilted—roadbed and passing cars fully lighted without annoyance to other drivers.

*Lower ray—tilted light*

EVER return from a night trip, tired and nerve-strung, vowing never to risk again the hazards of driving after dark?

Don't deprive yourself of what would be a pleasure with complete safety provided you are equipped with Guide Tilt Ray headlighting.

*These Pictures tell the story*

**GUIDE TILT-RAY HEADLAMPS**

Can be installed on any car—sold on a money back guarantee—legally approved everywhere — surprisingly low in cost. **Car owners write, naming car, year, model, etc.**

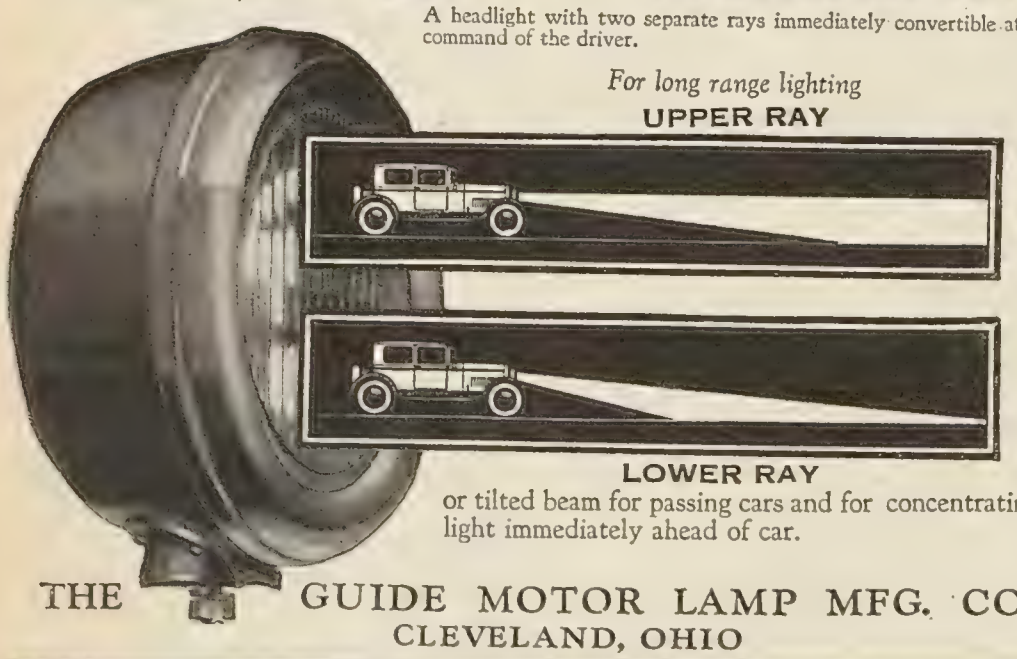
FRANCHISES AVAILABLE TO REPUTABLE DISTRIBUTORS AND SALES REPRESENTATIVES.

*The latest models of these popular cars are equipped with Tilt Rays:*

Buick
Chrysler Imperial
Peerless 8
Rickenbacker
Reo
Studebaker

## Guide TILT RAY HEADLAMPS

A headlight with two separate rays immediately convertible at command of the driver.



*For long range lighting*
**UPPER RAY**

**LOWER RAY**
or tilted beam for passing cars and for concentrating light immediately ahead of car.

THE GUIDE MOTOR LAMP MFG. CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO


[HOW JOHNNY GETS HIS GUN]
Continued from Page Sixty-one

But he is intrigued by the enticing ads. He saves his pennies and buys a cheap gun. Then he discovers he has power, and can intimidate men.

Take the pink-cheeked sixteen-year-old youngster who killed the grocer. He entered when the store was empty of customers. He had made sure of that, for he wanted no resistance. He stole in when the grocer's back was turned, so that his victim would be trapped, and would surrender at the sight of a gun.

But the grocer would not be intimidated. He did not think this boy would actually shoot the revolver he held in his trembling fingers. So the grocer picked up a cheese knife and brandished it menacingly, confident the lad would run. The unexpected struggle completely unnerved the youngster. He shot in fear, panic-stricken, and fled without pausing for the booty he had come to steal.

WITHOUT a gun, this boy would have been a harmless, petty thief—harmless to life, at least.

That same night a young man with thieving instincts snatched several hundred dollars, lying exposed, from the box office of a New York theater.

He was pursued by the treasurer and finally caught. As he ran he kept shouting he would shoot his pursuer. But when caught it was discovered that he had no weapon.

Had the thief been armed, the treasurer's life would not have been worth much.

Making it difficult for Johnny to get his gun will not eliminate crime. It may not even help to catch all thieves. But it undoubtedly will, in the opinion of detectives, cut the homicide list below its present staggering proportions.

And this much is certain: The army of gun-getters would have fewer youths.

I cite Germany as proof of this. The Reichs compels every owner of a revolver to acquire a permit. The process of buying a gun is deliberately made difficult. Guns can be and are bought illegally. But not every youth of sixteen can get at them.

It takes a criminal, experienced in the ways of the underworld, to buy a gun.

So that in Germany the criminal classes are composed of older men, known to the police and easier to hold in control. Not every sufferer of the nostalgia of youth, influenced by a Whittemore, a movie, or a paper-back thriller, can steal his baby brother's bank and acquire a gun. Consequently, the proportion of holdups in Berlin, which is a city of four millions, is infinitely less.

Of course there are occasional holdups with other weapons—clubs, knives, lead-filled "Totschlaegers" of rubber, blackjacks, etc.—but the average man has a fighting chance against the thief who threatens with such a weapon in his hand. Also, the in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wilbur Sexauer of Ohio won this fine bicycle selling Liberty Magazine.

# BOYS

## Win a Free Bicycle!

How would you like to win one of these wonderful bicycles, a radio, sporting goods, or any of the 300 prizes offered to boys for selling Liberty Magazine? It's easy. Let us show you how to win them and how to earn spending money every week besides. No experience or money needed. Let us send you our catalog of free prizes and all details on how to make money every week.

--------MAIL TODAY--------

**Liberty Magazine,**
**Boy Sales Division,**
**247 Park Ave.,**
**New York City.**

Please tell me how I can join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

## Deformities of the back

**Thousands of Remarkable Cases**

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 50,000 cases in over 25 years.

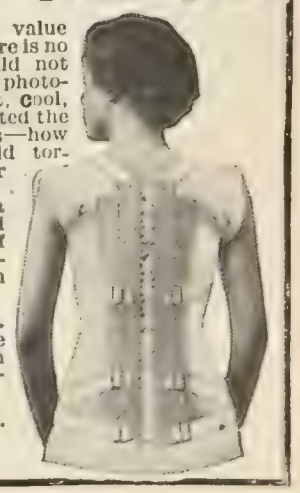
## 30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

**Send For Our Free Book.**

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.



**PHILO BURT MFG. CO.**
**339-20 Odd Fellows Temple**
**JAMESTOWN, N. Y.**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

tended victim may have a gun himself, plus the permit, in which case the would-be robber is somewhat "out of luck."

For these reasons Berlin crooks and thieves prefer to earn their living by the more intricate, more dangerous (to themselves) methods of housebreaking, burglary, and picking pockets. Yet Germany still is suffering from the war psychology, and has been at real peace with the world and itself for only two years.

Even in Soviet Russia, in the big cities, there are fewer holdups than in the American big cities. I have walked the streets of Moscow at four in the morning with less concern than I would the streets of New York. In Russia, practically no one except trusted government employees may carry revolvers, and certainly Russia should be suffering one avalanche of aftermaths of war.

One of the detectives I talked to put it this way:

"The guy with the gun is dangerous because he's got no imagination. He doesn't know what a gun means. He doesn't know what death means.

"His friends talk about 'knocking 'em off.' It's just a phrase to him. He can't see himself ending a man's life—the whole tragedy of it.

"ALL right. He sees the ad in the paper and gets the gun. He goes out on a job. Maybe somebody puts up a fight. His pal says 'knock him off.' All that means to him is—pull the trigger. He's too scared, he's too young, he's too stupid to know what he's doing.

"He doesn't know until he gets to the death house, and then he's up against it himself.

"He doesn't really want a gun; he's not a gun-fighter. He takes a gun because he's too scared to tackle a fellow his own size, let alone a whole crowd, without a gun. He shoots when he's scared. But he shoots only when he knows they're not going to shoot back.

"Get him into a corner, give him an even break, and he'll lay down. He never shoots it out with us. Put a gun in his hand and he's dangerous. Take it away and you can step on him."

CERTAINLY, perusal of newspaper files will confirm the fact that the gun-getter rarely exchanges bullets with the police. In any given emergency, when the police have been aided by a stool pigeon and surprise him in action, there is abject surrender.

"How about," I asked, "the gunmen like Kid Dropper, the gun-fighters of the East Side in New York, in Chicago, in the big industrial cities?"

"They don't worry us. We know them. They're scared of the police. They're only big as newspaper stories, and maybe they're big to the dumbbells who hang around them. You never notice them put up much of a fight with us.

"That's not the kind we're worried about. It's the brand new, fresh holdup men—kid gun-getters—who are responsible for the new murders."

Would there be, I asked, difficulty in enforcing a Federal prohibition of revolvers?

"Certainly there'd be bootlegging, but only in isolated cases. We haven't much trouble enforcing the local law. We can keep track of the gun trade easily enough. But all our precautions are made useless by the fact that it is so simple for any kid to get a gun; and every new kid who gets a gun is a new source of trouble. There's no way of checking up on him—until he's caught."

If it's any consolation to you, it has been shown that many of the latest gun-getters have never used guns before. They don't even bother going to shooting galleries to practice. So if you are disturbed by the new crime wave, take heart in the realization that the new gun-fighter's aim is not good, and, luck with you, the bullet meant for you may hit your neighbor.

THE END

*A packing case filled with pistols and revolvers taken from gunmen in New York City by the police and tagged for destruction. Most of these firearms were bought through the mails by drug addicts and other types of young criminals.*


# Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn $150 a Week

C. E. COMER, President of the Comer Manufacturing Company, wearing a Comer suit. Look at the style! Notice the fit! And the amazing low price! Think how easily you can sell hundreds of these suits. Mail the coupon AT ONCE for full details.

This Suit Only **$9.95**

If you are looking for the big chance—your real opportunity to make money—this is it. If you have the ambition and the vision to go after $500 to $1,000 a month profit for yourself, then you will realize that this is the one opportunity you have been looking for.

## Stylish, Long Wearing Suit

Now read this carefully. Get it! On the left is a picture of a suit of clothes. It's a good suit of clothes—stylish—good looking. It fits. It holds its shape. The pattern is excellent. Thousands of men in your locality need this new, modern, sensible, low priced suit.

## Wears Like Iron!

Listen! The treatment this suit will stand is almost unbelievable. It is made entirely of a special cloth that is amazingly strong, durable, tough and long wearing. It is unaffected by treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit.

## Tremendous Demand

And now we're making this wonder suit in tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thousands. All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit.

And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives. The result is amazing. It brings this suit to the wearer at a price that is revolutionary—a price that every one can afford to pay—a price that makes it the greatest clothing value in years.

## An Amazing Suit for Only $9.95

Think. $9.95 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere, through whom our customers can send us their orders.

Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn $30 or $40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make $1,000 a month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you.

## A Few Hour's Spare Time Will Convince You

If you feel you want to devote only spare time to the work, that is satisfactory to us. You can earn $10 to $20 a day in a few hours. You will find in a few days that it will pay you to give this work more time—for your earnings will depend entirely on how many men you see.

***Write Today*** Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete descriptions, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

**C. E. Comer, Pres., THE COMER MFG. CO.**

**Dept. 1047-F, Dayton, Ohio**

NOTICE

The Comer Manufacturing Co. is one of the most successful businesses of its kind in the world, with 12 years of experience back of it. It owns and occupies a modern concrete steel building with 65,000 sq. ft. of floor space where it manufactures all of its merchandise. The business has been built on the policy of giving exceptional values to customers, and fair, square treatment to its representatives.

**MAIL NOW FOR FULL DETAILS**

**C. E. COMER, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 1047-F, Dayton, O.**

Please send at once details of your new $9.95 suit proposition that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as $150 a week. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

*Just Use This Amazing Shaving Invention And—*

# *I'll Guarantee* To Keep You in Razor Blades for Life!

HERE is a surprising invention that has upset all established traditions and revolutionized shaving almost over night. It carries my sensational written guarantee that you never need buy blades again—and marks such a radical advance in shaving comfort that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper.

KRISS-KROSS is a *super*-stropper—a blade *rejuvenator!* Almost literally it makes a new blade out of an old one every day—makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before. Until you've seen KRISS-KROSS and tested its uncanny ingenuity, you'll never know how sensational this offer is!

### 365 Shaves a Year From One Blade!

KRISS-KROSS employs the diagonal stroke, same as a barber uses. Never before has anyone captured the secret of successfully reproducing this stroke automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain. Strops from heavy to light. Adjustable automatic jig flies up and notifies you that the blade is ready—ready with the *keenest cutting edge that steel can take.*

No wonder that this super-stropper prolongs the life of any make blade, single or double edge, for weeks, months and years! Think what it means! No more bother about remembering to buy new blades! No more "raking" with dull ones! KRISS-KROSS coupled with my startling offer below, solves your blade problem for all time. Keen, velvet-smooth shaves forever. And think of the economy!

### Sensational Offer

And now for my smashing offer! To introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper to those who have not yet seen it, during the next 30 days I am giving with it, *free*, a new kind of razor. This unique razor with 5 special process blades completes the outfit which I guarantee to keep you in razor blades for life! Here's how the plan works. Use the blades and keep renewing them with KRISS-KROSS super-stropper. If one of them goes back on you for any reason (except rusting or nicking) return them and I'll recondition or replace them with new ones. No strings. No red tape. I give my amazing guarantee in writing. It is an iron-clad agreement to keep you in razor blades for life!

**THIS MYSTERY RAZOR FREE!**

Really 3 razors in one. Adjustable to any position. Novel feature reduces beard resistance 45% and simply zips through the toughest crop of whiskers. Absolutely unique and surprising!

### Send for Full Details at Once

Write for free information on this astonishing new invention and introductory offer. KRISS-KROSS is never sold in stores. You deal direct with me or my authorized representative. Send for description and full details of this limited offer. It's even more remarkable than I can tell you in this small space. No obligation! Just clip and mail the coupon today!

**AGENTS: $100 - $225 a Week!**

Make big money with KRISS-KROSS! Free razor boosts sales amazingly. H. King made $66 one day. E. F. Kinsey, Penn., made $28 in 1½ hours. Others average $30 to $66 a day. Every man buys on sight. SPARE-TIME workers, OFFICE and FACTORY men make $6-$12 extra a day showing KRISS-CROSS to friends and fellow employes. S. Kantala made $154 extra working evenings three weeks. Get details at once. Check bottom of coupon and mail it tonight!

RHODES MFG. CO., Inc.,
1418 Pendleton Ave., Dept. K-380, St. Louis, Mo.

Without obligation, please send me full details of your special introductory offer to keep me in Razor Blades for LIFE. Also send me full description of KRISS-KROSS stropper and FREE adjustable razor.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check this space if you are interested in making money as an authorized KRISS-KROSS representative.

Rhodes' KRISS KROSS STROPPER
Dept. K-380
1418 Pendleton Ave., ST. LOUIS, MO.


# *Do You Encourage or Stifle* INITIATIVE?

A YOUNG bench worker in a big industrial plant had an idea that promised a radical improvement in the machine the factory produced. Enthusiastic over it, he hastened to the general office, asked to see the superintendent, and began to explain.

"If you have anything to tell me, write it out and send it in!" snapped the superintendent. "Who gave you permission to leave your work?"

The young man did not put his idea in writing. Rebuffed, he continued to work for a few months, working out the details of his idea at home. He patented it, allied himself with a rival company, and has become wealthy. His idea resulted in one of the greatest improvements ever made in the automobile.

A young bench worker walked into the office of the late John M. Patterson, head of the National Cash Register Company.

"Mr. Patterson," he said, "I have an idea for an improvement."

"Sit down and tell me about it," said Mr. Patterson.

The result was a radical improvement in the cash register and a good position and stock in the company for the inventor.

THOSE two instances illustrate the variance of attitudes of employers and bosses toward employees who show initiative. The trend of modern industry is all toward the encouragement of initiative and in cultivating that trait among the workers. The majority of the great industries of today analyze each worker, study him to see what qualifications for advancement he has and especially to discover whether or not he possesses the rarest of all the industrial virtues—initiative.

The belief that ideas or suggestions are unwelcome is rapidly being eradicated in the mechanical industries, but it prevails to a great extent in many offices and stores. The owners and the department heads of great mechanical industries know that the big ideas or the germs of the big ideas for improvements frequently originate with the men who do the work. Given the germ of the idea, the engineering departments will develop its utility.

In most big concerns a stated amount is paid for ideas. If, subsequently, such ideas become valuable, the man suggesting the idea is adequately rewarded.

According to many experts, the lack of initiative among workers is primarily due to the old practice of suppressing children. These experts declare the old saying, that "children should be seen and not heard," has done more to destroy value in workers than almost anything else.

THE END

*A Permanent Vacation*

**And they sure get big pay for it**

AT the Beach, playing nights, with all day to themselves. The most pleasant vocation imaginable. Musicians are in big demand.

Every "King" Instrument has the latest improvements—is built by experts and is laboratory-tested before being shipped. Every "King" is fully guaranteed.

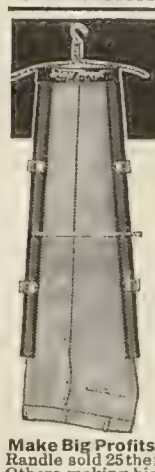
It is easy to own a "King" Instrument. They are sent on 10 days free trial and sold on convenient payment terms.

"King" Band Instruments and Saxophones are fully described in beautifully illustrated catalogs. Send for free copy.

Write for list of bargains in rebuilt instruments.

THE H. N. WHITE CO.
*Makers of* KING *Band Instruments*
5217-78 Superior Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

THE H. N. WHITE CO.
5217-78 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me free, your latest catalog of
KING _____ (Instrument)
*Name* _____
*Address* _____
*City* _____ *State* _____



**$123 the First WEEK**

**"I worked 6 days, 6 hours a day, and made $123 selling 'Stay-Prest' Trouser Pressers."**
**J. W. Varner, Iowa**

"Stay-Prest" Trouser Presser sells quick to every man—thousands in use. Men and women are cleaning up big profits with this fast seller. Sells on sight. Priced low. Big cash profit for you. You take orders. We deliver. Your profit in advance. **Wonderful new invention.** Puts perfect creases in trousers. Takes out wrinkles and baggy knees. Easy to use—takes less than half a minute. Folds into small size. Saves clothes and tailor bills.

**Make Big Profits-Others Do.** Jack Ames made $24 in four hours. Randle sold 25 the first day. Mary Roberts made $10 in one evening. Others making big profits in spare or full time. So can you. You risk nothing. We start you. Write quick for FREE selling outfit and full details of money-making selling plan.
**FREE**
THE GETGEY-JUNG CO., K-153 G & J Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**Stenographer Earned $1000.00 During Lunch Hours**

**Selling Xmas Cards**

Esther McCall, Ark. earned $59 first day—Mary Kline, Pa. earned $164 in four days—W. C. Allen, Ohio earned $1000 spare time showing our

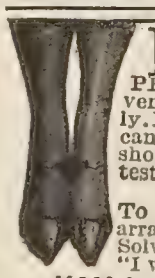
**Personal Christmas Greeting Cards**

that sell on sight. No selling experience necessary. Double your income—earn $5.00 to $10.00 every hour you can spare.

*Weekly pay checks. Bonus checks every month. No money required. We furnish everything.*

**$10 Outfit Free** Write quick! Start at once making big money. Rush season right at hand.

THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.
318 W. Washington St., Dept. 9001 Chicago, Ill.



**BUNIONS**

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. Pain stops instantly. Hump vanishes as though by magic. You can have shapely feet and wear smaller shoes with comfort. More than 100,000 test cases prove this.

SENT ON TRIAL

To prove instant relief, I will gladly arrange to send you a box of PEDODYNE Solvent to try. No obligation. Just say—"I want to try Pedodyne." Address

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. N1016
186 N. La Salle Street Chicago, Ill.

**CALLOUSES**

Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.

*At drug and shoe stores—35¢*

*Dr Scholl's Zino-pads*

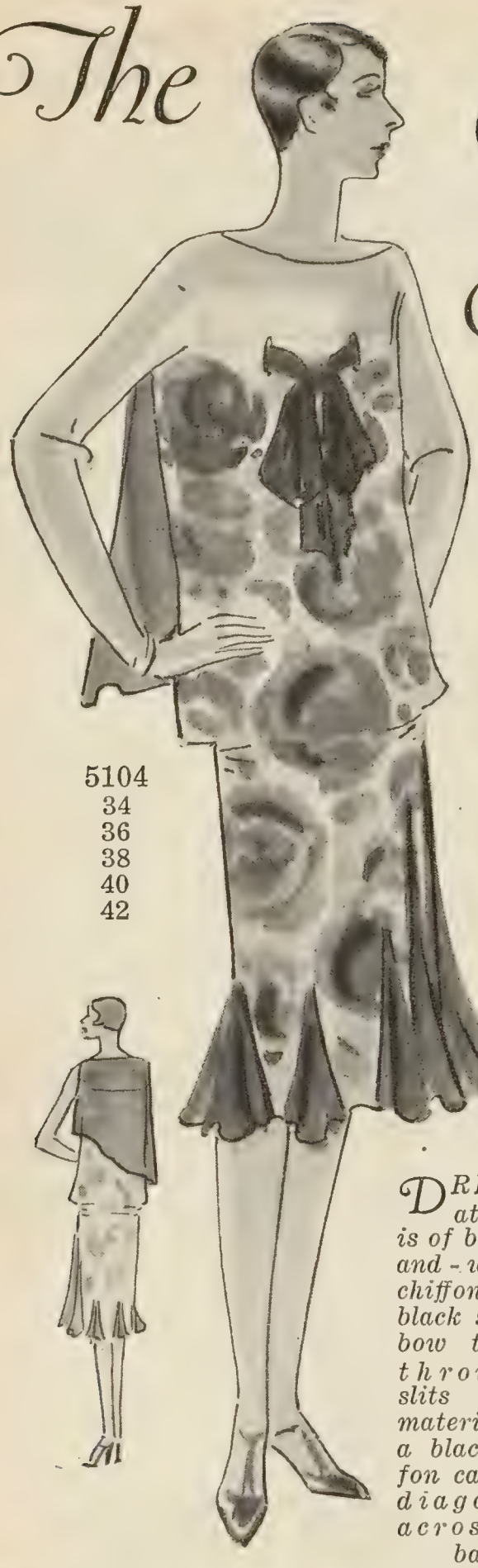
*Put one on—the pain is gone*

For *Free Sample* write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

# The Style Trend Favors the Decorative

By Mary Brush Williams

SPECIAL PATTERNS by May Manton



5104
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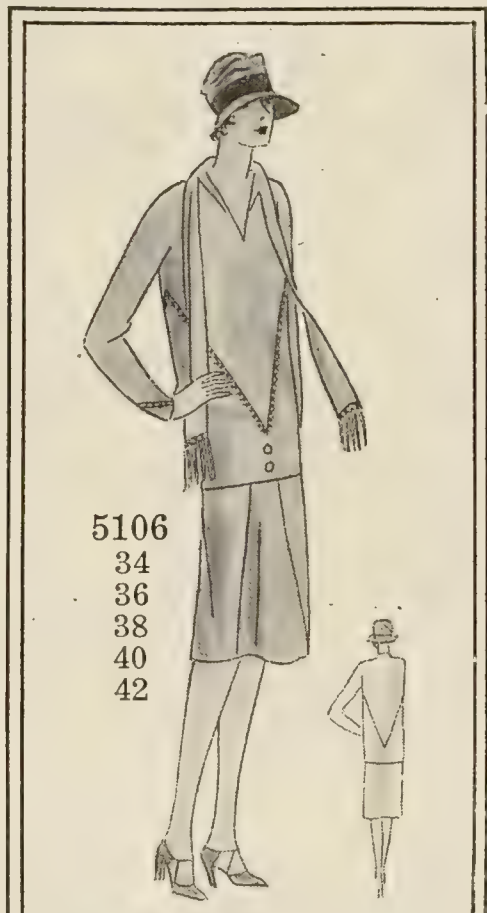
*DRESS at left is of black-and-white chiffon. A black satin bow ties through slits in the material, and a black chiffon cape cuts diagonally across the back.*



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*OF sand-colored crepe marocain, with faggoting along the pointed seams and a fringed scarf collar. There is a full godet in the front of the skirt.*

5107
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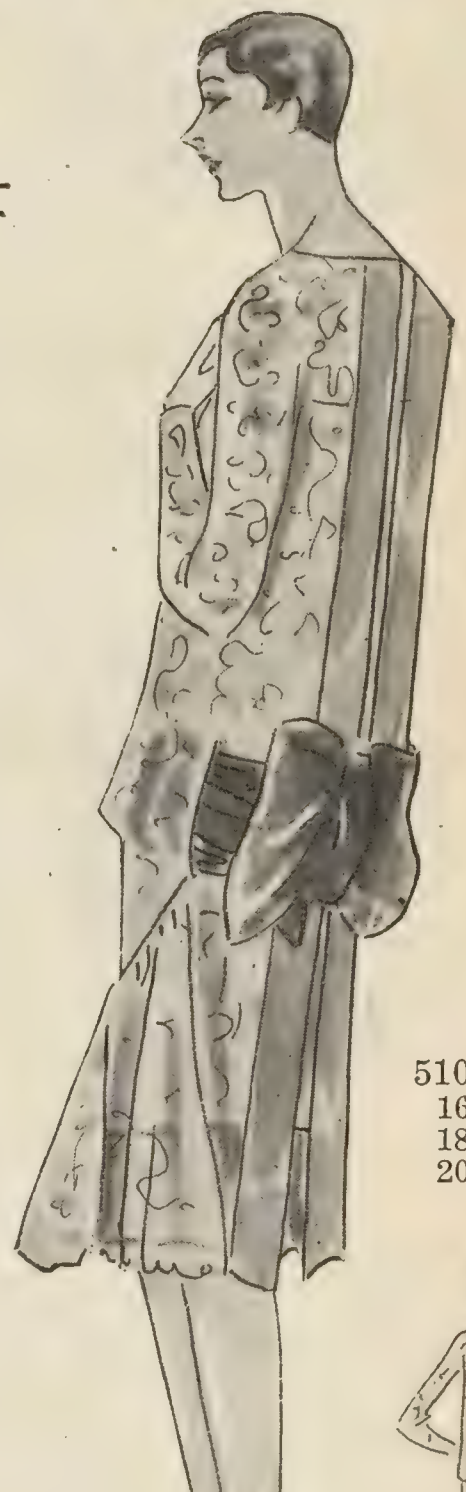
*AN afternoon dress in orchid-pink taffeta. Coarse-meshed silver net forms pointed flounces on skirt and sleeves. The bow at front starts at side seams.*



5105
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*RIGHT: A dress of mauve-brown lace, with bands of brown georgette going down the back, and a brown velvet girdle passing under the lace at the front.*

GREAT initials embroidered on the lining in the left-hand corner of one's cape. Or a bow somewhere about one's person, coming through slits in the outside material of the dress.

A small draped hat in the tam-o'-shanter effect, with a narrow brim and a butterfly embroidered across the front of the crown. Or another with that high crown drawn tightly toward the apex of the head and twisted into a button effect at one side of the top. Or maybe a fashion newer still—with the spreading sheep's-head effect, achieved with two rosettes, one of which droops over either ear of the wearer.

A neck trimmed by a jabot, or cravat, fastened under a turndown collar.

The French cannot leave sleeves alone. Sometimes the cuff is deep and spreading. Round that spreading line, which reaches midway to the elbows, runs a band of white organdie, crepe de Chine, or georgette, cut on the bias and falling toward the wrist.

Some of the sleeves have a tight opening through which to pass the hand, and from that opening falls an oblong piece. Some of the tight sleeves are edged with an old-fashioned ruffle, and some finish with a puff at the wrist. The governing principle is to keep the sleeve tight to the elbow and after that to go as far as you like.

Such are a few of the details that ought to put the seal of up-to-dateness on you, and, if possible, they should be carried on a background of something tailored, like a suit.

The two-piece dress has not yet been hit the body blow we were anticipating. There is a possible fall costume consisting of a V-shaped sweater effect in velvet, and a plaited skirt—in kasha or alpaca, or even in crepe de Chine.

For something less dressy, you might use a skirt and blouse made like a sweater, all in the same material, with bands of a number of different shades of the same color round the hips to mark the bottom of the bodice. The last band would turn back, and its top edge would be left unstitched for a space on either side to form pockets.

The cloth coat pressing most ardently for favor this winter has the diagonal opening. The straight line, too, is very good. There is one with a high collar, a long, straight-lined silhouette, and plaits falling straight down either side from the hips. For travel and for country, the raglan outline as popularized by Madame Lanvin several seasons ago is more than good. Capes are still popular.

These hints, supplementing the illustrations, should point the way to the right costumes for your fall wardrobe.

## Order Special Patterns

by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted.

Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number.

Send with your full address to: LIBERTY MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, P. O. Box 418, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Ask Your Dealer For CHEX Soap——Today!

# CHEX

## Does *MORE* Than Soap

### CHEX Nourishes Your Skin Like A Cream
### CHEX Banishes Perspiration Odors for 36 Hours
### CHEX Completely Eliminates Dandruff ~ ~ ~

*"You'll love it—*
*I know you will."*

(*Signed*) ***Odean Garrison.***

KEEP your skin soft, smooth and clear with the "wonder soap"—CHEX. While it cleanses,—a special ingredient in CHEX nourishes your skin. No other soap is like it. It softens the texture. It smoothes the surface by removing the "nap" or dead skin. It keeps the skin clear of all blemishes by purifying the pores.

Keep your body clean, sweet and pure with CHEX. It is a soap and a deodorant in one. It banishes perspiration odors or any body odor for 36 hours or more! Odors are caused by an accumulation of decomposed fatty waste and acids at the base of the pores. CHEX *dissolves* these—and washes them away. *CHEX leaves no odor of its own.*

Keep your hair pretty and your scalp healthy with CHEX. After a CHEX shampoo, your hair is more lustrous, seems heavier and appears richer in color. All dandruff is eliminated—and CHEX prevents its return.

**banishes dandruff**

The most stubborn case of dandruff can be completely eliminated—by the regular use of CHEX for the shampoo. *Try It!*

More than 1,600 physicians tested and voluntarily endorsed CHEX before it was offered to the public. Beauty specialists have praised its many virtues—not the least of which is the extreme mildness of its lather. No matter how tender your skin, it cannot irritate or smart. CHEX —*The Wonder Soap.* It Does *MORE* Than Soap!

Get CHEX Soap from your drug or department store—25c a cake. Or—SEND COUPON FOR A LARGE TRIAL CAKE.

**Pioneer Products Co., Dept. A-8, Dayton, Ohio.**
I enclose_____. Send postpaid, size of Chex marked
50c box Chex ☐ 25c cake of Chex ☐
10c Large Trial Size ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

# Changing Fashions Among Beauty Seekers

## How Fewer Clothes Are Forcing Women to Grow Handsomer and Healthier

An Article by
EILEEN BOURNE

*Picture by* EVERETT SHINN

*THE skirt—brief enough to display shapely, slender legs.*

I WENT down in response to a telegram that said:

Will arrive Grand Central at 10 A. M.

My feelings were a mixture of gladness at seeing a woman friend after years of separation and curiosity as to how she would register now.

My eye was filled with an arresting figure of a dark and dashing young woman whose deep brown hair was bobbed and waved under a Reboux variation of a draped felt hat of sand color. The lips were tinted with a pleasing frankness. The rich carmine rouge on her cheeks was toned down with a creamy powder.

A dark blue tailleur enveloped the figure, the skirt narrow and brief enough to display shapely, slender legs incased in sheer chiffon hose of a color to match her hat. Her arched feet were in patent-leather pumps with the modish thin strap across the ankle.

We recognized each other and exclaimed simultaneously:

"I never would have known you!"

The last time I saw Katherine was as a bride in her new home. She was crowned with a great mop of her own hair, exaggerated by rats and huge puffs, tacked down here and there with tortoiseshell pins studded with stones. Her nose shone frankly; her face was innocent of paint, her lips of rouge.

A white shirtwaist, belted in, held a fulsome figure in leash, and a skirt containing at least five yards of heavy material swept the floor. Her clothing weighed possibly eight pounds, net—for it was winter.

Katherine's figure was constrained to conform to the prevailing mode:

A whaleboned straitjacket, extending from just below the bust and pulled in at the waist to the proportion of a wasp's, forcing the hips into prominence.

At that time I daily carried many pounds of "dress" to my newspaper desk, and there, under my own heavily padded head of hair, my brain grappled with beauty problems as submitted to Lillian Russell, the first authority on beauty to give her services to the press, and for whom I was acting secretary. In the course of another year it was to be my good fortune to fall heir to the beauty editorship, succeeding Miss Russell. In the intervening years I have seen a remarkable evolution in female beauty.

The contrast between 1914 and 1926 is so great that I have had to check myself up several times to be sure I am not confusing 1914 with the Victorian era. It does not seem possible that high button shoes prevailed then, and the long skirt.

At that time the advertisements were modest and circumspect. In library indexes, beauty was classified as Aesthetics and submerged under such heads as Art and Beauty, Beauty and Wisdom, The True, the Good, and the Beautiful.

Whether dress is designed to fit the figure or the figure the dress; I do not know. But in 1918, with the advent of the tight hobble skirt, woman emerged wholesale from the shackles of obesity.

When I began to prepare pamphlets and formulas for my correspondents, there were few calls for leg and ankle reduction. Today, how to reduce, develop, or cultivate the ankle is one of woman's most absorbing problems.

Seekers for advice in those early days sought remedies for corns and other ailments that go with overtight shoes. Today such requests are reduced to a minimum by the general adoption of shoes to fit the feet.

Then, when women were spoken of as handsome, they were accepted on generous lines, and a thirty-eight bust was a fairly delicate measure. A large percentage of my mail carried requests for recipes, formulas, and diets for developing the bust. Girls wanted to know how to cultivate long eyelashes and how to brighten the eyes.

The smile was stressed in beauty articles as one of the great feminine charms. Yet there were millions of women who charmed without the gleaming line of sound white teeth that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

## "She's always cheerful and full of pep—Wonder how she does it!"

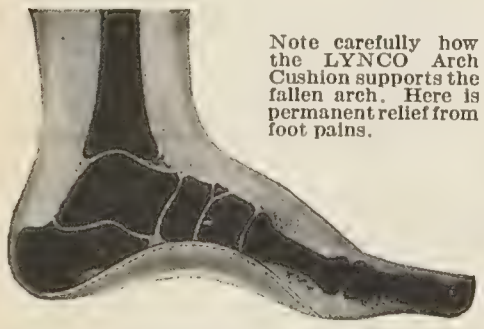
And yet there are thousands of men and women today who are chronically handicapped by weak or fallen arches. Severe foot pains—strained tendons and ligaments of the leg—can most often be traced to weak or fallen arches.

LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions, because of their sponge-like resiliency (they are made of special cellular rubber, covered with soft leather—no metal), gradually and effectively restore the fallen arch to its natural position.

LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions do not punish the feet like hard, unyielding metal supports—no propped-up, tight, unnatural position for the arch to take.

LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions conform to every natural foot movement and allow free and easy play of the arch. The lightest arch support made—can be worn with any weight shoes without cutting them.

See your doctor, chiropodist or shoe dealer, or write us for full information.



Note carefully how the LYNCO Arch Cushion supports the fallen arch. Here is permanent relief from foot pains.

KLEISTONE RUBBER CO., INC.
100 Cutler Street Warren, R. I.

Lynco

EASY-WEAR FOOT AIDS



# Double Keen!

# Double Clean!

## *Make The Twice-Over a Once-Over*

THE Gem Double Life Blade gives a double-clean shave in half time! Its double-keen shaving edge gets the hair at the dermal line the first stroke! Double-heavy, double-reinforced, double-durable—it keeps giving brand new shaves long after other blades have expired! Made of better tempered steel, it leaves you in a better temper after the shave! Double-protected, double-sealed—backed by our double-satisfaction guarantee. Sold everywhere.

*P. S.—Your money does double-duty when it buys the Gem de Luxe Razor. And to make sure that every Gem owner is double-happy, our service department will make good for any frame that isn't 100% perfect—no matter how long it's been in use. Send it to*

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

# GEM *Double Life* BLADES


[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

betokens the present-day charmer.

The word "pyorrhea" still was in the medical and chemical laboratories. For one query about mouth hygiene in the old days I have five hundred today.

If the woman of 1914 could pick up a 1926 magazine without knowing what the intervening years have brought she would probably faint and, upon reviving, telephone the Society for the Prevention of Everything.

Woman's crowning beauty not so long ago was her hair; and tonics, inspired by the luxuriantly endowed Sutherland Sisters, were constantly sought. Ornamental hair bands flourished. A bandeau of tulle ending in large bows was fetching.

There were hair dyes on the market, but dyeing one's hair was akin to rouging the lips or painting the face or—unutterable vileness!—smoking a cigarette. It meant ostracism. Few queries came to the beauty editor about hair dyeing or make-up. Today's mail is full of them.

In 1914 women did not concern themselves with wrinkles until they were well etched into the face. Now they try to forestall them.

The veil, now obsolete, used to be looked upon as a complexion aid.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene upon which you need the advice of an expert? Perhaps your figure is too heavy or too thin. You may want to know how to get that enviable sheen on your hair; how to shampoo it properly. How to clear your complexion of blemishes. How to have lovely teeth and beautiful but useful hands.

Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your query or queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

With the advent of Eat and Grow Thin, about 1916, woman began to see herself as a figure that might be more attractive were there less of her to clothe.

My mail suddenly was cluttered with requests for diets, exercises, and nostrums for reducing.

I took a woman and reduced her thirty-six pounds in six weeks, which successful experiment brought a deluge of mail about reducing that never has subsided, and now my correspondence shows that the seven main things that interest women tremendously today are:

Reduction of weight, first and foremost.

Care of the hair—not quantity, but quality, gloss, sheen, and healthy scalps; care of the skin, involving everything from blackhead prevention to face-lifting; developing weight runs high in requests.

Instructions on teeth and mouth hygiene, superfluous hair, and perspiration remedies complete the list of best sellers.

All these demands have increased a thousand per cent in a decade and a fifth. Woman's ideal of beauty today is almost perfect, even allowing for the axiom that every generation thinks its own the best.

THE END

*Introducing*

LIBERTY'S
book of youth and beauty

EVERY WOMAN should do all she can to enhance the beauty she possesses and preserve it for later years.

In LIBERTY's Book of Youth and Beauty, Eileen Bourne, famous beauty expert, has filled 48 pages with practical advice about reducing—or, if you need it, how to gain weight—care of the skin, and hair, and many other topics that cover every phase of enhancing one's appearance.

LIBERTY's *Book of Youth and Beauty costs only* 10c. *Use the coupon to order one today.*

LIBERTY's BEAUTY BOOK,
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. **1**

*Please send me, for the enclosed* 10 *cents, a copy of* LIBERTY's *Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne.*

*Name*.....
**(Please print or write plainly in ink)**

*Street and No*.....

*City*.....*State*.....
8-14-26

# The Corbin Necklace

## *A Girl Changes Bridegrooms the Morning of Her Wedding Day*

A Serial by
HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

*Pictures by* JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

*I TURNED my torch on the thing and saw at once that I'd been done.*

OLD Mrs. Corbin's string of pearls were fabulously valuable, but the devil was in them. They almost wrecked Judy Corbin's life. Judy was the old lady's granddaughter. I was the Corbins' bachelor neighbor and had been Judy's slave since her babyhood.

She left off being a child when she ran away from school seeking adventure, met Bill Grant, fell in love with him, and, through a lovers' misunderstanding, managed to lose him. She never laid eyes on him again until he turned up as one of the wedding party when she was on the eve of marrying his cousin, Bruce Applebury. Their love flared up afresh. But by that time the necklace had begun its sinister work.

Victoria Corbin, Judy's mother, desperately needing money and hating old Mrs. Corbin, her mother-in-law, had had the necklace copied. She fooled the old lady with the imitation and borrowed $25,000 at the bank on the real string, pretending she owned it.

As the wedding day approached, the necklace was the chief theme of conversation. Would it be Judy's wedding gift?

Then the false pearls were mysteriously stolen and as mysteriously returned. In terror of detection, Victoria induced the groom-to-be to put up the money and redeem the real string. Judy, on the point of eloping with Bill, found herself bought, in a sense, by Bruce. But happily her grandmother gave her the false pearls in good faith, so she wrote to Bruce to keep the real ones, and breathed again. The elopement was almost accomplished when Bruce was robbed of the treasure. He accused Bill of the theft.

Old Mrs. Corbin held an impromptu court and flung Bruce a check for his $25,000. Punch, Judy's kid brother, playing sleuth, actually succeeded in trapping the burglar—Raglan his name was—an old hand at the game. Ethelbert Smith, a guest, induced this thief to talk by playing on his vanity.

PART TEN

"WHEN was it you stole the imitation necklace from Mrs. Corbin's safe?" old Mr. Smith asked the thief. "Wednesday night?"

Raglan shook his head. "I hadn't a chance. I'd planned to, but the old woman wouldn't quiet down—kept ringing for her nurse and quarreling with her. Wanted more dope than the nurse would give her, evidently. So I had to wait. I got my chance the next day. Just the time the lad here thought. I don't know how he figured it out. The servants were all at lunch, I knew, and the family out on the veranda waiting for the guests to come. It was a close connection, but I figured the safe wouldn't give me any trouble, and it didn't. I didn't waste any time about it, though.

"I got the necklace, dropped it into my pocket, shut the safe, and came out into the hall. Everything was all right and I had a

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[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Preceding Page]

clear out, down the servants' stairs. I had my case with me and anybody I might have met would have thought I'd come back that morning to finish up the work I'd started.

*"Oh, yes," said Punch, wriggling a little under the ordeal of being publicly kissed. "I don't mind your marrying as long as it's Bill."*

"I stood there with my hand in my pocket, feeling the necklace. I hadn't taken time to examine it. It hadn't occurred to me to doubt that it was all right. But it did now. The feel of it was just a shade off, enough to make me suspicious.

"Just then I heard someone coming up the main stairs, so I went up instead of down; back to that damned box room. There I turned my torch on the thing and saw at once that I'd been done. So I settled down to think it out.

"The old lady had been done, too, some time or other. That was plain enough. There was no doubt about her thinking this was the right string. There wasn't any doubt, either, when I thought it over, that by taking the phony string I'd played straight into somebody's hands. Whoever had made the substitution had nothing more to worry about now. I was the goat and I didn't like it.

"Of course, if the real necklace had actually been stolen and disposed of, there was no help for it. But there was almost as good a chance that it had been borrowed—pawned perhaps.

"THAT seemed more likely the more I thought about it. Whoever had pawned it must have been sweating blood over what would happen when the old woman gave the necklace to the girl. They'd have one good laugh over the boob who'd stolen the imitation necklace, and think no more about it.

"Well, then, why not put the phony string back in the old woman's room? It might not do anything more than take the laugh off me. But it might, do you see, do duty as a decoy for the real one. Besides, it would make everybody think that some fool amateur had taken the thing, lost his nerve, and brought it back; head off a lot of prying around.

"That night I started out in my pajamas, had a bath and shaved in the nearest bathroom, went downstairs and put the necklace back. I'd have put it back in the safe, but the nurse was sleeping there that night, so I didn't chance it. I went back upstairs feeling pretty good. And then I got a devil of a jolt."

Punch grinned. "When I came upstairs after you," he asked, "and turned on the light in the billiard-room?"

"My God!" murmured Raglan, after a long stare at him.

"You see," said Punch, "I saw the pajamas going across in the moonlight. That's how I knew about the tear in the leg. There are lots of nails sticking out in the trunk closet. I might have thought of that. But when you went upstairs I couldn't think why anybody should, or, rather, why anybody who slept upstairs should have come down, so I followed up to see. Well, I didn't see anything or hear anything, so I came back. I was sort of scared myself."

The first look of bewilderment in Raglan's face had deepened into one of sour disgust. Mr. Smith set about restoring his complacency.

"Well, your plan worked," he commented. "The imitation necklace served to decoy the real one back, just as you meant it to.

"If you remember," he added, turning to me, "it was the curiously imaginative quality of this stroke which gave the whole affair, to my mind, the look—what you will perhaps allow me to call the style—we were speaking of. I should have recognized his handiwork from that alone."

Raglan beamed again and took a dainty draft or two of his cigar.

"Oh, there was nothing to it, really," he said, with a falsely deprecatory air that made me want to hit him. "It needed a bit of luck to put it through, but I had it right enough, and I knew I had it, too.

"I HEARD our young friend Applebury getting his instructions, the first thing yesterday morning, to go to the bank and get the real necklace. I knew it would be somewhere in this house before night.

"I didn't know where it would be. It might turn out to be in any one of four places. The girl might have it, or her mother, or her grandmother—though I doubted if they'd trust it again to that Noah's Ark of a safe.

"But it struck me that the best chance of all was Applebury. He'd put up his money for it, and he'd hang on to it if he could. So I decided to try his room first.

"I made another of my mistakes then. I didn't realize there was anyone left alive in the world who'd be such a fool as to try to guard a thing by sleeping with it under his pillow. I thought he'd either hide it seriously, or else attach it somehow to his person; put it on around his neck. That would have been the simplest thing.

"I chose the other alternative first, since it wouldn't involve giving him a tap on the

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head. I began a search of the room. I began with the bureau, and found it wasn't there. Then I heard someone coming, and slid into the bay window, behind one of the curtains. There was an amateur thief on the job, it seemed, in pajamas, just as I was.

"I watched him pretty close through a crack between the curtain and the wall. It was possible, of course, that he'd get the thing. He was a rank amateur, all right. He hadn't rummaged more than a second or two over the bureau top before he hit something with his hand and moved it with a rattle.

"Applebury waked up, and I never wanted to laugh more, when I couldn't afford to, than I did then. Because he slid his hand straight under his pillow and showed me where the thing was. Then he said, 'Who's there?' Another fool thing to do.

"AS I suppose you know, it was his cousin, Grant. Grant said he'd come in for cigarettes, took them, and went away.

"I stayed where I was, of course, and waited for things to quiet down. They didn't for quite a while. Grant was ramming around in the next room, trying to dress without making a light. I was afraid he'd waken everybody on the floor. He didn't, though, and at last I heard him go down the stairs.

"But the house didn't perfectly quiet down even then. Every little while I'd hear a sound. Something was going on, and I couldn't make out what it was. Of course I stayed right where I was, by the window. I hadn't stirred out of my tracks, of course. I had stood there so long I felt as if I'd grown to the rug. Applebury was sound asleep again. No need waiting any longer for him.

"Then I happened to look out of the window, and saw Grant and the girl making a get-away. Well, that was made to order for me, or so it looked, anyhow. I might have known it looked too good to be true.

"It involved a change in my plan, of course. I had meant to shave and go back to the box room and wait till the time of the wedding this afternoon. I knew there'd be hundreds of people here, with a special train coming down from town and all that. Then I'd put on these clothes that I'm wearing now, come downstairs, and be one of the guests. I even thought of staying for the ceremony and picking up a ride back to town.

"It was a pretty sort of idea, the sort that looks good when you think of it, although on general principles the sooner you can get away after you've got what you've come for, the better.

"Now, of course, there was no question about it. The girl had gone and there wouldn't be any wedding, and with the necklace gone, on top of that, there would be one hell of a commotion.

"The thing for me to do was to get out. There'd be no question in anybody's mind but that the elopers had the necklace. Applebury would think his cousin had come back and got it. If I ever saw anything that looked like plain sailing, I saw it then.

"I got the necklace without any trouble, and went back to the box room to dress in those filthy working clothes you found me in. These I've got on are too damned light colored and conspicuous for a get-away of that sort.

"Then I came back to the head of the stairs and stopped short. Somebody was doing a regular sentry go in the hall below, back and forth, back and forth. I thought he'd get tired of it pretty soon and I'd hear a door shut somewhere and know the coast was clear. But I didn't. I don't know who it was, nor what he was doing it for, but he kept it up until daylight. So I had to go back and hide again."

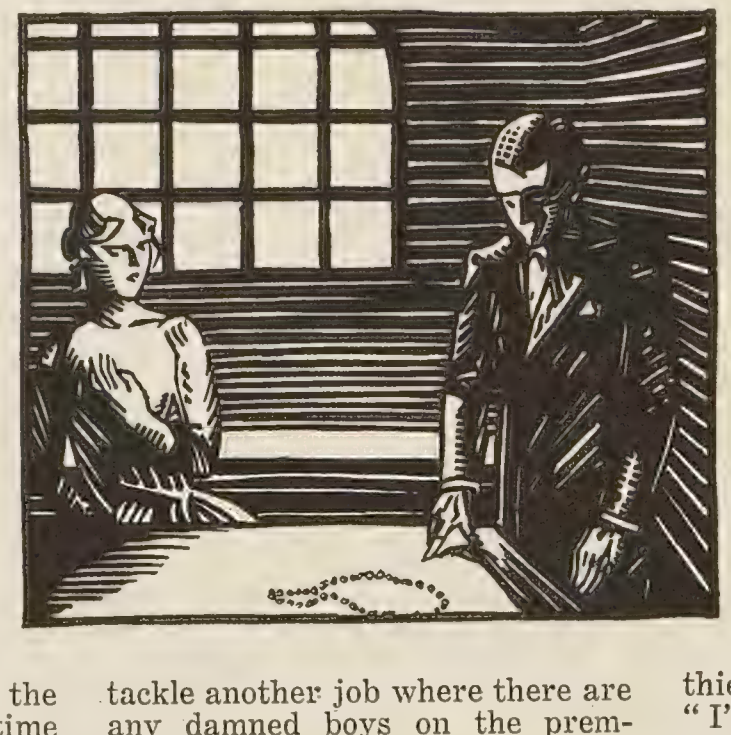
He must have read something in our faces, for he turned once more to Punch.

"Don't tell me *that* was you, too!" he snapped.

Punch nodded. "I wasn't waiting for you, though," he said. "I didn't have my rifle or anything."

"Oh, my God!" cried Raglan, with as deep a concentration of bitterness as I've ever heard in human voice.

"Well, I know now," he went on after a while, addressing Mr. Smith, "what my real mistake was. And I swear to God I'll never make it again. I'll never



tackle another job where there are any damned boys on the premises."

"You know, that, I believe," said Mr. Smith, "is a perfectly sound idea."

BUT Raglan was past being wooed back into a good humor.

"I'm sick of this damned country, anyhow," he declared. "The profession's being ruined by a lot of young hopheads, hooligans, stick-up boys who shoot first and try to think afterwards and find they haven't brains enough. It's no place for a gentleman, that's the trouble with this country. I'm going abroad again."

"After you've served out your sentence for this affair, I suppose you mean," said Mr. Smith.

"Served out my sentence!" Raglan laughed. "I'll go by the next boat. You're going to take me downstairs now, aren't you, and see me out through the front door? And if you're wise you'll send for a car to take me back to town."

"Punch," said Mr. Smith, "go find your Uncle Alexander."

Punch was gone in a flash.

Something else flashed too. Raglan saw it before I did and stiffened in his chair. Old Mr. Smith, with a steady hand, was pointing his automatic pistol straight at his head.

"Don't be a fool," said Raglan.

"I don't intend to be," said Mr. Smith.

"Then listen," said the thief: "Do you think I've been in this house four days without knowing what's been going on in it? I know enough queer things about this family to put it on the blink for the next twenty years. I tell you what I'll do unless you let me go, and let me go damn quick—I'll confess! Just ask the women, any one of them, how they'll like that. I know what I'm talking about."

IT was a thump rather than a knock that we heard at the door just then. I guessed who it was, gathered up my crutches, and went and opened it. There sat old Mrs. Corbin in her wheel chair, unattended. She must have run herself up in the elevator.

"You've taxed my curiosity beyond what it would bear," she announced grimly. "I hope what you've got for me in here is worth my coming up to look at."

It was an immense relief to me that she had come, and even more that she'd arrived on the scene ahead of her son. It was, after all, for her to decide what was to be done with our disgusting captive.

She turned a long stare upon him, and evidently saw him, despite his fine feathers, for exactly what he was, for, without a word of enlightenment either from Mr. Smith or from me, she said: "So this is the thief Punch has been thinking about for the whole of the past week? I'm glad he's been brought to light."

"Raglan is well up at the top of his class as a gem thief," Mr. Smith now explained. "I've known him and his exploits for years. But since Punch caught him and we took the necklace away from him, he seems to have turned his thoughts from burglary to blackmail."

"Blackmail, eh?" the old woman echoed, with a sardonic grin. "Well, you may tell him there's nothing in it. It's never worth while paying money to a blackmailer, and no one with decency enough to stay bought overnight will offer his silence for sale."

"Exactly," Mr. Smith agreed. "Raglan has been hidden," he went on, "most of the time since Wednesday, in the trunk closet on this floor. It appears that this room has certain acoustical peculiarities——"

"Been eavesdropping, has he—on me and Victoria? Well, he's

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[THE CORBIN NECKLACE Continued from Page Seventy-one]

welcome to tell his story to anyone he can get to listen. I don't like to look at him. Can't he be tied up and put out of sight somewhere till he can be taken to jail?"

Alec's arrival just then answered the question. Punch, who came back with him, had told him enough of the story to obviate the need of further explanations.

Raglan was looking venomous by now. He was evidently under a heavy temptation to free his mind. But Alexander Corbin had a way with him which, to one constitutionally averse to violence, must have been overpowering. He didn't take the trouble to tie the rascal; merely ordered him to stick his hands as deep as he could in his trousers pockets and walked him off at the muzzle of his revolver.

"Have some of the men take him to the lockup in the village," Mrs. Corbin told Alec, "and come back as soon as you've disposed of him. You'll find us in my sitting-room downstairs."

Punch was for following his uncle and the prisoner, but the old lady called him back.

"I shall want you," she said. Then she asked what time it was.

I wouldn't have believed, had not Mr. Smith's majestic timepiece confirmed the fact, that it was only 9 o'clock in the morning. Heavens, what a day! It had begun for me when Judy whispered my name through the window just before dawn, a bare five hours ago. Already it seemed a week. And there were people in this house now, plenty of them, just waking up and thinking lazily about breakfast; people to whom it still figured as the wedding day of Judith Corbin and Bruce Applebury!

I must have uttered some sort of consternated exclamation, for old Mrs. Corbin nodded at me with a grim smile. "This is only the beginning of it," she said. "Go down and have breakfast, both of you, and then come up at ten o'clock to my sitting-room. I'm an old woman—worse than old—and I can't put things off. I must settle them now, while I can. Take me down to my room, Punch."

## II

JUST as we finished breakfast, Victoria came in, and the old gentleman, perceiving that she wanted to talk to me, withdrew.

"Do you realize what's supposed to happen today?" she demanded. "There are more than a thousand people who've been invited to this wedding. There's a special train coming down from town. It's to leave at two o'clock. And there'll be hundreds coming from all around the county in cars.

"There's just one thing to do, unless we mean to have Belden meet them at the gate and send them home. Judy's grandmother's got to be suddenly ill. She could be, easily enough. Everybody knows about her. With all this excitement it's likely to happen, before night, anyhow.

"But if she'll agree to it now, within the half hour or so, we can call up all the afternoon papers in town and tell them the wedding's been postponed on account of it. We can cancel the special train and have someone at the station to tell them about it. We can telephone to a lot of people who'd be driving, and Belden can turn back the rest. The real story will get around, of course, but that won't matter so much. Even the people here in the house will have to pretend to believe what we tell them."

"Have you outlined that plan to Mrs. Corbin?" I asked.

"That's all it would need to make her turn it down," she said hotly. "Even if it had been her own idea, she'd jump to something else—heaven only knows what. I want you to put it up to her."

"Does Judy agree to it?"

She evaded this question.

"It was Judy's own idea when she wrote me that note, last night," she pointed out. "I don't see how she could object to it now."

I reflected that a good deal of water had gone under the bridge since Judy had written that note. I told Victoria that the plan sounded reasonable to me and that if nothing better turned up at the council the old lady had called for 10 o'clock—it was nearly that now—I'd advocate it.

She was bitterly disappointed at my answer, chose to regard it as a refusal, but it was the best I could do.

"She ought to be given something that would put her to sleep for the day. She's drunk, that's what she is—oh, with excitement, I mean. There's simply no telling what she'll do."

I agreed with the latter part of this statement. I wouldn't put anything beyond the old woman in her present mood, and I didn't blame Victoria for feeling jumpy.

"She's shown herself pretty competent, so far this morning," I pointed out, for whatever consolation there might be in that. "If she can keep it up, she may leave our practical wisdom looking foolish."

Victoria showed her opinion of this prophecy by getting up and leaving me.

"Do you know where Judy is now?" I asked.

She paused to say, "No, I don't."

"How about Bill Grant?" I persisted. "Has anything been heard from him?"

"He came back about an hour ago," she said. "Perhaps Belden could find him for you."

I gave up further inquiry at that, mounted my crutches, and joined Mr. Smith on the veranda.

It still lacked a minute or two of our appointed hour with Mrs. Corbin.

A car came coasting down the drive and I stared at it with a curiosity that was admissible, I think, since it happened to be my own. I hadn't ordered it, certainly. My interest shot up to excitement when I saw who was getting out of it.

"It's young Mills, the parson from the village," I told Mr. Smith in answer to his inquiring glance. "I gave Bill Grant a card to him this morning. Do you suppose *that's* what our old friend is up to?"

"I never entertained a doubt of it," he said.

THE three of us, Mr. Smith, the parson, and I, went upstairs together to the old lady's sitting-room. Young Mills, though perfectly equal to the situation, was obviously rather tense and his manner was highly professional. We found, already gathered in the room, Bill Grant and Judy, Alec, Victoria, and Punch. Mrs. Corbin sat just as I had seen her at our earlier meeting that morning. Miss Digby stood behind her chair.

No one was speaking when we came in, but I guessed from Victoria's flushed cheeks that, despairing of my aid, she'd tried to get a hearing for her own plan and failed.

"These two young people," Mrs. Corbin said, indicating Judy and Bill, "tell me they're fond of each other and want to be married. They've had the grace to ask for my consent, and I've given it. So they're going to be married now. After they're married, if there's anything left to talk about, we can talk."

Victoria's silence, at this, was as eloquent as the best of Cicero's orations against Cataline, but the old woman remained unmoved by it.

"Is there anyone else, anyone in the house," she asked Judy, "whom you'd like to invite to your wedding?"

"I'd like Belden," the girl answered. And Punch was dispatched to fetch him.

We waited in silence until Punch came back with him. The old butler's face was by no means inexpressive, but the emotion most conspicuously absent from it was surprise.

"Now, Mr. Mills," said old Mrs. Corbin.

And so Judy was married to her lover, without the aid of a string orchestra on the lawn or a light-opera chorus of bridesmaids—not in any respect as the event had been rehearsed the afternoon before. But Judy seemed completely satisfied with it.

She turned, I was glad to see, from her husband's embrace to her mother, and Victoria, after a moment during which my heart had stood still, gathered the girl up with a sob of surrender into her arms. I don't think there was a word said between them, but words weren't needed. The deplorable long strain was relaxed, temporarily, anyhow.

Judy turned away with her eyes full of tears.

"Where's the guardian angel?" she asked, with a shaky laugh, "I can't see very well."

BILL knew whom she wanted and pushed Punch into her arms.

"You don't mind very much, do you, now?" she demanded. "It makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes," said Punch, wriggling a little under the ordeal of being publicly kissed. "I don't mind your marrying as long as it's Bill."

"I don't either," she told him. "It's surprising what a difference it makes."

And then she went the rounds and kissed the rest of us.

She finished us off and went back to her place between her grandmother's chair and her husband's arm. "There!" she said contentedly.

At that Victoria emerged; got her head, so to speak, above water again.

"It's twenty minutes past ten," she proclaimed, "and we haven't decided anything yet."

Old Mrs. Corbin grinned at that. Apparently she regarded the event of the last few minutes as highly decisive. But she was feeling too good-humored to be captious just then.

"There's the item of the necklace," she remarked. "I suppose that may as well be disposed of now as later. Let's have it, Punch."

Punch—for the last time, it's safe to say—took it out of his trousers pocket and handed it to his grandmother.

"I gave this to Judy," she said. "But she and her husband both take the view that I bought it back when I wrote Mr. Bruce Applebury a check, this morning, for twenty-five thousand dollars. Judy says she'd rather

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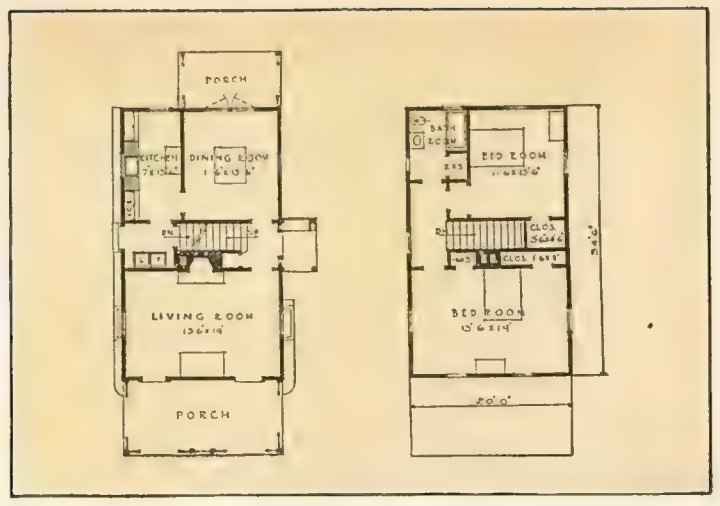


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You know the fuel. It's the handy, compact Sterno Canned Heat that's been used for years—and it's sold everywhere. No danger of starting forest fires or of breaking local camp-fire laws. Approved by National Motorists' Association. Recommended by State Department of Conservation for preventing forest fires. The new Double-Burner Sterno Cook Stove will accommodate both large and small sized Sterno Canned Heat.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

have some less exciting sort of wedding present. Well, I'm willing to fall in with her views."

She dangled the glorious thing thoughtfully in her old fingers.

"Punch has been proved right about the old safe," she went on. "That's evidently no place for it, especially as I've been known to forget to lock it up. Anyhow, it's been mine for more than half a century, and that's long enough."

With a sudden gesture of resolution she held it out to Victoria.

"Do you want it?" she asked. "Will you take it from me now? Call it a peace offering, if you like."

There was a pretty exciting moment after that. Victoria was so nearly stupefied by the unexpectedness of her mother-in-law's act that she could at first neither speak nor come up to take the thing.

The situation resolved itself at length. Victoria came out of her daze, accepted the thing, and made all the proper acknowledgments. And at the end of them, impulsively, and a good deal more simply, she said, "I hope we won't quarrel any more."

"Be reasonable," said the old lady grimly. "Say, half as much."

Victoria laughed and fastened the pearls around her neck. We all crowded around her and admired them, in a buzz of talk.

It was silenced presently by old Mrs. Corbin's voice.

"If there's nothing more to dispose of," she said, "and I can't see that there is, I think I'll excuse everybody but Miss Digby and take my nap."

"But—" Victoria cried aghast, "we haven't settled *anything* yet! It's half-past ten and we haven't even called up the papers, nor canceled the special train. We don't even know yet what we're going to tell people."

"What should we tell them? Why should we cancel the train? Let them come and see for themselves."

"DO you mean," Victoria demanded, "that we should let everybody we know come down here for the wedding, and then turn them away at the gate with the word that there isn't going to be any?"

"No," said the old woman. "Why turn them away? Bring them in. Feed them, just as we'd meant to do. Introduce them to Mr. and Mrs. William Grant here. Tell them they were married this morning. They'll have to know it sometime and it might as well be now."

"But," Victoria cried, voiceless almost with horror, "what will they think?"

"They'll have to think what they please," old Mrs. Corbin declared. "After all, we've lived here a long while and we've always managed our own concerns. We're going to manage this."

And that, as of course you know, if you remember our newspaper history three months back, is what those Corbins did. There has been, so far as I know, only one event productive of a similar sort of excitement out in these parts, in living memory.

*OLD Mr. Smith, with a steady hand, was pointing his automatic pistol straight at Raglan's head.*

But this reception at The Oaks was an indisputable victory for the old woman who had willed it. For two hours she sat, very splendidly dressed, in her wheel chair on the lawn, like a sovereign on her throne, Belden at her left hand announcing her guests as they came up—superfluously in most instances, since her memory for names and faces, especially old names and faces, was astonishingly good.

Some guests she greeted ceremoniously; some with her familiar abruptness; some with an offered hand and some without, but in every case her discrimination was perfect.

Victoria was as good as she was—really superb. I pause to pay tribute to the accuracy of Bill Grant's estimate of her. She would yield, he had predicted, to the proved inevitable. He'll get on with his mother-in-law, that young man.

Well, they got away with it, that's what it all comes down to. There wasn't a hint of apology discernible anywhere along the line.

The funny thing about it was that it turned out to be so easy. We saw some startled faces, to be sure, and the name Applebury went off, as it were, now and then, by mistake. But in the main you wouldn't have known, unless you'd listened to private conversations more closely than one does at a lawn party, that the earth was rocking or that the stars were about to fall. People chatted, admired the bride, congratulated the groom, ate enthusiastically at the tables grouped under the marquee on the lawn, danced on the canvas that had been stretched over the tennis court—and took their leave.

There was nothing much else, when you come to think of it, that they could have done.

The only unnatural thing about their behavior was the way they departed. Once people had started to go, there was a rather panicky sort of rush—like the going out of the tides of Fundy. It must have been felt that it would be disastrous to be the last one there. By half-past six on that lovely June afternoon the lawns were deserted. Well, I don't believe anyone was sorry.

Judy dropped down beside me upon a settee. Now it was over, she was white and limp, for the moment an orthodox bride.

"Do you remember when this day began?" she asked. "I'm so tired I can't."

"Don't try," I advised her. "It isn't necessary. It's all—come out in the wash. There's nothing more you even need think about, let alone do."

Victoria, still wearing the necklace, was strolling by with Bill.

"I know what she's saying to him," Judy remarked. "She was talking to me about it just now. She wants to know where we're going—on our wedding trip. She seems to think we've got to go somewhere now, tonight—if only to a hotel in town. In order to be—decent, you know."

"I'll tell you where you can go if you don't want to do that," I said. "Go down to my cottage. Just walk off, the two of you, now, any time you like."

"Oh, you darling!" she cried, and put her head down on my shoulder with something like a sob of relief. "Do you mean we can stay there?"

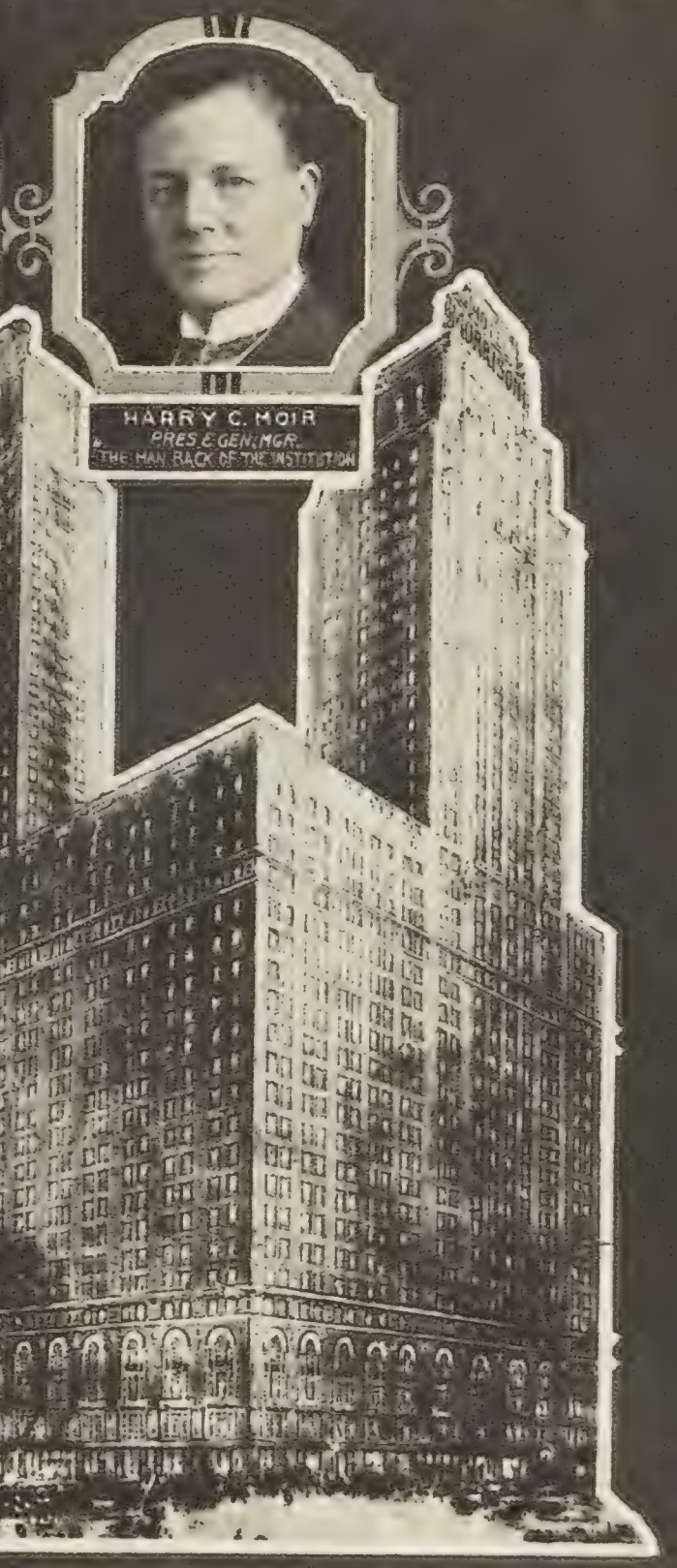
"Just as long as you like," I told her.

THE END

*When you read the last words of such a delightful serial as The Corbin Necklace, it's like saying good-by to old friends. But we have some new and equally interesting friends we'd like you to meet. You'll find them in The Whirlwind, by Phyllis Duganne. This new serial starts on page 12 of this issue.*

# Luxurious – Cool – Economical
## *Chicago's Forty-Six Story*
# MORRISON HOTEL

*Main Lobby, Morrison Hotel*

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The noiseless, efficient service, the faultless taste of the decorative scheme, the cool temperature maintained by the perfect ventilating system, and the invigorating "mountain" air that surrounds the tower, all quickly allay the discomfort of exhausting August days. Every guest is invited to visit the tower roof free—the highest hotel-roof in the world.

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GRAPHIC SECTION

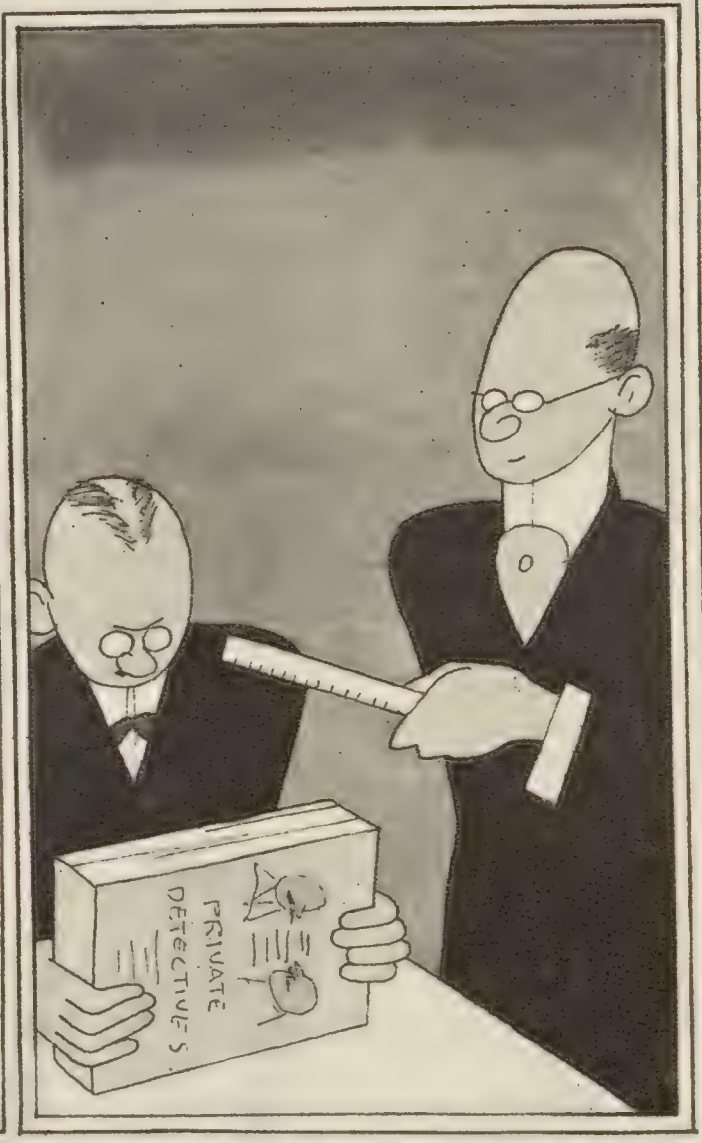
# News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

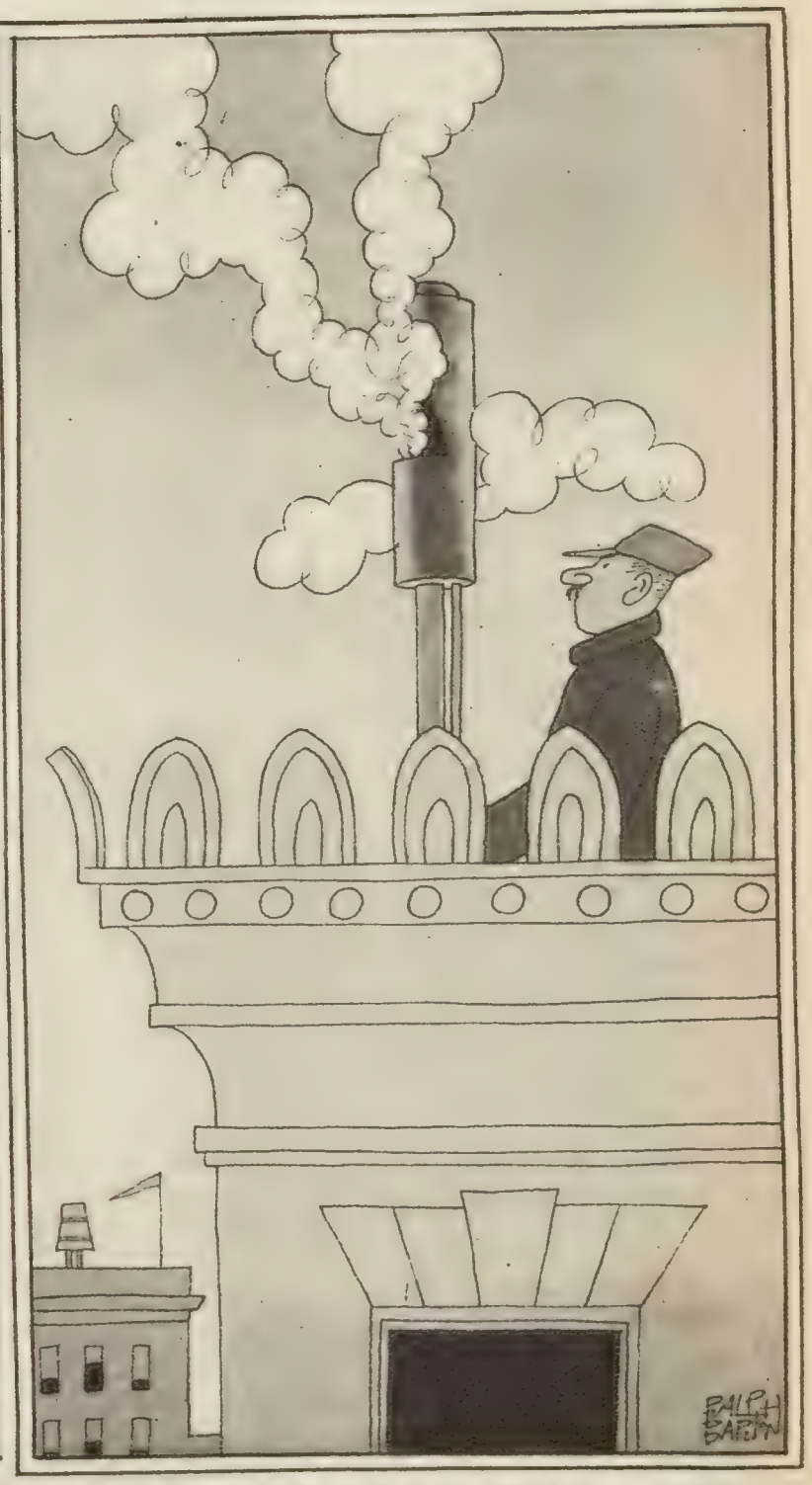
GRANNY'S PET. (Cute animal picture No. 57289479, run in compliance with United States Patent Office Article XXXVII, Ruling 42, requiring a minimum of six cute animal pictures a month in all Picture Sections.)

THE GRAPHIC SECTION'S GREAT MOVIE-BEAUTY CONTEST IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE!!! 927,736,437 photographs of the world's most beautiful women have been received and passed upon by the judges. Left to right these lucky girls are: Marthe Mouton, waitress, Moulin de Bicherel, France; Lola MacCarrom, home girl, Lone Jack, Missouri; and the little lady all dressed up in brother's clothes, Carrie Dootchin, street-car conductor, Ogden, Utah. ONE OF THESE GIRLS MAY WIN. SEE NEXT WEEK'S GRAPHIC SECTION FOR THE WINNER.

CITIZENS OF BLUE POINT, LONG ISLAND, celebrate opening of oyster season with unveiling of world's first hero who dared to eat a raw oyster.




CUTTING THE TELEPHONE BOOK in the office of the President of Harprince University, a novel method of digging up names of people to confer degrees upon.




STAGGER SYSTEM FOR HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES to relieve pressure at Court House is tried out. Siren on roof of the building is blown as signal to change husbands and wives.

# Preparing SAVORY Pickles

## To Add Zest to Drab Winter Menus

By ETHEL SOMERS

PICKLES as a food or nutrient are *nil*, though as a relish they may lift many a meal from the commonplace. Particularly delightful and long remembered are the homemade pickles from the tag end of the garden products. No doubt such pickles as these account for the many queries about the pickles which begin to come in at this season.

That you, too, may enjoy the pungent odor of hot, spicy pickles and preserves brewing in your own home kitchen, to say nothing of the winter pleasures derived therefrom, we have assembled here a variety for your relish dish.

The secret of success in making pickles lies in regulating the bacterial action to produce the pickling and prevent the spoilage, and then in procuring a pleasantly palatable flavor that is spicy to the right degree.

### *Pickled Cucumber Rind*

6 large ripe cucumbers
1½ ounces stick cinnamon
¾ ounce whole cloves
4½ cups sugar
2¼ cups vinegar

WASH, pare, and quarter the cucumbers and remove the seedy portions. Cut into medium-sized pieces. Scald in boiling hot, salted water (two tablespoons of salt to a quart). Drain and simmer until very tender, though still firm. Drain again. Meanwhile boil the vinegar, sugar, and spices (tied in several thin muslin bags) together for five minutes. Pack the boiled rinds into jars and pour the boiling hot vinegar solution over them. Cover and set aside. Pour off the syrup the next day, boil it for ten minutes, and pour back while hot on to the rinds in the jars. Repeat several times on successive days. Pack into sterile jars and seal.

*Pickled Melon Rind* may be prepared from the above recipe by substituting the melon rind for the cucumber rind.

### *Sliced Cucumber Pickle*

20 cucumbers, sliced
4 onions, sliced
¼ cup salt
1 quart vinegar
4 cups sugar
2 teaspoons celery seed
¼ teaspoon black pepper
2 teaspoons mustard seed
Boiling vinegar to cover

SLICE the onions and cucumbers fine and cover with salt. Let stand one hour, and pack the pickles into sterile jars. Pour in the boiling hot mixture of sugar, vinegar, and spice which has been brought to a boil. Add enough hot vinegar to cover. Seal while hot.

### *Cucumber Oil Pickles*

2 dozen small cucumbers or 6 large ones
2 dozen small onions or 3 large ones
½ cup vegetable oil
2 cups brown sugar
¼ cup salt
¼ cup mustard seed
1 teaspoon celery seed
2 cups vinegar

WASH the cucumbers, but do not pare them. Cut in thin slices. Wash and slice the peeled onions. Drain off the water. Mix the remaining ingredients, pour over the vegetables, mix well, cover, and set aside for a few hours. Drain and place in sterile jars. Fill with the liquid or added vinegar to cover, if necessary. Seal.

### *Pickled String Beans*

(To be served as a pickle or dressed with French dressing for a salad service)

2 quarts cut beans
1 ounce mustard seed
1 ounce cloves
1 cup sugar
2 red peppers, sliced
Vinegar to cover
2 teaspoons salt

CLEAN and string fresh green or wax beans. Cook in salted water until tender (one teaspoon to a quart). Drain and pack into jars (a mixture of half and half cooked celery and cooked beans may be used if preferred). Heat the vinegar, sliced pepper, sugar, and spices (tied in several bags) to boiling and pour over the beans. Seal and set to cool.

*REPLACE the cap on the cleaned stuffed pepper and tie it in position before placing the pepper in the pickling brine. At the right: A variety of home-prepared pickles (that speak for themselves).*

*Mixed Pickle* may be made from the above recipe by substituting mixed vegetables (cauliflower, string beans, small onions, cucumber rind or small cucumbers, and green tomatoes, or any other desired combination) for the string beans, boiling each vegetable separately until parboiled, covering with the boiling hot pickling solution, and then sealing.

*Cucumber Pickles* may be made by pouring the vinegar and spices tied in bags (in proportions given for Pickled String Beans) over the cleaned cucumbers and heating *slowly* to *just boiling*. Cover tightly for twenty-four hours and then pack in sterile jars and seal.

### *Mustard Pickles*

2 cups small cucumbers
2 cups large cucumbers, sliced
2 cups small onions
1 cup string beans
2 cups green tomatoes, sliced or quartered
2 cups cauliflower buds
3 red peppers
3 green peppers
1 cup small carrots, sliced fancy
1⅓ cups sugar
¼ cup flour
½ teaspoon turmeric
½ tablespoon celery salt
¼ cup powdered mustard
Vinegar and water (equal parts) to cover

SOAK the vegetables, after cutting, in brine (one cup salt to one gallon water) overnight. Drain and soak in clear water three hours. Let vegetables stand in vinegar and water one hour. Then bring slowly *just* to a boil. Let stand overnight. Blend the dry ingredients by mixing well. Slowly stir in the vinegar, which has been drained from the vegetable mixture and heated to boiling. Cook over hot water from twenty to thirty minutes, stirring to prevent lumping, until the mixture thickens. Add the vegetables and simmer directly over the flame until the desired consistency is reached. Pack into hot sterile glasses and seal while hot.

### *Filled Pickled Peppers*

12 green peppers
Brine (½ cup salt to 1 quart water
1 quart chopped cabbage
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon cloves
2 tablespoons mustard seed
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 cup sugar
Vinegar to cover

REMOVE the stem end of the peppers so as to make a nice cover. Carefully remove all of the seed portions, being careful not to permit the seeds to touch the hands. Soak cleaned peppers and tops in brine to cover, using half a cup of salt to each quart of water, for twenty-four hours. Chop the cabbage fine and add the spices. Mix well, fill the drained peppers, and tie the lids or covers in place. Pack in a stone jar and cover with cold strong vinegar. Store until used.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# A ROYAL RAMPAGE

## *Adventures of a Princess Who Would a-Wooing Go*

A Short Story by

PAXTON HIBBEN

*Pictures by*
NORMAN PRICE

THE King wasn't fat exactly, but he was heavy, and when he leaned forward to press the button, it was the lowest row of orders on his uniform that tinkled against the glass top of his desk.

The door behind the green curtains opened noiselessly and the major-domo of the palace stood framed against a sumptuous background of velvet, the red and gold stripes of his waistcoat and the deep red and gold bands around his cuffs and the red and gold braiding on his coat the more resplendent for the somber setting. They were nothing if not—well, gaudy would hardly be too strong a word in the court of Macedonia.

"When you have to compete with musical comedies," Gregory IV had declared, "beat the musical comedies at their own game." But he scarcely meant to include the Princess Leda in the program. And that was just the trouble now.

"Henry," he said to the major-domo, "is her royal highness by any chance out riding?"

"Yes, sire," bowed the major-domo.

The King cleared his throat.

"Is she—I mean—well, you know, Henry——"

"If your majesty means: 'Is she hatless and in riding breeches and a transparent silk waist open at the throat to—well, ah—I mean to say, sire——'"

"Just so, Henry. Well—is she?"

"Sire, she is."

The King sighed.

"Will you—ah—present my compliments to her majesty and ask her to step here—at her leisure, of course."

"*Of* course, sire," echoed the major-domo, disappearing behind the green curtains.

"There are times when I really suspect Henry is laughing at me," the King muttered.

He went to the window giving on the sloping garden that ended in blue sea, where rows of tall cypresses halted with their feet in the Ægean. It always brought peace to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*THE Princess came and perched on the desk, swinging a very pretty pair of legs.*

[A ROYAL RAMPAGE
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

the soul of Gregory IV to look out on the garden lying so still in the hot sun and on the cool sea beyond. He would stand gazing by the hour and dream of the days when he was a boy and the garden was a tangled wilderness, where he and Henry and the riffraff of the capital used to fight with pine cones.

He would see in his mind's eye the farm in the foothills of the Vana district, close by the royal country place of Thenu, where he pitched hay as a lad, with Costa and 'Leco, the sons of the old King's farmer; and when night fell and the red sickle of the moon hung low in the sky, he would steal out of the chateau and meet Zoe, their sister, in the shadow of one of the hayricks, and the two would lie on their backs in the fragrant hay and look up at the moon, hand in hand. And now Zoe was married and had eight children!

The door opened and the Queen came in. She was dressed in a sort of Red Cross uniform of her own design, with a coif that framed her rather pretty round face, and a tight-fitting, starchy frock that framed her—well, if she weren't a queen, one might have called it her buxom figure. Anyhow, it was a good figure. For the mother of a grown daughter and of a half-grown son, it was really a very good figure indeed.

*"To the health of the bride!" roared the King. The peasants drank deep.*

"Well?" said the Queen, as she came in.

"My dear Irene," the King began lamely, "you know it's the furthest thing from my thought to venture to intrude into your—ah—province. The—ah—children, of course, are your care. I—ah—I have nothing to say as to the children, you understand, my dear. It is—ah—you see, my dear, the people—that's my province.

"The people do demand what they call dignity for their money—and I must say they pay us very handsomely, all considered. You understand, my dear, *I* have no feeling in the matter—if Leda wants to go about the streets in a one-piece bathing suit, I should think it quite charming myself—very pretty indeed—she has your figure, my dear. But the people, they want mystery, romance, something left to the imagination, in their royalty—you don't mind my saying so? But in the costume she wears riding, she leaves very little to the imagination—very little indeed, my dear. Hrrumph!"

"Gregory, you're a fool. You always were a fool. You always will be," said the Queen.

THE King mopped his forehead. It was quite an extensive forehead; indeed, it extended to the back of his neck and required a very large handkerchief to mop it. Gregory IV affected bandanas for the purpose, a concession to the current demand for democracy in high places.

"And I wish to goodness you wouldn't use those horrible bandanas," the Queen went on. "*You* talk about dignity!"

"Yes, I know, my dear, it's all very well to say I am a fool. I dare say I am. But I know how the people feel. You see, I was—ah—brought up among them, so to speak."

"Just so—with Henry, the son of an English groom, and your farmer friends smelling of goats; and Peter, a nameless waif—it's Peter that Leda's out riding with now, if you want to know. And she as good as engaged to Prince Theodore of Murania! Scandalous, *I* call it!"

"Now, my dear, Peter—you know, you're not fair to Peter. After all, what could my mother do, when he was washed ashore at her very feet, so to speak? Like Moses, you know—my mother wanted to call him Moses. But I insisted on Peter because, you see, he hadn't managed to walk on the water!"

And the King burst into a vast, resounding roar of laughter that sent the Queen flouncing out of the room. He was still laughing when a tousled blonde head of bobbed hair was thrust around the edge of the green velvet curtains.

"Henry says you're cross—dare I come in?"

"Hrrumph!" grunted the King.

AND the Princess Leda came and perched on a corner of the royal desk, swinging a very pretty pair of legs in tight-fitting boots, topped by tight-fitting riding breeches that defined a still prettier pair of thighs. A silk blouse was just as Henry had tried to describe it and failed.

"What I want to know," asked the King, "is whether Peter is human or not?"

The Princess Leda looked down, blushed, and dropped long lashes over her eyes as she struck her riding boot with the loop of her crop.

"He shows no signs of it," she muttered.

The King sighed in relief.

"Peter is my friend—I'd be sorry— Why don't you try your wiles on some of the youngsters who hang about your mother? Peter's hardly fair game for you, Leda dear—is he?"

"Peter's not the game, pops. I am."

The King put out his hand and gripped her slim, brown fingers, so strong from handling horses and tennis rackets and golf clubs.

"Listen, baby. Peter's almost old enough to be your father. He must have been five when we found him, and that was even before your mother and I were married. Besides, I'm going to need Peter, daughter. Don't muss him all up for me!"

The Princess Leda flung back her mop of bobbed hair and shrugged her shoulders.

"I've done my best, pops. But it's no good. Peter's proof. I've tried things on Peter that I didn't think any human being could resist—or any nice girl could think of. It's—it's humiliating."

The King sighed again.

"Poor old Peter! They do put us through these girls nowadays!" he muttered.

There was a silence. Gregory IV picked up a paper-knife and began to jab the desk.

"You see, Costa and 'Leco were here from the farm yesterday," he went on. "They say things are bad. They say the peasants can't live on what they raise. They say there's trouble coming. Maybe soon. I'd like to see you settled before it comes, daughter. How about it? Can you stand Theodore?"

He raised his paper-knife to stop her impassioned answer. "I don't say 'love him,' you understand. We—you know, after all, in our—profession, if you please—love doesn't enter, except in novels and newspapers. We are just—mountebanks—actors in the pageant. It's our job. Your job in your turn, as it has been mine. There are compensations, my dear. You, for example."

"And Gregory?" She said it a little maliciously.

"Gregory, my child, is probably your mother's compensation. To be quite frank with you, there have been those who have—ah—intimated that you, my dear——"

"Behave like a chorus girl?" the Princess Leda grinned.

"Well—ah—not just in those words—at least, not in my presence," the King hastened to add. "Come back to Theodore, my dear."

"Let me—let me sort of think it over, will you, pops? It takes a lot of getting used to—Theodore, I mean. I'm not going to welsh. If you could go through what you have, I can, too. You blessed old farmer tricked out in a pantomime uniform!"

She flung her arms about her father's neck and hugged him tight.

"Only—there are times, you know—when I'm just a female, pops, old dear. Not a princess. Can't help that, can I?"

Her eyes were full of unshed tears.

"There, baby! I wish to goodness they'd go and have their old revolution, and let us get out of this—just you and me. Only what would become of you, daughter? I've got the farm; but you'd have to marry somebody as bad as Theodore."

THE politicians of the ruling party freely predicted that the announcement of the approaching alliance between the Princess

Leda and Prince Theodore of Murania would quiet the grumbling of the peasants.

"Peasants are run by their wives, like everybody else," the Prime Minister declared. "And their wives will think of nothing but the royal romance for months to come."

Queen Irene was in her element. Aided by a score of the gilded youth of the capital, she made plans for balls, dinners, receptions, and garden parties by moonlight, that were to hold the Macedonian public enthralled by the spell of love and luxury, till they forgot the land problem.

"Marie Antoinette was a fool," she said. "They don't want cake, or bread either. They want romance."

A DEPUTATION of peasants in goatskin coats came to Petropolis afoot from the Vana district, 300 miles away. They stayed at night in the cabins of other peasants, and talked the dawn around—of land and flocks and taxes and poverty. Of the marriage of the Princess Leda they said nothing. Arrived at the capital, they passed the sentinels, magnificent in their uniforms of red and gold, and marched solemnly up to the back door of the palace.

It was the King's rule that no peasant should ever be stopped at his gate.

Out of the dining-room window Queen Irene saw them coming, and turned to the svelte youth caressing his black mustache beside her.

"Ah! A deputation to bring good wishes to Leda!" she cried and clapped her hands. "Do telephone the reporters, Philip!"

In the great hall, Gregory IV came forward to meet the deputation.

"Sire," said the spokesman, "thy people are in distress. Their land is poor, and they have little of it. Their flocks are scrawny. The rent they pay the lords who live in the great cities is beyond their means. They have sent us to thee, to ask help. Once, they recall, thou wert a farmer, too. The Hessian fly is not so strange to thee as thy ministers to us. What shall we do?"

From the living quarters Queen Irene emerged, followed by a scrambling group of reporters and cameramen. In the background lounged a handful of young officers, their red

*HE picked her off the ground and held her close against him.*

capes thrown back to reveal the gold lining, swords with chased Toledo blades as flexible as whips dangling from their pinched waists.

The King mopped his forehead with a bandana.

"Listen," he said, putting his hand on the peasant's shoulder; "thy name is Dimitri, isn't it?" It was a shot in the dark, but a close one. The peasant's face lightened.

"No, sire—that was my father's name."

"Thou art the spit of him!" said Gregory. And at that moment Leda entered, in the costume of a peasant girl, her bobbed hair hidden under the fetching cap of a virgin about to be married. The flashlights boomed, the great hall was filled with smoke, and Gregory IV, with one arm about his daughter, presented her to the peasants as the bride to be. Henry appeared with an earthen jug of country wine.

"To the health of the bride!" roared the King. The peasants drank deep. "And thou, son of Dimitri, shalt be godfather to her first boy!"

In the quiet of the room overlooking the garden, Peter waited.

"Phew!" breathed the King, mopping his brow. "That was close! How did you happen to be in that costume, you rascal?"

The Princess Leda swung herself to a seat on the royal desk.

"They're old dears! I saw them coming to wish me happiness and I ran up and skinned into this costume to please them, bless their hearts! If they had only seen—look, Peter!"

She raised the heavy embroidered woolen skirt to reveal stockings rolled below the knees.

"Why so glum, Peter? You no like?"

Back to the broad window, Peter squared his shoulders.

"YOUR majesty knows that those peasants did not come to wish the Princess happiness."

Gregory nodded. "Peter's right, my dear. They came to ask help for the peasants. Things *are* bad, my dear. But what can *I* do? After all, Peter—if I got out, it wouldn't help. The politicians would run the country just the same, and the peasants would pay the taxes, as now. *I* don't know how to remake the world, Peter—do you?"

"The peasants of Zolovoy have risen and are burning the manor houses," said Peter. "The peasant units of the army have joined them. I came to tell your majesty."

Gregory IV sat playing with the paperknife, frowning. Leda put out a hand and Peter took it. The three looked rather like conspirators when the Queen swept into the room.

"Gregory! Have you heard of the revolt in Zolovoy? What are you going to do? It will spoil all the betrothal fetes! Theodore may call it off when he hears. Can't we keep it dark? Send General Tondor with the guards to wipe out the whole brood of those trouble makers in Zolovoy! For goodness' sake, stop mopping your head with that horrible bandana and *do* something!"

When he stood erect in his uniform, Gregory IV of Macedonia was every inch a soldier and a fine figure of a man to boot.

"Call a Crown Council, Colonel," he said to Peter. "There'll be no civil war in this country if I can help it. After all, the peasants do need more land. And they shall have it!"

It was while the Crown Council was still sitting—and still wrangling—that the first shots rang out in the darkness. Just one or two. But Gregory IV, beaten in his fight for the peasants, sat up sharply.

"None of you gentlemen except General Tondor, who unfortunately is deaf, has ever been a soldier," he said. "If you had been, you would recognize that those little sounds that just broke the—ah—stillness of the night air, so to speak, announced the end of the dynasty. I wish you all a very good evening!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*" Look, Peter! " She raised the heavy skirt to reveal stockings rolled below the knee.*

[ A ROYAL RAMPAGE
Continued from Page Eighty-one ]

Swinging out the back door into the starlit garden, the King marched up and down a long time under the ilex trees. Now and then he heard shots, and out beyond the garden the voices and footsteps of running men.

As it grew light, he left the garden and walked out along the streets toward the lower part of the city. But everywhere he turned he came upon little men in khaki uniforms lying flat on their stomachs, with rifles hugged to their bosoms, behind curbstones.

Now and then one of the men would look up, see the tall, slow-moving figure of the King, and try to struggle to his feet. But with a gesture Gregory IV would bid the soldier crouch once more behind his cover. Turning back toward the garden gate, the King came upon Peter.

" Sire, the defense of the palace is assured."

" From within also, Colonel? " said the King, and walked on, leaving Peter staring after him.

WITHIN the palace the rule of Queen Irene had suddenly collapsed. From a sleek siren of gilded youth she had become a chattering, hysterical woman of middle age, none too neat of appearance. In silent contempt, the Princess Leda cajoled frightened servants, ordered subalterns of the guard about their business, and shamed panicky cabinet ministers out of a state of funk. These matters attended to, she spent the rest of her time staring out of the palace windows, over the hedge to the streets beyond. Once she saw an open automobile tear by, with a man standing with folded arms in the tonneau.

" Oh! Peter, Peter—sit down, you fool! " she moaned.

AS the day wore on, the palace was full of rumors. The King sat in Crown Council, to which Henry brought trays of tea and sandwiches and whispered the latest news into the King's ear: The artillery regiment at the west end of the city had revolted and would soon bombard the palace. . . . A troop of loyal cavalry was on its way from the Military School, thirty miles away, sworn to end the revolt and hang the leaders. . . . Mobs in the neighborhood of the market place had looted wine shops.

At 4 o'clock the Minster of Agriculture was delivering a speech conceived for posterity and designed to convince himself, if no one else, that the peasants of the kingdom of Macedonia were the most fortunate beings in Europe. Suddenly there was a long, screaming wail and a sharp crash.

" As I was saying," continued the Minister of Agriculture, after a pause.

But the King interrupted him.

" That, gentlemen," he said, " is the Queen Irene Artillery Regiment. The shot is what is known technically as ' lost over.' If the ranging improves, as I have no doubt it will, I should not think you gentlemen would be very comfortable here. As his excellency seems to have quite a bit more to say——"

But the scramble of the cabinet ministers for the door had left Gregory IV alone.

The Queen, in her best Paris traveling frock, came stumbling down the great stairway.

" He's coming! He's coming! We are saved! " she cried.

The King pulled the bandana out of the tail pocket of his uniform and mopped his face. The third shot from the Queen Irene Artillery Regiment had just come screaming through the cypress trees of the royal garden.

" Who's coming, if I may ask? " said Gregory wearily.

" Theodore! In an airplane! To take us away from this horrible place! Child, you're not going in that apron—go put on something decent! " she cried to the Princess Leda.

BUT Leda stood looking at her mother open-mouthed.

" Do you mean Theodore of Murania has the nerve to fly here himself in an airplane to fetch me? "

" Us, my dear—and, for goodness' sake, go change your frock! "

" How did he know? " asked the King. " I thought you wanted to keep the revolt from him."

" Oh, that was hours ago! I sent him a wireless and his reply has just arrived. Here, look at it: ' Coming at once airplane be ready Theodore.' There—now do you believe it? He'll land on the parade ground back of the garden. We *are* saved—and *I* did it! "

The King went to the window and looked out. A shell plowed a furrow in the soil fifty yards away.

" Dud," he said. " I knew that Minister of War was a crook. Well, you and Leda and Gregory may go. I'll have to stay, of course. There'll be papers to sign. Anyhow, I hate flying. It makes me seasick. Well, Leda? "

" If Theodore comes—himself—I'll go. It wouldn't be fair not to play the game—if he does."

They could hear the plane long before it circled above the parade ground. Throughout the city the firing ceased as both sides watched the machine descend. It came to a bumping stop. The Queen ran toward it, followed by Gregory. Behind came the King and the Princess Leda, walking slowly, hand in hand. A capped and goggled pilot held out a hand to the Queen and half lifted her into a narrow seat. Prince Gregory climbed in unaided.

Gregory IV turned to his daughter.

" I suppose, my dear, you'd better be going," he said miserably.

" I'll never see you again, pops, old dear! " cried Leda, with the tears making little lines in the nice new powder of her cheeks. " I do love you! "

" Now what do you suppose that is? " said the King, as an automobile swung furiously across the parade ground. It came to a stop, brakes screaming, at the side of the plane. Peter leaped out and stood rigid, saluting.

" Go, sire! " he shouted above the noise of the propeller. " The whole army has gone over. I haven't a handful of men left." His face too was wet with tears.

The Queen leaned out of the plane and screamed at them:

" Come on! Hurry up, you two! "

Leda held out a hand each to her father and Peter—then ran to the plane. She peered up at the pilot uncertainly.

"Theodore—it was fine of you to come—I'm sorry—I wronged you. You're a good sport!"

The pilot swept up his goggles.

"Lieutenant Andreus, with the compliments of His Royal Highness Prince Theodore," he said in the clipped French of the Muranian Guards.

"Oh!" cried Leda.

Far across the parade ground a little group of men came running.

"Go on!" cried the Queen to the pilot. "Don't stop for anything! Go ahead! Take off!"

*The man, the girl, and the ass trudged cheerily along.*

The plane started slowly, swinging around in a wide circle.

Peter ran to Leda.

"You *must* go!" he shouted. "Here—I'll lift you in—you haven't got a chance here!"

Leda turned and put her hand over his mouth.

"Peter, you make me tired!" she said exultantly and waved a hand at her mother.

The plane rose slowly and swept over the field toward the running men.

One of them raised a rifle and fired. Prince Gregory, leaning out, slumped slowly forward till he hung half out of the car, head down.

"Oh! They got Gregory!" cried Leda. "Poor Gregory!"

But the running men had come to them by now, and all across the parade ground more men were coming. They surrounded the three lonely figures in the middle of the barren field.

One of the line of uniformed men stepped forward. He saluted the King.

"SIRE," he said, "your majesty is the prisoner of the Free Peasants of Macedonia."

"Everybody free — but me," sighed the King wryly. He turned and walked toward the palace, the leader of the Free Peasants following respectfully, six paces in the rear. Peter, somehow, had disappeared.

As Leda and her father drew near the palace, they came upon one of the little khaki-clad figures, lying face down behind his curbstone. He did not rise nor move as they passed, and Leda, looking back, saw two of the Free Peasants pick him up by legs and arms and carry him along.

Under a guard of more soldiers, a huddled group of ashen-faced, frock-coated ministers awaited the King in the great hall of the palace.

"Your majesty's abdication," murmured the Prime Minister, handing the King a document.

The King strode into the room with its windows opening on the garden and, sitting at his desk, signed with a flourish: "Gregory IV R."

Here and there in the palace grounds camp fires were lit, and the Free Peasants of Macedonia, a little awed by the future, sat about them, keeping guard, as of their flocks on the mountains. One group sang softly the songs of the Vana district to the lugubrious wail of a concertina.

When the last minor chord died, a deep voice from the shadows boomed:

"Thou hast a fine voice, lad."

A SOLDIER kicked the smoldering wood.

In the sudden flare of light, the men about the fire saw a huge peasant in smock and goatskin cape, and beside him a slip of a girl in the costume of a peasant girl of Vana.

"Who art thou?" cried a soldier.

Another half rose as if to shout something, but a corporal's open palm struck him to silence.

"Hear what he has to say," snapped the corporal.

"My name is Gregory. I was born at Thenu, in the Vana, where the royal chateau is—thou knowest. I have a little farm there—sixty acres of vineland. This is my country. I have lived in it all my life. I love it. Elsewhere I should die of homesickness. There are those who would send me away and those who would have me run away. But my heart is planted in the soil of this land where I was born and where I would die, if may be. I want to go home to my little farm with my daughter here. Shall I pass, brother?"

No one said anything.

The fire died down to smoldering embers.

One of the soldiers took off his blouse and made a pillow of it, and lay down to sleep. The others yawned.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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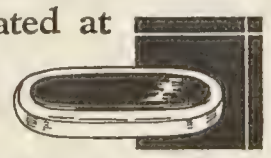

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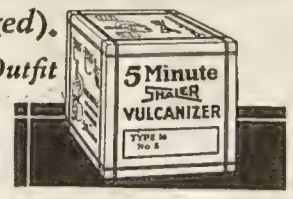


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[A ROYAL RAMPAGE
Continued from Page Eighty-three]

"Pass, Gregory," said the corporal.

The long, dusty road lay straight ahead, sometimes lost to sight in dips of the land, only to reappear at the next rise. The man, the girl, and the ass that bore a few bundles in the baskets that hung on either side trudged cheerily along under the hot sun. From time to time the man removed his goatskin cap and mopped a bald head with a very dirty bandana. Far behind them, in a cloud of dust, a solitary horseman galloped in pursuit.

"Well," said the man at last, "we might as well wait and see what it is."

They sat down by the roadside. The girl took a loaf of black bread from one of the ass's baskets, cut three thick slices, unwrapped a goat's-milk cheese and cut three slices from it, and brought out a jug of wine. Fumbling in the bottom of the hamper, she found three cups. All of this she laid out on the grass, the bread and cheese on vine leaves as napkins.

COVERED with dust and sweat, the horseman swung from his saddle and stood at salute.

"Sire," he began.

"Sit down, Peter," said the girl. "Lunch is ready."

"But the loyal cavalry from the Military School swept into town and the whole silly business blew up like a cloud of smoke. They are marching through the streets with your majesty's picture, cheering. Everybody! The revolution is over. They have sent me to fetch you both back. Take my horse, sire, and ride back to your people in triumph!"

But the King, with his mouth full of bread and cheese, shook his head.

"No, Peter," he said. "All my life I've wanted to duck that rotten job. They made a mistake ever to give me the chance. They'll never get me back now, Peter. Gregory's dead, and I do him no wrong. I'm going back to the farm at Thenu, and Costa and 'Leco. And that, my dear Peter, is that. As Leda says, lunch is ready. Fall to!"

Peter stood blinking first at one, then at the other.

"You mean it?" he asked at last. "For good?"

The former King nodded, but Peter was not looking at him. Under his gaze Leda dropped her eyes.

"Ab-so-lute-ly, Peter," she said.

With one quick movement he picked her off the ground and held her close against him, her feet dangling in the air.

"So!" he said. "You've got no more name than I have, you she devil! And you haven't got a sou, what's more! You would put me through all these months, would you! Well—it's my turn now!"

And he kissed her again and again.

Panting, she found her feet, and turned and frowned down at her father.

"Oh, you pig!" she cried. "You've eaten Peter's sandwich!"

THE END


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## *The Adventures of Benny, Nicky, and Greg*

*ONE day the dogs brought into the yard what was left of a dirty white bear.*

THE STORY SO FAR

Nicholas, Gregory, and Ben are three small boys who are on their way to Buttonwood with their family. They have got as far as the boat. Domar, their police dog, has been put into the hold. Gran, Uncle Bunkle, and their mother have gone to their staterooms.

CHAPTER VII

GRAN and I got into kimonos and lay down comfortably.

"*Did* you check the trunks?" Gran suddenly demanded.

I sat up, stupefied with dismay. I had completely forgotten the trunks! I reflected:

He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed,
With his name neatly painted on each;
But since he omitted to mention the fact,
They were all left behind on the beach.

We dressed hurriedly and rushed out. Uncle Bunkle saw us dashing by, and joined us. Uncle Bunkle and I got off and went to the baggage-room. There were the trunks, all four of them. And the three boxes, which we saw safely on their way to the boat.

We hurried back, and the boat started, with sirens shrieking and tugs puffing. The children were running around like mad.

CHAPTER VIII

WE sat on deck while the boat slid round the lower end of Manhattan Island. It was getting very cool, so we went down to dinner. It took so long for places to be found for all six of us that we thought we should never eat. And the children kept getting lost all over the boat. It was after eight before we finished dinner. Then we all went to bed.

Uncle Bunkle, Nicholas, and Gregory had one stateroom. Gran and Ben and I the other. I dealt out the animals before we separated. Ben took his Teddy Bear, Gregory the Penguin, and Nicholas, Teddy-Bah. And while they are all safely asleep I must tell you who Teddy-Bah is.

About three years ago Emmy used to take a doll to bed with her every night, and Gregory slept with his arm around Penguin. Nicholas slept alone and was quietly superior.

One day the dogs (we had three then) brought into the yard what was left of a dirty-white bear. His ears were gone, his eyes were gone. Excelsior oozed through his paws. The stuffing had mostly leaked from his thighs and a gaping hole in his shoulder was letting out his very life blood.

Nicholas adopted this foundling and, simply to tease Emmy and Gregory, pretended to adore him. Gran sewed red buttons where his eyes had been. At Nicky's request, I mended his thighs and patched his other wounds. Nicholas himself selected the materials for the patches. White silk for his fore paws, flowery chintz for his feet, and a red calico cow cut from a scrap of one of Emmy's farmyard smocks covered the hole in his shoulder and made him, Nicky said, sure never to run short of milk.

The result was a creature that in some uncanny fashion, looked very much like Nicholas. And Nicky became actually as devoted to him as he had at first pretended to be. Now he was such a big boy that he was ashamed of this weakness; but he simply could not sleep unless Teddy-Bah was on his pillow.

CHAPTER IX

EARLY in the morning we were up and around. We had to be off the boat by eight.

Uncle Bunkle had had a dreadful night. He had felt very ill and the shaking of the boat had hurt him. Then, too, Gregory had kept slipping half out of the upper berth and dangling down over him in a terrifying fashion. So he hadn't slept at all, and for one of the few times in his life he was very cross.

Now, when a child is cross you can do one of a number of things. You can shut him up alone until he gets pleasant again. If this is impossible, you can threaten him with punishment later.

But neither of these things could be done with Uncle Bunkle.

Gran took the boys down to the dining-room and bought milk for them, so they wouldn't notice that Uncle Bunkle was not so friendly and jolly as usual. I talked gently with Uncle Bunkle, and finally made him admit that taking the next boat back to New York was not the only thing he could do.

Then we stepped into the saloon from the deck, I moving like a mouse for fear of jarring Uncle Bunkle's sore nerves. But no sooner had we closed the door than about 300 men, some in firemen's uniforms, carrying axes, picks, hose, and buckets, came raging up from the lower deck.

The boat must be on fire!

But Uncle Bunkle didn't seem to care at all. At the foot of the stairs we met Mr. Hornet (it was, of course, the children's name for him) and his wife, who had asked us to breakfast. Later in the day they would take us out to Buttonwood in their car. I was so glad that I almost cried.

Uncle Bunkle was saved!

---

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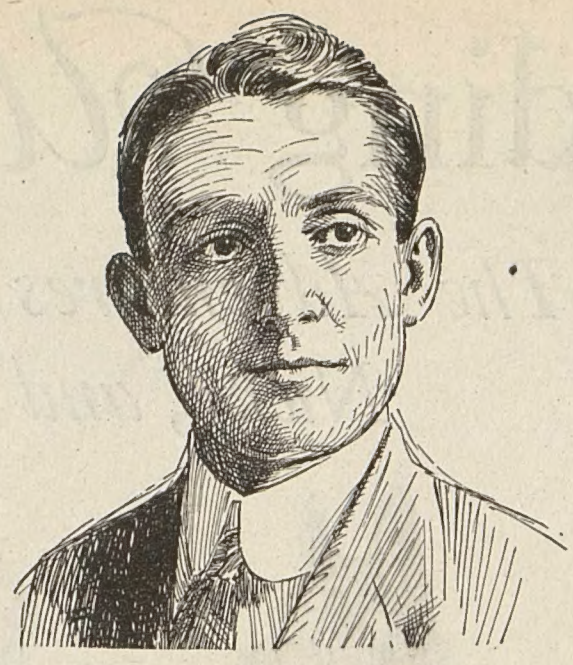

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The record of these men is a reflection of their own ability and ambition, and a tribute to the thoroughness of the instruction they received from the International Correspondence Schools.

We offer you today the same sincere service, the same personal interest, the same specialized training that have meant so much to so many other men in the last thirty-five years.

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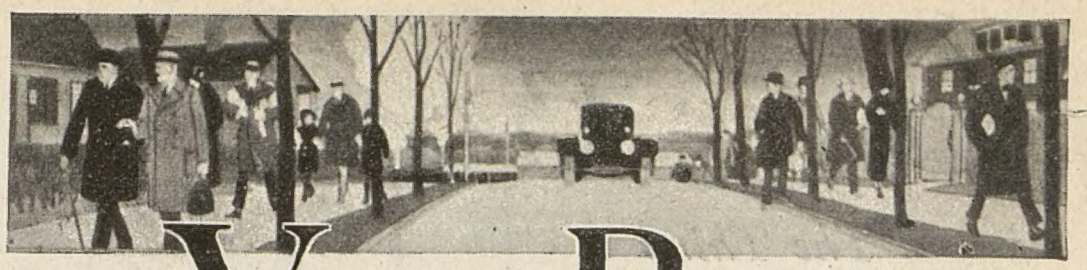

# VOX POP

### *The Quebec System*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I find that the counsel for the Anti-Saloon League claims that there is trouble in Canada over the Quebec system of handling liquor known as the Quebec Provincial Commission. There has been no such trouble in this country—or, rather, whatever trouble there has been arose in consequence of rum running into the United States. The investigation at Ottawa was one relating to the customs tariff and smuggling. The pro-Volstead writer did not know what he was talking about, or if he did, then he told a lie.—*H. G. Tucker, Owen Sound, Canada.*

### *Classifying "Drunks"*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Your opposition to prohibition is, in my humble opinion, harmful; but the harm is offset, to some degree, by your frankness, so no one need be misled. Your statistics about arrests for drunkenness are deceptive, for the reason that present-day arrests are made, usually, by officers who believe in and practice prohibition, and who take up a man at first sign of too much liquor. In the saloon days, a drunk was not so classed until he was "down."—*S. T. Johns, Birmingham, Ala.*

### *To Knock or Not to Knock?*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I note that you have published a number of criticisms of articles; also a letter from a lady who was not satisfied with the decision of the judges in the Presidents Contest.

I myself have tried for a number of LIBERTY'S prizes, and have won nothing, but I have no complaint to make.

I have found nothing to dislike in LIBERTY. People who criticise should be able to see both sides of a question before condemning so popular a magazine—its views on prohibition, its prize awards, etc.—*B. L. Birdwell, Knoxville, Tenn.*

### *Applause for True Love*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Without Surrender, Sax Rohmer's wonderful story, is, without a shadow of a doubt, the best tale that LIBERTY has ever published. It has an appeal, a charm, that goes straight to one's heart.

Please do tell Mr. Rohmer to hurry up and write again about O'Shea and to please not forget about Nanette. Where O'Shea is, Nanette should be, for they love each other.—*Fay Pilcher, St. Louis, Mo.*

### *An Enemy of Orchid-Women*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Fortunately the number of women in the country, as yet, who conform to Jane Bradley's word picture of her orchid-sister Lorrie is not great. I refer to your article: I'm Sorry for My Brother-in-Law.

Unfortunately for some of the promising young business men of this country, however, they are tied by marital bonds to women this description fits accurately.

I know some of them myself. One young business man, a very close friend, solved the problem by announcing a very nice p-r-o-motion as a d-e-motion—which necessitated moving to a distant city and a sharp curtailment of the cost of living. His wife (not helpmate) lost s-e-v-e-n-t-e-e-n pounds of useless fat the first month!—*H. J. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

### *Slam! Bang! Wham!*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Do I understand aright that LIBERTY has adopted the illogical slogan of Stephen Decatur? I repudiate this slogan. Only so long as my country or its rulers at least try to be fair and just, only so long do I owe it or its representatives my allegiance.

We have absolutely no Constitution and have not had for many years, except the illegal 18th Amendment and certain parts favorable to the interests of the dominant factions. We haven't an honest court of any kind in the land.

The 18th Amendment was never legally enacted, contravenes all other parts of the Constitution without repealing them in any legal manner and is lawlessly enforced by jackals. —*Darwin K. Pavey, New York.*

### *Wants Harder Puzzles*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Your magazine is a constant source of pleasure and education to me.

The cover page work of Leslie Thrasher is a never-ending delight. I especially enjoy the articles by Hugh Fullerton, as they usually are along lines of sports, games, and athletics, of which I am very fond.

I take especial delight in working your cross-word puzzles, as I find them the best of many that are published. I should like an occasional one that is harder than the average you publish, however, as most of them are quite easy and can be worked in a few minutes without the aid of a dictionary or thesaurus. —*Albert Austin, Mt. Horeb, Wis.*

### *Who Agrees with Him?*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I notice in Vox Pop, that there is much discord as to LIBERTY printing stories of murders. I think the American public as a rule is interested in exposures of politics, whisky rings, murders, and other sensational events. The facts are, as a rule, not made public because magazines and papers are afraid of losing some subscriptions. One article LIBERTY printed some time ago relative to the Social Register brought out facts that only LIBERTY had the nerve to print and I notice LIBERTY has not had a decrease in circulation and sales. Let us have more facts.—*J. H. Ries, Albion, Neb.*

# Auto-Intoxication - - -
## - - a Twentieth Century Trouble

*It is the result of a nervous, sedentary life—It takes some part of the physical and mental vigor from nearly everyone.*

*Do you have an "off-day" when for no apparent reason, you feel listless and dull? A day when you are snappy and irritable? When you are tired, even though you have slept soundly? When it's an effort to put your mind on some petty problem? Auto-Intoxication is the cause of thousands of such days!*

What generation ever had the material things with which we are so abundantly blessed today? What people ever had their labors lightened by such wonderful inventions? We do not walk, we ride in motor cars; we press a switch, and a task is done.

We are spared physical strain but we have more mental problems. We live on our nerves—we rest ourselves badly. We eat too much rich food, but we starve ourselves of exercise.

We are no longer simple-lived, normal human beings. We no longer function as simply and easily as we should. All too often, food remains within us for more than 24 hours, fermenting, setting up poisons and causing intestinal toxemia, or as it is more popularly called, Auto-Intoxication.

### *How does Auto-Intoxication affect our lives?*

The poisons of Auto-Intoxication are carried through the body by the blood. These poisons of waste induce a feeling of lassitude, of sudden fatigue, of drowsiness after meals. They are responsible, not alone for many intestinal derangements, but also for their bad secondary effects upon the central nervous system. For while they dull the wits, they sharpen the nerves. They make their subject irritable and tired.

"It is not uncommon," says one authority, "for people who have been in a semi-neurasthenic state for years to become entirely well after the intestinal conditions have been corrected." (This was written in a chapter on Auto-Intoxication.)

### *Few of us are free from this modern trouble*

It is the exceptional person who, in these times, is free from Auto-Intoxication, a trouble which could not exist if we lived normally, worked outdoors enough and kept our poison-cleaning apparatus functioning correctly.

Sal Hepatica prevents stoppage and sweeps away intestinal poisons. Its use is the correct way to combat Auto-Intoxication. For the best results are accomplished by the mechanical action of water, plus the eliminant effect of salines in solution.

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salts. Because it acts directly and promptly upon the intestines—the seat of Auto-Intoxication—it is indicated in combating this condition, where the first step is to cleanse the intestines thoroughly of the poisons of waste that cause so many of our modern ailments. You ought to have Sal Hepatica in the house always.

*Made by* BRISTOL-MYERS CO., New York

*SAL HEPATICA has been the standard saline for 31 years. It is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Sold in three sizes in all drug stores. Buy the large size for economy.*

# Sal Hepatica

© 1926

# THE NEW SPORTS WOOLENS

*Soft and unshrunken after repeated washings*

*SPORTS WOOLENS—gay-colored, smart—stay like new all season long—washed in sparkling, bubbling,* safe *Lux!*

*Silk stockings more sheer than ever, more delicate in coloring! Woolen ones have bizarre, colorful designs. Launder both kinds the safest way!*

WOOLEN scarfs, hosiery, sweaters—in *every* woman's wardrobe, whether she is an active sportswoman or an interested member of the gallery!

You probably own one of the adorable new flannel dresses, too, and a costly little woolen sports suit.

Keep these expensive clothes and accessories immaculate and trim-looking *all through the season!* Nothing is more dowdy than a faded, shrunken sports dress, nothing more uncomfortable than rough, scratchy woolen stockings! Their charm, their smartness depend so much on the way you launder them.

Wool is even more sensitive to washing than silk! Rubbing with cake soap mats the tiny interlocking wool fibres, shrinks them, destroys the trim line of your smart new dress, makes your gay-colored stockings harsh and rough.

With Lux there is *no ruinous* rubbing! Just a few flakes whip up quickly into a bowlful of rich, bubbling, cleansing Lux suds. Then a gentle dipping up and down and your precious woolens are restored to you as soft and fluffy, as fresh and unfaded as the day you first took them from their enfolding tissues!

Even after repeated Lux washings woolens stay like new. At the season's end your sports clothes are trim, immaculate, presentable on all occasions. Start using Lux today. Follow the directions for washing woolens and keep *yours* fresh and unshrunken.

Silks are just as safe in Lux as woolens are! Frequent tubbings in gentle Lux suds leave them fresh, unfaded as the day you bought them. You know Lux won't harm anything water alone won't harm.

### *For all of Monday's laundry, too!*

Even everyday things are so costly nowadays that women find it economical to use Lux on Monday as well and get more service from everything. They use Lux, too, because it *saves their hands* — unlike harsh laundry soaps which roughen and redden. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

*Summer scarfs of light wool and cashmere are now being worn by all smart women.*

*Designs in fascinating color combinations are woven into the newest sweaters from Paris. Frequent washing in Lux keeps them trim, impeccable.*

NOW THE BIG, NEW PACKAGE, TOO